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TRAVELS

IN

TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA,

AND

PALESTINE.

VOL. I.

THE AUTHOR

IN HIS SYRIAN COSTUME.

TRAVELS

IN

TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA,

AND

PALESTINE,

IN 1824, 1825, 1826, AND 1827.

BY

R. R. MADDEN, ESQ. M. R. C. S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1829.

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DEDICATION.

TO

M. MONTEFIORE, ESQ.

Sir,

I beg leave to dedicate to you the following pages, descriptive of those countries in which I have been sojourning for some years past. Were they worthier of your sanction I should feel less diffidence in prefixing to them a name which is honoured wherever it is known.

It is not the least pleasing recollection of my "travel's history" that we have been, for some months, associates, albeit in the encounter of peril and fatigue: and it is not the least ardent of my hopes, that your acquaintance with many

of the scenes which I have introduced, may enable you to recognise the fidelity of their description.

I pray you to accept this trifling tribute of my respect and gratitude,

And believe me to be,

Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

R. R. M.

9, Bolton Row,
May 23, 1829.

PREFACE.

It is not with a view of deprecating criticism that I advert to the difficulty of combining accurate observation with literary elegance. Lady M. W. Montagu failed in this respect; the refinement of her enthusiasm prevailed over the correctness of her descriptions.

For the last four years I have been sojourning in various provinces of Turkey in Europe, Asia, and Africa. As a medical man I had ample opportunities of ascertaining the state of society in those countries; and I have only to regret that my avocations have not suffered me to give my experience in a better form. My Letters are compiled from notes, often taken in haste, and sometimes by stealth, in order to avoid the suspicion of writing incantations.

It will not do to traverse the Wilderness with a camel load of learning for reference; and it is difficult to carry Herodotus and Hamilton, Strabo and Sir W. Gell, Pococke and Pausanias in one small head, albeit enveloped in a large turban. I therefore affect not to be a learned traveller: men and manners have been my study, rather than monuments and ruins. I have visited the sites of Troy and Memphis, Thebes and Jerusalem, rather to behold the desolation that surrounds their remains, and to speculate on the former splendour of these renowned cities, than to measure their shattered pillars, and to design their crumbling structures.

Few who have not visited the East can have an adequate idea of the many obstacles that stand in the way of scientific research. It has been my fate to have been taken for a spy in Syria—to have endangered my life in Candia, for refusing to administer poison—to have been shot at in Canea twice, and once on the Nile,

by Turkish soldiers—to have been accused of changing the fragments of a broken statue into gold at Thebes—to have been charged with sorcery in Nubia, for showing an old woman her own frightful image in a pocket mirror—and to have been a captive with Greek pirates, for wearing a long beard, when taken in a vessel bearing Turkish property. Such annoyances, and many others, arising from fatigue and sickness, the traveller has to calculate upon, and endeavour to surmount by his patience and philosophy.

It is inconceivable how far ferocity and fanaticism may be subdued by good temper and good humour. I have been on terms of familiarity, if not of friendship, with Turks and Arabs, whose arrogance and violence kept other Franks in awe. In Syria I was repeatedly in the hands of banditti; and to good humour I am alone indebted for making "thieves of mercy" of those who proved pitiless enough to other travellers. I mention these apparently

unimportant facts, to evince the necessity of an unruffled temper and a cheerful demeanour, in countries where peevishness and pride only tend to exasperate the lawless inhabitants. It is a notorious fact, that English travellers are often particularly unfortunate, and this is but too frequently owing to a haughty carriage and uncompromising manners.

It is melancholy to reflect how many travellers fall victims to diseases which are remediable enough under proper treatment. In the succeeding pages the Eastern traveller may find a few practical remarks on the epidemic disorders of Egypt and Arabia, calculated to afford him some security from the scourges of the Levant.

In the following Letters I pretend not to give any very detailed descriptions, but simply to explain such things as I had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with.

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LETTERS

FROM

TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA, AND PALESTINE.

LETTER I.

TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

MY LORD, Constantinople, Sept. 1, 1824.

PREVIOUS to my embarkation at Naples, for the Levant, your Lordship was pleased to observe, that the medical profession afforded the best passport to a traveller in the East; and gave him access to the habitations and even to the *harems* of a people whose prejudices debarred other Europeans from that intercourse with them, which is essential to a knowledge of their modes and customs. Your Lordship's observation has been borne out by ex-

perience. I have, indeed, seen much of Turkish manners in Turkish habitations; but as Herodotus, in treating of the worship of the Egyptians, was restrained, by a religious awe, from disclosing the secrets of the sanctuary, so decorum allows me only to describe, in the *penetralia* of the harem, what is fit to reach the ear, and, perhaps, a little less than met the eye. It has been my fortune to have attended, for many months past, on the *harems*, both of the upper and lower classes; and amongst the latter, I was surprised to find no dearth either of luxury or loveliness.

In the harem of a pipe manufacturer, who keeps a stall in the *bazaar*, I was ushered into an apartment furnished with costly carpets and richly covered divans. I expected to find nothing but misery, and every thing was splendid. Amongst the fair inmates of the harem, I could distinguish the pale Circassian from the languid Georgian, and the slender Greek from the voluptuous Ottoman. My skill and patience were exercised on all of them; though, in reality, only one required my assistance. She was a poor *Sciote* girl, who had been lately bought by her present master; and who could not have paid less than three hundred

dollars for her. All the pipes in the man's stall appeared not to be worth fifty: but how the Turks manage to maintain their harems I never could learn. When you ask a Moslem, he says, "God is great;" and great, indeed, must be the bounty which enables a pipe maker to feed and clothe six times as many women as would be sufficient, in England, to send a mechanic to the workhouse.

The poor Sciote girl was not yet reconciled to slavery. She wept when I tried to encourage her with the hope of getting better. I believe recovery was all she dreaded; and that she would have preferred death to the infamy of being the mistress of a Moslem. She appeared to be kindly treated; her master spoke gently to her, and her companions gave her comfort: but slavery, after all, is a bitter draught; and the poor creature who has been torn from her country and her friends, and perhaps, in the first instance, made the mistress of her father's murderer, extending her detestation of the race of her undoer to every Moslem. While the Turk imagined she was speaking of her complaint, she was importuning me to prevail on her master to dispose of her, and to entreat of some Christian to redeem her: I consented to do every thing in my

power for her. Her health was certainly impaired, and it required no great sacrifice of truth, to represent her condition to her master as attended with much danger.

Eventually he determined on selling her before her value diminished more; and shortly after my first visit she was once more exposed at the *bazaar*. I sent my drogueman, who was a Greek, among his countrymen, to endeavour to find some one to purchase the poor girl; an Ionian captain was at length prevailed on to pay half the purchase money, the remainder was raised by subscription; and through the medium of a Turkish broker (for no Frank is allowed to visit the slave market, or to purchase slaves) she was redeemed.

About three weeks after I first saw her, she was aboard the Ionian vessel, amongst her own country people, delighted with the expectation of once more seeing her home. Never was there a being in such ecstasy at regaining liberty. The little schooner, in which she was embarked, seemed too small to contain her; "the sickness of the heart," which ariseth from hope deferred, had disappeared, as if by magic! and the downcast slave, whose spirit a few days ago seemed depressed

with sorrow, now stood before me in all the exultation of liberty, a regenerated being. I never felt before how much happiness one can bestow for a few paltry dollars!

I had an opportunity afforded me a few days after this event, of seeing the horrid place, where, perhaps, the loveliest women in the world are bought and sold like cattle, inspected by every scoundrel who wears a turban, and submitted to the scrutiny of every virago, who affects to be a judge of slaves. Franks are not suffered to visit this *bazaar:* but now and then, when an opulent slave merchant falls sick, a Christian *hakkim*, or doctor, gains admittance. In this way I was brought in to see a patient, whose couch was the bench of a public coffeehouse, and whose disease was the plague; twenty or thirty people were smoking with great composure by his side; and when I pointed to the bubo in his armpit, and to the haggard wildness of his look, they only "drank another pipe," (to use their own language), and exclaimed "there was but one God, *Allah wakbar*." The patient died the following morning: and the ensuing week I had three cases more of plague in the same house.

The slave *bazaar* is a large quadrangular court yard, with a shed running along a range of narrow cells on the ground floor, and a gallery above, which surrounds the building: on the second stage, the chambers are reserved for the Greeks and Georgians; below are the black women of Darfur and Sennaar, and the copper-coloured beauties of Abyssinia: the latter are remarkable for the symmetry of their features, and the elegance of their forms: they commonly sell for one hundred and fifty dollars (30*l.*); while the black women seldom bring more than eighty dollars, (16*l.*)

The poor Greek women were huddled together; I saw seven or eight in one cell, stretched on the floor, some dressed in the vestiges of former finery, some half naked; some of them were from Scio, others from Ips-ara; they had nothing in common but despair! All of them looked pale and sickly; and all of them appeared to be pining after the homes they were never to see again, and the friends they were to meet no more! Sickness and sorrow had impaired their looks; but still they were spectres of beauty: and the melancholy stillness of their cells was sadly contrasted with the roars of merriment which

proceeded from the dungeons of the negro women. No scene of human wretchedness can equal this: the girl who might have adorned her native village, whose innocence might have been the solace of an anxious mother, and whose beauty might have been the theme of many a tongue, was here subjected to the gaze of every licentious soldier, who chose to examine her features, or her form, on the pretence of being a buyer. I saw one poor girl of about fifteen, brought forth to exhibit her gait and figure to an old Turk, whose glances manifested the motive for her purchase: he twisted her elbows, he pulled her ankles, he felt her ears, examined her mouth, and then her neck; and all this while the slave merchant was extolling her shape and features, protesting she was only turned of thirteen, that she neither snored nor started in her sleep, and that, in every respect, she was warranted.

I loitered about the bazaar till I saw this bargain brought to a conclusion; the girl was bought for two hundred and eighty dollars, about 55*l.* sterling. The separation of this young creature from her companions in wretchedness was a new scene of distress; she was as pale as death, and hardly

seemed conscious of her situation, while all the other girls were weeping around her, and taking their last farewell. Her new master laughed at the sad parting, and pushed her before him to the outer gate; but there she stopped for a moment and entreated permission to go back for the remnant of her Greek attire, which, I dare say, she prized more than any thing in the world; for probably it was all on earth that remained to her of what she brought from that home which she had left for ever. The old Moslem accompanied her back; and in a few minutes I saw her returning to the gate with a little bundle under her arm, trembling from head to foot, and weeping bitterly.

It was a heart-rending sight; and a man who thinks highly of human nature and loves mankind should never cross the threshold of the slave *bazaar*. I left the unhallowed spot where man deals in the flesh and blood of his fellow creatures, and where the atrocious sacrifice of beauty and of innocence is offered up on the altar of slavery, to the Mahometan demon of concupiscence.

Having mingled for some time in the Turkish capital with persons of all ranks, and having visited their harems daily for some months past,

I am enabled to offer you a few portraits illustrative of national character, premising that the lady's has no resemblance to the celestial Fatima of Lady Montagu, nor the gentleman's to the sentimental Moslems of that fair authoress. In short, they have nothing to do either with romance or poetry, but are merely meant to represent such people as move in the best society of Constantinople.

A Turkish lady of fashion is wooed by an invisible lover: in the progress of the courtship a hyacinth is occasionally dropt in her path, by an unknown hand, and the female attendant at the bath does the office of a mercury, and talks of a certain Effendi demanding a lady's love, as a nightingale aspiring to the affections of a rose!

A clove, wrapped up in an embroidered handkerchief, is the least token of condescension the nightingale can expect; but a written billet doux* is an implement of love which the gentle rose is unable to manufacture. The father of the lady at

* Turkish women, however high their rank, can neither read nor write. Dr. Clarke's account of the ladies writing in the Imperial Seraglio, is erroneous. Most probably the papers he found in their apartments were written by the black eunuchs. Reading and writing form no part of the education of a woman of fashion in Turkey. In all my travels I

length is solicited for her hand, and he orders her to give it, and to love, honour, and obey her husband: in short, they are married by proxy, before the *Cadi*, and the light of her lord's countenance first beams on her in the nuptial chamber. This change in her condition is one which every spinster envies: if she be the only wife, she reigns in the harem over a host of slaves; if there be two or three more, she shares with them the delights of domestic sway. Every week, at least, she is blessed with a periodical return of her husband's love; he enters the harem at noonday, and at sunset, after the fatigue of sauntering from one *bazaar* to another, and from the public divan to the private chambers,—he performs his evening ablutions,—one obsequious lady fetches a vial of rosewater to perfume his beard, another bears a looking-glass, with a mother of pearl handle, another carries an embroidered napkin; and supper is brought in by a host of slaves and servants;

only met one woman who could read and write, and that was in Damietta; she was a Levantine Christian, and her peculiar talent was looked upon as something superhuman. But this is not the only inaccuracy in the Doctor's account of the harem, he says, "the teeth of Turkish females are generally dyed black." Credat Judæus.

for in most harems the ordinary attendants have access to the women's apartments*. The women stand before him while he eats, and when he finishes, a number of additional dishes are brought in for the ladies, whose breeding consists in eating with the finger and thumb only, and in not devouring indecorously the sweetmeats, of which they are exceedingly fond.

When supper is removed, and the servants disappear, there are few harems where small bottles of rosoglio are not produced; and of this liqueur, I have seen the ladies take so many as three or four little glasses in the course of ten minutes. One of the female slaves generally presents the pipe on one knee; and sometimes one of the wives brings the coffee, and kisses the hand of her lord at the same time; this ceremony every wife goes through in the morning, none daring to sit down in his presence but such as have the honour of being mothers: but, in the evening, there is very little

* There is no truth in Pauqueville's assertion, that every wife has a separate table: it may happen that where one lady is at war with another, she may not choose to put her fingers into the same dish. But disputes among the inmates are far less frequent than an Englishman would suppose, where so many females are competitors for one man's favour.

etiquette, and very little truth in the assertion of Pauqueville, that "the Turks retire to their harems without relaxing the least particle of their gravity." The reverse of this statement is near the truth; the orgies of the evening, in most harems, are conducted with all the levity of licentiousness, and the gravity of the Moslems totally disappears: their roars of laughter are to be heard in the adjoining houses; and, in my opinion, the gravity of the Turk during the day is only the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement*. I have seen him reclining on the divans, smoking his long *chibouque*, one of his wives, and generally the favourite, shampooing his feet with her soft fingers, and performing this operation for hours together.

This is accounted one of the greatest luxuries of the harem; and an opium eater assured me,

* I attended the *harem* of a young *effendi* in Constantinople, where I had frequent opportunities of seeing what I describe; I frequently dined with him in company with Dr. Perousel, a French *hakkim;* he had no scruple about exhibiting his wives, they attended on us at table. In Alexandria I lived opposite the house of an old Moslem, in the Turkish quarter; the street is so narrow, that the loudness of the merriment in his harem was a nuisance to me and my neighbours.

the most delightful of his reveries was imagining himself shampooed by the dark eyed *houris* of Paradise.

The women vie with each other in eliciting the smiles of their common lord; one shows the rich silk she has been embroidering for his vest, another plays an instrument resembling a spinet, and another displays her elegant form in the voluptuous mazes of the dance. No handkerchief is thrown, but a smile is sufficient to "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul;" and from that moment, to the period when another favourite supplants the former, she is *salaamed* with additional respect by the slaves, and treated with greater honour by all the *harem*. When she goes to the bath she is to be distinguished by the importance of her air; the waddling of her gait attests her quality; she disposes her white robe over her fair arms so as to present the largest possible surface *en face*, and God help the unlucky Christian who crosses her path. I have had the honour of being insulted by ladies of rank far more frequently than by any other women. The fanaticism of females is in a ratio with their quality, and hence it is from them, chiefly, a Frank passenger has to expect such

gentle maledictions as, "May the plague fall on your house!" "May the foul birds defile your beardless chin!" "May she who would marry you be childless!"

In fact, education in Turkey has no other object but to foster fanaticism, and to inculcate intolerance. When the lady visits her female friends, notice is previously sent of her intention, that the men may have time to get out of the way; the moment she enters the harem she takes off her veil, receiving a thousand *salaams*, smokes a pipe or two, and is regaled with fruit, sweetmeats, and lump sugar. The conversation commonly turns on dress; she discusses various topics connected with silks and scandal, narrates how a fair neighbour of hers was suspected of embroidering a silk purse for a stranger, of lifting her veil in the street, and conversing with a man; every gentle listener expresses her horror at such depravity, voids her rheum on the floor when she hears her name, and appears quite delighted when she is told that the husband happily interposed, and consigned the naughty woman to a watery grave. I was once present at such a conversation, and was astonished to hear the women applaud the spirit

of the man, instead of compassionating the fate of the unfortunate victim of jealousy or justice. Such a fashionable lady as I have been describing has little cause to complain of the seclusion of the *harem**. She rides in her gilded coach, drawn by a team of oxen. She sails in her gay *caique* along the lovely shores of the Bosphorus; slave as she is called to the caprices of a tyrant, she reigns in the harem, her empire over the household is unlimited, her influence over her husband is unbounded, and to her, Metastasio might well have said, "Siete schiava, ma regnate nella vostra servitu."

A Constantinople man of quality is a slow

* The condition of the women of the imperial harem is the worst of all; where so many hundreds are immersed, it is only a certain number of the elect who share the smiles of the "sublime" master.

The Sultan Mahmoud is, however, blessed with a numerous progeny. In the short space of four months I heard the cannons of the seraglio thrice announce the birth of a female infant. The women in the lower ranks of life have much more liberty than those in the higher. The fate of females of the imperial family is the most cruel of all; when the sisters and daughters of the sultan are married to the grandees of the country, their male children are no sooner born than they are murdered. The female infants are suffered to live, as they can give no trouble to the succession.

paced biped, of a grave aspect, and a haughty carriage; he assumes an indolent air and shuffling gait, the former is *nonchalance* the latter *bon ton*. He wears his turban over his right eye, sports a nosegay in his bosom, and is generally to be distinguished from the million by the magnitude of his pantaloons. He sits for hours smoking his *chibouque*, wrapped up in a reverie, the delight of which avowedly consists in the absence of thought*. He has been educated in the imperial seraglio, he has risen to honours from the depths of infamy, and after serving his youth in slavery,

* A well informed Turk, to convince me that the gratification of the palate had nothing to do with the enjoyment of smoking, caused me to smoke a pipe with my eyes shut; he removed the bowl without my knowledge; I continued to draw the pipe for several minutes, imagining I had been smoking all the time. The oblivious effects I have alluded to are the most extraordinary of any narcotics which do not produce sleep; people really cease to think when they have been long smoking. I am aware that philosophers say, "thought is coeval with existence, and only ceases with its termination;" but the reverie in which the Turk passes the greater part of his time is an argument against this theory. I have asked Turks repeatedly what they have been thinking of during these smoking reveries, and they replied, "of nothing." I could not remind them of a single idea having occupied their minds; and, in the consideration of the Turkish character, there is no more curious circumstance connected

he is preferred to some office in the state, or is advanced to the government of some distant province; in middle age he can perhaps read and write, and repeat every favourite chapter of the Koran from beginning to end; but this is all his knowledge, and he turns it to the account of plunder. From sentiment and custom he hates a Christian, but then the Christian abhors a Jew, the Jew abominates a Greek, the Greek contemns a Copt, the Copt abjures an Armenian, the Missionary pities each, and Heaven bears with all! He believes no less firmly than the Christian

with their moral condition. Locke laid it down as a maxim, that "the soul only thinks when the senses have furnished it with ideas to think on." Now, of all people, the Turks receive the fewest impressions by the senses, and consequently have the fewest ideas. Their apathy, which is partly constitutional, and partly the effect of their doctrine of predestination, mainly contributes to paralyze reflection; so that, in the reveries they indulge in, they either cease to think, or their minds become as mirrors, which receive images, but retain none. The opinion of Locke, that the soul of a waking man is never without thought, because it is the condition of being awake, is, in my mind, contradicted by the waking somnambulism, if I may so express myself, of a *Moslem*.

The reverie consequent to the indulgence of the pipe, differs from that produced by opium: the pleasure of the former consists in a temporary annihilation of thought; that of the latter, in exciting a rapid succession of delectable ideas.

Rayah in the truth of his creed, and that no other leads to Paradise. His fanaticism is fundamentally the same as the superstition of the Greek, and the bigotry of the Armenian, and is only modified in its external forms by the diversity of religious rites. In his domestic relations, he differs little from the Christian; his bosom is agitated by the same passions, his actions are swayed by the same motives, his understanding is warped by the same prejudices, he has the same kindly feelings in his family, he loves his little children with the same affection, regards his wife with no less deference, treats his domestics with at least as much humanity, shows his aged parents the same respect, and follows at their bier with the same bitterness of heart. It is not because his turban differs from a hat, or his *caftan* from a surtout, that he is either vile or virtuous; it is not because *Ramasan* is different from Lent, that his manners or his morals are either corrupt or pure. His inherent hostility to Christianity is the first principle of his law; and the perfidy it is supposed to enjoin is the most prominent feature in his character: I say supposed to enjoin, for though the Koran inculcates *passim* the ex-

termination of Christians in open warfare, it no where approves of the treachery and inhumanity of which the priesthood make a merit. But persecution is one of the amiable weaknesses of all theologians, and it would be a folly to stigmatize the church of Christ with the charge of intolerance, because Calvin, moderate as he was, pursued a theological opponent even unto death. The most striking qualities of the Moslem are his profound ignorance, his insuperable arrogance, his habitual indolence, and the perfidy which directs his policy in the divan, and regulates his ferocity in the field. The defects in his character are those of the nation: they are the growth of sudden greatness—the intoxication of prosperity enjoyed without reason or restraint. Before conquest and plunder had exalted the nation on the ruin of other realms, the Turk was brave in the field, faithful to his friend, and generous to his foe. It was then unusual to commend the cup of poison with a smile, and to beckon to the murderer, with the oath of friendship on the lips: but treachery is now an accomplishment in Turkey; and I have seen so much of it for some time past, that if my soul were not in some sort attuned to

horrors, I should wish myself in Christendom, with no other excitement than the simple murders of a Sunday newspaper.

The grandee, however, relaxes from the fatigues of dignity pretty often; he perambulates with an amber rosary dangling from his wrist; he looks neither to the right nor to the left; the corpse of of a *Rayah* attracts not his attention; the head of a slaughtered Greek he passes by unnoticed; he causes the trembling Jew to retire at his approach; he only shuffles the unwary *Frank* who goes along, it is too troublesome to kick him! he reaches the coffeehouse before noon, an abject Christian *salaams* him to the earth, spreads the newest mat for the *Effendi*, presents the richest cup, and cringes by his side to kiss the hem of his garment, or at least, his hand. The coffee peradventure is not good: the *Effendi* storms—the poor Armenian trembles; he swears by his father's beard he made the very best; in all probability he gets the cup at his head, and a score of maledictions, not on himself, but on his mother. A friend of the *Effendi* enters, and after ten minutes repose they salute, and exchange *salaams*. A most interesting conversation is carried on by

monosyllables at half hour intervals. The grandee exhibits an English penknife; his friend examines it, back and blade, smokes another pipe, and exclaims "God is great."

Pistols are next produced, their value is an eternal theme, and no other discussion takes place till a grave old priest begins to expatiate on the temper of his sword. A learned *Ulema*, a theologian and a lawyer (for here chicanery and religion go hand in hand), at length talks of astronomy and politics, how the sun shines in the east and in the west, and every where he shines, how he beams on a land of Mussulmans; how all the Padi shaws of Europe pay tribute to the Sultan; and how the giaours of England are greater people than the infidels of France, because they make better penknives and finer pistols; How the Dey of Algiers made a prisoner of the English admiral, in the late engagement; and, after destroying his fleet, consented to release him, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and how the Christian ambassadors came, like dogs, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on his imperial bounty. After this edifying piece of history, the Effendi takes his leave, with the pious ejaculation

of "*Mashalla*," how wonderful is God; the waiter bows him out, overpowered with gratitude for the third part of an English farthing, and the proud Effendi returns to his harem: he walks with becoming dignity along; perhaps a merry-andrew, playing off his buffooneries, catches his eye,—he looks, but his spirit smiles not, neither do his lips; his gravity is invincible, and he waddles onward, like a porpoise cast on shore: it is evident that nature intended him not for a pedestrian animal, and that he looks with contempt on his locomotive organs. This, my lord, though apparently a ridiculous portrait, is not surcharged, and is, indeed, rather a general picture, than an individual likeness.

Every sect in Constantinople has a particular quarter, a peculiar avocation, and a distinct reproach. The Greek is every where accounted a rogue; the Armenian a designing knave; the Copt a cheat; and the Jew an extortioner. In the language of the country, it requires one Copt, two Greeks, and three Jews to defraud an Armenian; he is as wily as the serpent, yet his cunning is but the supersubtle wisdom of a slave, who defeats rapacity by finesse, and violence by craft.

Duplicity and mendacity are, indeed, the characteristics of a modern Greek; but these vices are no more implanted in his nature, than they would be in a Briton's, were he three centuries under the yoke of a barbarian.

Usury and extortion are associated with the idea of a Jew, though no other cause but the fanaticism of his fellow mortals has every where excluded him from an honourable career, and driven him to the pursuits of dishonourable avarice for his subsistence. In short, after mixing in this modern Babylon with persons of every clime, creed, colour, and costume, I have only to reiterate the assertion, that man is every where the same.

The market of *Theriaki Tchachissy**, near the mosque of Solymania, is the place where the opium eaters indulge in the use of this "delicious poison." The coffeehouses where the *Theriakis*, or opium eaters, assemble, are situate in a large

* In this place I ascertained that the Constantinople composition of the *Madjoun*, which the Turks eat to produce excitement, is composed of the pistils of the flower of the hemp plant, ground to a powder, and mixed in honey, with powdered cloves, nutmeg, and saffron. While the coffeehouse keeper was telling me the secret, I was insulted by an old Turk, who called me a dog, and bid the man sell no *madjoun* to an infidel. I told him infidels needed *no madjoun*; and

square; and on a bench outside the door they await the wished for reveries, which present to their glowing imaginations the forms of the celestial *houris*, and the enjoyments of their own paradise in all its voluptuousness. I had heard so many contradictory reports of the sensations produced by this drug, that I resolved to know the truth, and, accordingly, took my seat in the coffeehouse, with half a dozen *Theriakis*. Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five: the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours; I was told he had been using opium

that I inquired about it only for medical information: the moment he heard I was a *hakkim*, he became quite courteous, assured me the *madjoun* there was not worth a paras, and entreated of me to write a prescription for a better sort; he almost stifled me with his importunities, his insolence was sticking in my throat: I wrote him a prescription for a *madjoun*, composed of six grains of calomel, four of scammony, and ten of julap, mixed up in a little syrup of buckthorn.

for five and twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom: they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others address the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain; in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect, the coffeehouse keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two

hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited: the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter*. My faculties appeared enlarged: every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects, which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure: in short, it was "the faint exquisite music of a dream" in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading, at every step, that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground, it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some etherial fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed

* In Sir Humphrey Davy's "Remarks on the Effects of Nitrous Oxide," he asserts, that after inhaling the gas, "a thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced." He felt "a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasing in every joint;" and his "visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified."

the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose, pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating.

I have the honour to be

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

R. R. M.

LETTER II.

TO P. MATHIAS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Sept. 26, 1824.

In giving you some account of the present condition of the Turks, and of the resources of their country, I affect not to offer you any elaborate description of either, but simply to speak of the Moslems as they are; to extenuate none of their vices, because they are "our ancient and natural ally," nor to set down aught in malice, because they are "malignant and turbaned Turks." With all that has been written on Turkey, it is astonishing how very little correct information we have of that empire. Mr. Thornton wrote a book, to exhibit the Turk as the beau ideal of humanity; and the Baron De Tott wrote another, to represent the Moslem as the last link in the chain of human nature; and, as a naturalist, seemed to consider

him a sort of polypus on legs. In the same way, Philhellenists, who have never seen a Greek, make him "the paragon of animals:" and Sir William Gell visited the Morea expressly to prove that there were no Greeks in Greece. It has been a long disputed question, whether the Greeks or Turks are the best people; but the question should have been, which of them is the worst; for I would be inclined to say, from my own experience, that the Greeks, as a nation, are the least estimable people in the world, with the exception of the Turks, who are still less to be admired.

But as to the outward man, the Turk is, physically speaking, the finest animal, and indeed excels all Europeans in bodily vigour as well as beauty. As to their moral qualities, I cannot go to the length of Thornton's commendation, nor of De Tott's abuse. In my medical relations with them, I had much to admire, and a great deal to condemn. I found them charitable to the poor, attentive to the sick, and kind to their domestics; but I also found them perfidious to their friends, treacherous to their enemies, and thankless to their benefactors. Eight cases of poisoning have fallen under my observation already; five of these vic-

tims I attended, and in every case the fatal dose did its deadly business within eight and forty hours, but in most instances within twelve. The nature of the poison I cannot speak of with certainty; from its being tasteless in the coffee, which is commonly made its vehicle, it can neither be opium, nor corrosive sublimate; but, from the symptoms it produces, I believed it to be arsenic. Of all things in Turkey, human life is of the least value; and of all the roads to honour and ambition, murder is deemed the most secure. I sat beside a Candiote Turk at dinner, who boasted of having killed eleven men in cold blood; and the society of this assassin was courted by the cousin of the *Reis effendi*, at whose house I met him, because "he was a man of courage." I attended the harem of a rich *Ulema*, a man of the law and of the religion, whose female slave was incapacitated for drudgery. He proposed sending for one of the Jewish women who followed the avocation of infanticide, and who are consulted not only by the Turks, but also by the most respectable Levantines. I of course declined a consultation with a privileged murderess, and represented the evil consequences arising from such practices. In short,

one of the most deplorable effects of despotism is, the little value it causes the people to set on human life. I do not imagine they are wantonly cruel; but a government which overwhelms without punishing,—which visits crime with the hand of vengeance, and not of justice,—which inflicts death, not for example, but for the sake of getting rid of the offender,—and whose fanaticism makes a merit of shedding blood,—such a government, I say, must deprave the hearts of the people, and render them sanguinary and atrocious.

The Turks are generally considered to be honester than the Greeks, and in point of fact they are, or at least appear so; they are certainly less mendacious, and are too clumsy to practise chicanery to advantage. Their probity, however, depends not on any moral repugnance to deceit, but solely on the want of talent to deceive. I never found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it; but then I never knew a Greek who was not unnecessarily and habitually a liar. He is subtle in spirit, insidious in discourse, plausible in his manner, and indefatigable in dishonesty; he is an accomplished scoundrel; and beside him, the Turk, with all the desire to defraud, is so

gauche in knavery, that, to avoid detection, he is constrained to be honest.

It has ever been a matter of surprise to me, how the government makes head against all its difficulties without borrowing money; and how the bulk of the Turkish population, without commerce, or agriculture, or manufacture, contrives to subsist, and to support the external appearance of opulence. Perhaps there are no people in Europe so well and so richly clad as the Turks, but where the means come from Heaven only knows. Every avocation that demands intellect is followed by a Christian; every trade which requires any extraordinary energy of mind or body, is usurped by a *Rayah*. The Jew and the Armenian absorb no small share of the riches of the state, as bankers and money-brokers. The Greeks and Copts act as secretaries and factors to the merchants and grandees; such trades as shoe-making, embroidering, pipe-boring, sword-polishing, and silk-weaving, are in the hands of the Turks. The Turkish merchants principally deal in rice and corn; every second shop in Constantinople is a baker's or a huckster's, and provisions appear to be the sole merchandize of the city.

There is hardly a Turk of my acquaintance who leads not a life of indolence, who smokes not his pipe all day long, who spends not his time in sauntering from Caffé to Caffé, who sports not a splendid suit at the *Beiram*, the Turkish Easter, and who maintains not, three or four wives, and double as many slaves; and yet he has no ostensible mode of living, he has no profession, no apparent income, no available resources. Such is the condition of two thirds of the inhabitants of Constantinople. Within the last five years they have been greatly impoverished, and it is not to be wondered at: hitherto the revenues of the empire have arisen from the plunder of the nations that have been conquered, and the extortion that has been practised on the unfortunate provinces; and when it is considered that these provinces are farmed out to rapacious *Pachas*, who wring the last paras from the wretched peasant, and literally "grind the faces of the poor," it is no wonder that province after province should be made desolate, and that the revenues of the Sultan should diminish daily. The Greek insurrection in the Morea, and the loss of the principal Islands in the Archipelago, struck a fatal blow at the Turkish

finances. The total product of the commodities of the Morea amounted, a few years ago, to six millions of francs; the revenues of the islands were solely applied to the marine, and barely sufficed for that purpose. Now, both the naval and military expenditure fall on the exhausted treasury.

What further ruin the expenses attendant on the prosecution of the war will produce, it is deplorable to consider; for notwithstanding the energy of Sultan Mahmoud, it is impossible for him to obviate the evils of bad government, of bad laws, and of an antiquated political religion, neither suited to the times nor to the circumstances of the state; he cannot alter the ordinances of the faith, he dare not subvert the principles of the religion, he cannot prevent misrulè in the provinces, he cannot prevent rebellion in the *pachaliks* of *Syria*. Though possessed of more energy of character than Sultan Selim, though insensible to fear, and unalterable in his purposes, he wants every quality but ferocity, to make him even a Turkish hero. Inaccessible to counsel, he looks with contempt on all European sovereigns, and has not sufficient prudence to mask his animosity:—devoid of gene-

rosity, the affections of his subjects are alienated from him; and every where I have been, the people have only panted for his death. Their last hope is in the succession of his son; and whenever that event takes place, the partial and temporary changes which have been long meditated, and partly carried into effect, will fall to the ground.

The Turks are accustomed to visit their national misfortunes on the heads of their Sultans; and so nothing is commoner now to hear, than execrations in the mouth of every woman, on the Sultan, because bread is dear and money scarce.

A respectable man, called Yussuf Effendi, with whom I am intimate, told me in the presence of Doctor Perousel, that he and three of his friends were going to Egypt, " to get beyond the grasp of a tyrant who had ruined his people." I mention this, not because I agree with the Effendi in believing that the impoverishment of the country is to be attributed to the Sultan, but because it shows the feelings with which he is regarded by his people.

Were he attacked, however, by the infidels to-morrow, there is not one of his subjects who would not rally round the standard of the prophet,

and account it an honour to fight for their Sultan. No matter how tyrannical he may have been, he is still to them the Zilullah, "the image of God on earth."

This feeling has frequently been taken advantage of by former Sultans; the people are soldiers by sentiment, because their religion promises Paradise to the slayer of the infidel; and they are soldiers by speculation, because warfare leads to plunder. There is, therefore, little difficulty in collecting an army, but the difficulty is in maintaining it, and also in maintaining the enthusiasm of the fanatics who compose it. Some of De Tott's observations are very accurate, and none of them more so than that "the Ottoman army once attacked, is broken to pieces without being beaten; but the first shock of the Turks is always dangerous, and difficult to sustain. At the affair of *Grotska*, to get possession of a redout, they heaped the ditches with their dead; and fanaticism carried some of them so far, in the last war against the Russians, as to make them brave the fire of the artillery, by rushing like madmen to hack with their sabres the mouths of the enemy's cannon." The merits of their tactics consist in the effective combination of small

groups of cavalry with large bodies of infantry. The cavalry, considered individually, and not as a body, is the finest in the world. Buonaparte considered two Mameloukes more than a match for three of his dragoons; but when it came to numbers, a thousand Frenchmen were sufficient to put five thousand Mameloukes to rout. I had an opportunity of seeing the character of the Turkish soldier a few days ago at the village of Byoukderè: two soldiers had been drinking in a Greek wine house, opposite a window where I was stationed, one of them was very tipsy, and quarrelled with his companion for some trifling cause, the drunken man drew his sword and attacked the other, who was mad enough to face him with no other weapon than a slender pipe; I expected to see him cut to pieces every moment; the pipe was at length so hacked that it was broken, but still he opposed himself, with the stump, to the fury of his assailant; I called to him repeatedly to retire into the house, but he would not yield an inch; at length, after receiving a desperate wound on the arm, the pipe stick dropped from his hand, and at that moment another slash, which he might have avoided, laid open his head from the temple to the angle of the

jaw. I was one of the first persons who reached the spot; for though hundreds were looking from the windows, not one interfered; the wounded man had run away at last, and the drunken fellow was leaning on his bloody sword, hardly able to stand. The Turk with whom I was, went up to him and took his sword; he made no resistance, but attempted an excuse, and said that he had received the first blow. I was summoned to the wounded man, whom I found with a frightful gaping wound in the arm, and another in the face,—the latter it was necessary to sew up. I could not help remonstrating with the man for his folly, but the only answer I received was, "Should a Moslem run away from the son of a Caffre!" The drunken man was an Albanian Mahometan. I afterwards heard he received five hundred bastinadoes on his bare feet. Such is the national courage of Turkey—the fever of the fanatic's brain, without one impulse of moral intrepidity.

But however Turkey may have declined, the capital at least is capable of being well defended on the seaside, in the event of the Dardanelles being again forced. When the English squadron appeared before Constantinople, the Turks mounted

nine hundred and seventeen pieces of cannon, and one hundred and ninety-six bombs. The rampart near the point of the Seraglio has now a line of batteries, constructed by General Sebastiani; another on the opposite side of the Bosphorus, and one also on the opposite side of the harbour. Near the point of the Seraglio some enormous guns, for projecting stone balls, are placed on a level with the water; and, if well served, might do great damage to shipping.

The walls, however, on the land side, are in a wretched state; the fosse is, in many places, quite filled up with rubbish; behind it three walls are placed at short distances, the last of which is flanked with towers; the walls are in such a ruinous state, that a very few balls would bring them to the ground; on the Adrianople side they have tumbled all together, and have been replaced by a single wall of no strength. On this side Constantinople certainly could not stand a siege of ten days: the water is supplied from without the walls, and the construction of the city is such, that a dozen bombs and rockets could hardly fall within its wooden precincts without producing a general conflagration.

Such are my impressions, I am aware there are many who augur better of Turkey and her people; but, in speaking of regeneration in that country, our factors and politicians make the "wish the father to the thought."

In whatever part of the empire I have been, I invariably found the rulers rapacious, the magistrates corrupt, and the people wretched; the miserable *Rayahs* oppressed, plundered, and debased: and if the Greek proved more degraded than all the rest, it was because his civil condition was the worst.

His degradation was due to his slavery; and it would be a lost hope to expect to see the man redeemed before the slave was disenthralled.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER III.

TO M. MONTEFIORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Oct. 5, 1824.

As I have no other means of showing the value I set on your friendship, than by giving you whatever information I can acquire in this strange country, I send you such as I had the best opportunity of attaining, and such as is generally least authentic in England. I allude to the state of female society in Turkey, and to the condition of the sex generally, which I am solely indebted to my profession for knowing any thing of correctly.

The Turks have long been accustomed to choose their wives from the fairest women of Georgia and Circassia, and, latterly, of Greece; as beauty is the only quality required, it may be well imagined that lovelier women are nowhere to be found, and more beauteous children nowhere to be seen. On

my first visit to a *harem* they were always veiled, and the pulse was even to be felt through the medium of a piece of gauze; but, subsequently, whether I inspired confidence by sedateness, or deference to my orders by firmness of manner, I know not, but my fair patients usually submitted to inspection with a good grace, and, in the absence of the husband, even laughed and jested in my presence. Some, who called me "dog" at the first interview, and did every thing but spit upon me, became familiarized with the presence of an infidel, and often made me presents of embroidered handkerchiefs and purses. They asked me the most ridiculous questions about the women of my country, "if they were let to go abroad without a eunuch; if they could love men who wore hats; if we drowned them often; if they went to the bath every week; if they *sullied* or washed their elbows; if I was married, and how many wives I had;" and sometimes the husband was even present at the conversation, and condescended to laugh with pity, when he heard that English ladies walked unveiled, and that it was unusual to have more than one at a time for a wife; but what seemed to create the greatest

horror of all, was the disuse of those lower garments, which are indispensable to Turkish ladies.

They never seemed to feel they suffered any constraint in remaining at home; they appeared gay and happy; they embroidered, played a rude sort of spinet and sang interminable songs; but whether the music of their voices, or of the spinet was most appalling to a Christian ear, it would be difficult to say. They certainly are the loveliest women in the world, so far as the beauty of the face is regarded: but their persons are so little indebted to dress for the preservation of shape, that I very much question the correctness of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's remark on the *peculiar* attraction of the Turkish form. Their beauty is particularly delicate, and the paleness of their features, and transparency of their fair complexions, are delightfully contrasted with the darkest hair, and with eyes as soft and black as the gazelle's. The larger the latter are, the better; and the more arched the eyebrow, either by art or nature, the more captivating they deem themselves; but the bath, though it smooth the skin, and soften the complexion, in course of time prejudices their beauty, and renders it the "Exigui

donum brevè temporis," of Seneca's beauty. In short, while they do reign, they are irresistible; in their own figurative language, their "eyes are full of sleep, and their hearts are full of passion." Where personal charms are all that make a woman valuable, it is to be supposed that every care is taken to heighten them: cosmetics are used in abundance; they tinge their eyelids with a metallic powder, which the Turks call *surme*, and the Egyptians *kohol*. They smear a little ebony rod with this, apply it to the eyelids, which they bring in contact, and squeezing the rod between them, a small black line is left to the edge of either lid, which adds greatly to the beauty of the long eyelashes, and, by its relievo, to the brilliancy of the eye. I got into high favour with a lady, by giving her a substitute for the *surme*, which she disliked. My cosmetic for the eyelids consisted of a thick solution of Indian ink, with a drop of oil of roses, smeared on the ebony rod, and moistened for immediate use. The *surme* is also used to extend the arch of the eyebrow, not to elevate it; for the Turkish women well know, that the beauty of the eye, in most instances, depends on its elongation: the effect of

these cosmetics must be observed, to understand what adventitious lustre can be given to the eyes. They also embue their nails and finger tops with the juice of *henna*, and fine ladies even extend its application to the toes. The vulgar frequently rouge; but I have seldom seen fashionable women use paint, except on their lips. Various amulets are worn on the neck. The *Sheik* of the districts sells charms by wholesale; one is to make a lady fat, another fruitful; one is to keep off the evil eye, which is always to be apprehended, when a stranger extols the size or strength of their children; another to keep the *shitan*, or devil out of the house. A triangular paper, surmounted with an amber bead, is seldom omitted, to preserve the lustre of their eyes; and a little leather bag, with the dust of a dried mummy, like "parmaceti, is a sovereign remedy for an inward bruise." But when amulets fail to make a lady fertile, or to increase her size to the requisite degree of magnitude and beauty, she then has recourse either to the Turkish barber, or the Frank physician. I have been teased to death for fattening filtres, and fertilizing potions; I have heard serious disputes between the slender

and the robust, the barren and the prolific: it is not to be wondered at, for a woman has no honour or respect until she prove a mother; and a young wife has little chance of eclipsing the competitors for her husband's favour, till she is "beautifully fat." Notwithstanding the size of these women, they are graceful in their movements, easy, and even elegant in their manners; and, strange as it may appear, I often thought there was as much elegance of attitude displayed in the splendid arm of a Turkish beauty, holding her rich *chibouque*, and seated on her Persian carpet, as even in the form of a lovely girl at home, bending over her harp, or floating along with the music of the waltz. The female apparel is superb, and certainly becoming: there is a profusion of gaudy colours, but well disposed; and the head is constantly decked with all the fair one's diamonds and pearls.

They are always in full dress. A turban I never saw; the hair is commonly plaited, in an embroidered piece of gauze, around the head, and falls in rich profusion to the waist, and often much lower, and is then fastened with little gold knobs, in great numbers.

The apartments of the *harem* are generally the most spacious, and those of the higher classes are surcharged with tawdry decorations. The ceilings are daubed in fresco; the pannels and cornice are gilt: in the walls there are various nooks, with Moorish carvings, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, serving for boudoirs, &c.

In the centre of the sitting-room there is commonly a marble fountain, whose falling water lulls the indolent to repose, and amuses the thoughtless with its murmurs. The richest perfumes are kept burning near the divan, and the very air is made the pander of the senses. All the furniture of the chamber consists of the divan, it surrounds the room; the cover is of the finest cloth; the cushions, of blue or purple velvet. Costly carpets are spread over the marble floor, and here the ladies squat them down to dinner, after the lord of the creation has appeased his appetite; there are neither knives nor forks, nor plates, nor drinking glasses, nor chairs, nor tables; one common dish appears at a time, and perhaps fifty are brought in succession. The prejudice against greasy fingers, at first, made it rather monstrous to see delicate ladies plunging their

hands into reeking dishes, tearing a leg of mutton piecemeal, or tugging at the wing of an obdurate fowl; but now I can look on a greasy finger with as much complacency as a silver fork, and drink soup with a wooden spoon out of a tureen that supplies perhaps a dozen.

Polygamy in Turkey is limited to a certain number, namely, four; no one can take a greater number of wives, but the society of as many slaves as a man can purchase is tolerated; and the children by such slaves are equally legitimate with those born in wedlock, upon performing a public act of manumission before the Cadi. Marriage is a civil institution, and is effected by the appearance of the suitor, with the next male relative of the bride, before the magistrate; the happy man avows his affection for a girl he never saw, makes a settlement on her according to his circumstances (for a Turkish lady brings nothing but her beauty for a dower), and having owned her for his lawful wife, the match is registered, and the marriage is of course made (as all marriages are) in Heaven. The happy man invites all his male friends and those of his wife (whom he has not yet seen) to his house, and treats them with music, vocal and

instrumental, sherbet, and coffee. The bride, in the mean time, receives admirable lectures from all the neighbouring matrons, on the power of her husband, and the submission he expects. She is taken to the bath with great pomp, where she undergoes the process of ablution, anointing, and perfuming; and is, at last, conveyed to her husband's house, under a gaudy canopy, dressed in her richest garb, and covered all over with a veil which scarcely transmits her blushes to the spectators; a troop of cavaliers are in attendance, a buffoon and a band of music form part of the procession. She is received at the door of the husband by his father or himself, and is immediately conveyed to the women's apartments, where she remains, whilst her lord and his guests are banqueting without.

There is another species of marriage, named *hakabin*, which is adopted by strangers who mean to sojourn but a short time in a city. The man enters into a compact, before the cadi, to maintain the woman as his wife for a given period, or till such time as his business calls him away.

I will not enter deeply into the merits of the state of female society in the East; I believe the

customs of every country are generally adapted to its climate and its circumstances. Restraints may be requisite in oriental climes, for aught I know; and women may deem themselves, under such restraints, the happiest and best treated women in the world.

The confinement to the walls of the harem is neither so close nor so irksome as most people imagine. The women visit one another frequently, and once a week they revel in the bath, which is the terrestrial Paradise, the Italian opera, in Turkey, of a Mahometan lady; they pass the entire day there; breakfast, dine, and sup in the outer apartment, and are as happy as possible; they have plenty of "looking-glasses," and lots of "sugar-plums." Lady M. W. Montagu's description of the bath would be excellent, if it were correct; but her ladyship has certainly overlooked the features of her beauties too much, and has exhibited truth, though in "puris naturalibus," in too *attractive forms.*

Here, whatever intrigue is practised, is usually carried on through the medium of female emissaries; but I believe it to be less than in any large city in Christendom: the penalty of the crime is

death. The detection of a single imprudent act, every woman knows, leads to a short consultation with the cadi, and that summary process to the Bosphorus, through the intervention of a eunuch and a sack. The ladies are, therefore, extremely circumspect; and though I have read, in Aaron Hill's Travels, of English sailors getting into the Imperial Seraglio, and heard many English gentlemen boast of their intrigues in Turkey, I find it difficult to afford credence to either. I never knew but one instance of a Christian getting into a *harem*, and in that one instance the intruder narrowly escaped; but the woman was murdered.

There are three different kinds of divorce, each differing in the importance of its nature. A woman can only have one plea for demanding a divorce; the man has several, and finds little difficulty in separating from a loathed or injured wife.

When the woman sues for separate maintenance, she pleads the general ill treatment of the husband, or his particular neglect on the day called *Gium a guin;* or, if the charge be more serious, or more scandalous, she simply substan-

tiates it by taking off her slipper, and presenting the sole to the cadi. He decides according to the circumstances of the case.

Mutatis mutandis, when the husband sues for divorce on the ground of his wife's adultery, a similar meeting of the parties taking place before the judge, he takes "the oath of bitterness," which consists in imprecations on his head, if he have brought forward a false accusation. The wife is desired to take a somewhat similar oath, calling maledictions on her head, if she be guilty of the charge. If she refuse to take the oath, the divorce is granted; but if she take it, the case must be disposed of after the hearing of witnesses on both sides.

After divorces have been granted more than once, and the parties are again reconciled, it is wisely ordained, to prevent their future separations, that, in the event of their again disuniting, they cannot come together until the woman be married to another man, and spend one night under his roof; the former husband may then get her divorced from her new lord; and if his good nature can get over the *horns* of the dilemma, he takes his gentle partner back to bed and board. I must

not conclude without alluding to the kindness of Moslems to their menials, and to the influence which the inmates of the harem exercise over their lords and masters. The tale of throwing a handkerchief to the fair competitors for their master's favour, is an idle invention. I believe caprice very rarely predominates; and that, in well regulated harems, every lady has an allotted share of her lord's affection.

Yours, my dear Sir,

&c. &c.

R. R. M.

LETTER IV.

TO DR. GREGORY.

DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Oct. 25, 1824.

THE practice of physic, in this country, is of so extraordinary a nature, that I presume you will take some interest in the history of its absurdity.

There are about fifty medical practitioners in Constantinople, principally Franks, from Italy and Malta, and a few Ionian Greeks, Armenians, and Copts; of this number there are, perhaps, five regularly educated physicians, and two of these are English gentlemen, highly respected, both by the Turks and Franks. Every *medico* has his allotted quarter; he beats this ground daily in pursuit of patients, and visits all the coffeehouses in the district with a Greek *drogueman*, as interpreter, at his heels, whose occupation it is to scent out sickness, and to extol the doctor. They are

ever to be found on the most public bench of the coffeeshop, smoking with profound gravity, and prying into the features of those around them, for a symptom of disease. I confess I had to descend to this degradation, to get practice, in order to become acquainted with the domestic customs of the people. The first day my drogueman, who had just left the service of a Roman doctor, and had been practising on his own account since his discharge (for all droguemen become doctors), took upon him to teach me my professional duty, which he made to consist, in never giving advice before I got my fee, in never asking questions of the sick, and in never giving intelligible answers to the friends; I was to look for symptoms only in the pulse; I was to limit my *prognosis* to three words, "*In Shallah*," or, "Please the Lord," for doubtful cases; and "*Allakharim*," or, "God is great," for desperate ones. I took my post in the coffeeshop, had my pipe and coffee, while my drogueman entered into conversation with the Turks about us. I soon heard him narrating a history of a miraculous cure which he had seen me perform some days before, on the body of a

dying Effendi; how I had taken out his liver and put it in again, after scraping off the disease, and how the patient got well the next day, and gave me five purses. I was exceedingly annoyed; but the fellow seemed to mind my anger little, and even reproved "my want of prudence" with a frown.

Now, the only thing that could have given origin to "the scraping of the man's liver," &c., was my having opened a boil on his own back the day before. The Turks swallowed this story; had it been more marvellous, it would have been still easier digested; one turned up his eyes, and said, "there was but one God;" another praised my skill, and cried, "Mahomet is the friend of God!" The latter gentleman held out his wrist to have his pulse felt, and said, in a very civil tone of voice, "*Guehl giaour*," "Come, you dog!" This endearing epithet, Turks consider ought not to give an infidel offence, because it is more a man's misfortune than his fault, to be born "a Christian," and consequently "a dog."

My Greek, whose familiarity was very offensive, (and it is a national fault,) now whispered in my

ear, " No bite, that fellow never pays." I gave the man, however, my advice, and got a cup of coffee in return.

A well dressed man, who had been sitting by my side, in silence, for half an hour, at last recollected he had a wife or two unwell, and very gravely asked me, " what I would cure a sick woman for?"—It was a question to delight the soul of Abernethy. I inquired her malady,— " she was sick." In what manner she was affected, —" why, she could not eat." On these premises I was to undertake to *cure* a patient, who, for aught I knew, might be at that moment in articulo mortis. I could not bring myself to drive the bargain; so I left my enraged drogueman to go through that pleasing process. I heard him ask a hundred piastres, and heard him swear, by his father's head and his mother's soul, that I never took less: however, after nearly an hour's haggling, I saw fifty put into his hand; and the promise of a hundred more, when the patient got well, I saw treated with the contempt which, in point of fact, it deserved. No man makes larger promises than a Turk in sickness, and no man is so regardless of them in convalescence. I visited my patient,

whom I afterwards found both old and ugly; but I was doomed on the first occasion to see no part of her form; she insisted on my ascertaining her disease with a door between us, she being in one room and I in another; the door was ajar, and her head, enveloped in a sheet, as it was occasionally projected to answer me, was the only part of her I had a glimpse of; this was the only woman I ever attended here or in the islands, who would not suffer the profanation of my fingers on her wrist. I, however, could just collect enough from the attendants, as to cause me to *suspect* she had a cancer; and I did all, under such circumstances, that I could well do—I gave her an opiate. This lady was no sooner prescribed for, than my attention was directed to the youngest wife, who was pleased to need advice, though her sparkling eyes and smiling lips denoted little of disease. She was extremely pretty, and removed her veil with little difficulty; but she would have her pulse felt through a piece of gauze, which was sufficiently thin to transmit not only the pulsations of the artery, but also the pressure of the fingers, which mode of communicating symptoms I found a very common one in practice. I ordered her some

medicine, which I am quite sure she did not take, and which, in all probability, she did not require. After smoking a pipe, and drinking sherbet, I took my leave.

In a few days after this my first visit in Constantinople, I was sent for to the house of a grandee, where a consultation was to be held on a Pacha's case, and one of great importance. I found the patient lying in the middle of a large room, on a mattress spread on the carpet; for "the four-posted beds" of Don Juan and Dudu have no existence in Turkey, and both gentlemen and ladies repose on their mattresses thrown on the carpet of the divan, in their daily habiliments, none of which they doff at night.

A host of doctors, Jews, Greeks, Italians, and even Moslems, thronged round the sick man; and amongst them were jumbled the friends, slaves, and followers of the patient; the latter gave their opinion as well as the doctors; and, in short, took an active share in the consultation. But he who took upon himself to broach the case to the faculty, was a Turkish priest, who administered to the diseases both of soul and body. He prefaced his discourse with the usual origin of all things:

he said, "In the beginning God made the world, and gave the light of *Islam* to all the nations of the earth. Mahomet (to whose name be eternal honour) was ordained to receive the perspicuous volume of the Koran from the hands of the angel Gabriel; which book was written, by the finger of God, before the foundation of the world; and in its glorious page was to be found all the wisdom of every science, whether of theology or physic; *therefore*, all learning, except that of the Koran, was vain and impious; therefore he had consulted it in the present case, and the repetition of the word honey, he discovered tallied with the number of days his highness suffered (to whom God give health); therefore honey was a sovereign remedy, and one of its component parts was wax, a true specific for the disease before them. Did not the bee suck the juice of every herb? was there not wax in honey? did not wax contain oil? *therefore*, why not try the oil of wax? Oh, illustrious doctors," he continued, "let us put our trust in God, and administer the dose: our patient has been thirty-six days sick, *therefore* let him have six and thirty drops every six and thirty hours. And as there is but one God, and Maho-

met is, *therefore*, his prophet, let the oil of wax be given !"

The moment this rigmarole ended, all the servants, and even many of the doctors, applauded the discourse.

There was no time allowed for discussion; the same archpriest took care to see the doctors feed forthwith; each of us got four Spanish dollars, and left the unfortunate sick man to his fate: but going out, when I expressed my astonishment to one of the faculty (an old Armenian), about the exhibition of this new remedy, he looked around him cautiously, and whispered in my ear the word " poison !" On further inquiry, I found the bulk of the patient's property was invested in a mosque. In spite of the remonstrance of my drogueman, I returned to the door I had just quitted, and gave an attendant to understand, his master would die if he took the medicine. The poor man died, however: I heard of the event about a month afterwards.

I was shortly after called to a man who was said to have a fever; when I visited him, I asked what was the matter with him, and where he felt pain? but his friend made the customary reply,

"That is what we want to know from you; feel his pulse and tell us!" I accordingly did so, found it rapid, his breathing laborious, and his skin hot; but not one of the symptoms could I get from the patient or attendants. The Turks have the ridiculous idea, that a doctor ought to know every disease by applying the fingers to the wrist. I thought, from what I observed, I was warranted in taking blood in this case. I did so; but no sooner had I bound up the arm, than I was requested, for the first time, to examine the other hand: which I did; and, to my utter astonishment, found two of the fingers carried away, the bones protruding; and then only was I informed, that the patient was in the artillery, and had lost his fingers a week before by the explosion of a gun.

I suspected at once the occurrence of locked jaw; I felt his neck, it was like a bar of iron; the man had been labouring under tetanus for three days, and died the following morning. You may well conceive my indignation at such incredible stupidity as the attendants exhibited here, and my choler at being told the result "had been written in the great book of life," and could not be avoided or deferred. Be that as it may, I certainly would

not have bled him, had I any reason to suspect the affection of which he died. You may imagine how difficult it is for a medical man to treat such people; and, consequently, how rarely they are benefited by him. There are few Mahometans who do not put faith in amulets; I have found them on broken bones, on aching heads, and sometimes over love-sick hearts. The latter are worn by young ladies, and consist of a leaf or two of the hyacinthus, which the Turks call mus-charumi; this is sent by the lover, and is intended to suggest the most obvious rhyme, which is ydskerumi, and implies the attainment of their soft desires.

Sometimes these amulets are composed of unmeaning words, like the *abracadabra* of the ancient Greeks for curing fevers, and the *abracalans* of the Jews for other disorders. At other times they consist simply of a scroll, with the words "Bismillah," "In the name of the most merciful God," with some cabalistical signs of the Turkish astrologer Geffer; but most commonly they contain a verse of the Koran.

I think the most esteemed, in dangerous diseases, are shreds of the clothing of the pilgrim camel which conveys the Sultan's annual present to the

sacred city; these are often more sought after than the physician, and frequently do more good, because greater faith is put in them.

The most common of all these charms is the amber bead, with a triangular scroll, worn over the forehead, which the *Marabouts* and the Arab sheiks manufacture, and is probably an imitation of the phylacterics which the Jews were commanded "to bind them, for a sign, upon their hands, and to be as frontlets between their eyes." It would be well if no more preposterous and disgusting remedies were employed; but I have taken off from a gun-shot wound a roasted mouse, which, I was gravely informed, was intended to extract the ball.

A less offensive and a more common application to wounds, is a roasted fig. I believe old women prescribe it for gumboils in England, and the practice is as old as Isaiah, who ordered "a mass of figs" to Hezekiah's boil.

Of all Turkish remedies, the vapour bath is the first and most efficacious in rheumatic and cuticular diseases. I have seen them removed in one fourth part of the time in which they are commonly cured with us. In such cases I cannot sufficiently

extol the advantages of the Turkish bath: the friction employed is half the cure, and the articulations of every bone in the body are so twisted and kneaded, that the most rigid joints are rendered pliant.

I have trembled to see them dislocate the wrist and shoulder joints, and reduce them in a moment; their dexterity is astonishing, and Mohammed's shampooing, at Brighton, is mere child's play in comparison. *Query*, Would not gout be benefited by this remedy, provided it could be really introduced into England as it is used in Turkey?

As a luxury, I cannot better describe it than in the words of Sir John Sinclair: "If life be nothing but a brief succession of our ideas, the rapidity with which they now pass over the mind would induce one to believe, that, in the few short minutes he has spent in the bath, he has lived a number of years."

I cannot conclude without telling you how all Frank medical men are teased by the Turks for *aphrodisiacs*, which they denominate *madjoun;* I am solicited for it at every corner; and it is lamentable to observe, that hardly a man arrives at the age of five and thirty, whom debauchery

has not rendered debilitated, and dependent on adventitious excitement for his pleasures. The ladies, on the other hand, are desirous of gaining honour, by a progeny like Priam's; but they have few children in general, for polygamy is, probably, injurious to population. They cease not, however, to annoy me for medicines to make them fruitful; and are as solicitous for specifics, as Rachel was to obtain from her sister some of the prolific mandrakes.

I had always occasion to observe that the sick man was all civility and courtesy, when his life was in jeopardy, but the moment he became convalescent, he treated me with arrogance, as if he had been ashamed of letting an infidel see that a Moslem was subject to the infirmities of humanity. My services were forgotten whenever they ceased to be required. All the other medical men complained of the same ingratitude; indeed, no physician opened his mouth till the patient opened his purse. The Greeks certainly behave better in this respect; but yet there is that strange obliquity of principle in them, that I never doubted, while a Greek feed me generously with one hand, that he would not have picked my pocket with the other

at the same moment. Such is the low state of medical science in this country; and such, probably, it was in Europe, so late as the tenth century. It has been well remarked, that the state of medicine may be considered as the criterion or barometer of the state of science in a nation. Wherever science and refinement have extended their influence, there medicine will be most cherished, as conducive to the interests and happiness of mankind.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER V.

TO A. TEGGART, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Nov. 4, 1824.

I BELIEVE, at this moment, it is a pretty generally received opinion in England, that the Turks are on the verge of a political regeneration; and, under the genius of Mahmoud, may yet be rendered capable of opposing the further progress of Russian ambition. Since the capture of Ipsara and Scio, both the British and Austrian ambassadors affect to lay that flattering unction to their souls: but he must be an indifferent politician, and a poor philosopher, who would put much stress on the temporary success of a fanatic horde, in the first ebullition of its fury.

In any future warfare between the barbarians of Turkey and of Russia, how far the latter may be checked by the misfortunes of a bad commis-

sariat, a wretched medical staff, and a waste country, I pretend not to determine; but I am well assured, if the northern hordes fail to overrun the country, it will be to a sickly season, and not to a bloody war, the Russian autocrat will have to attribute his defeat. But it is said, What is to prevent the Turks from becoming good soldiers? are they not the most robust people in Europe? It is very true they are the most robust; but is it not equally true, that they are the most demoralized? I hold it impossible to form any opinion of the martial character of a people, of whose moral qualities we are ignorant. The bulk of the people of England, and even many of our merchants abroad, are very imperfectly acquainted with the Turkish character. I must premise, before I enter on the subject of the moral qualities of the Ottomans, that I am well aware our commerce with them embraces a consideration of some millions annually; that we are, therefore, interested in the health and happiness of our "*ancient, faithful, and natural ally*," the Turk; and that it would be impious to deny, that *time*, and *faith*, and *nature* have bound the Moslem to the heart of England. I must, therefore, endeavour to forget that the

hatred of our "*ancient, faithful, and natural ally*" to Christianity is part and parcel of his law; that his religion every where inculcates our extermination; and that he attaches only a degree less of religious merit to the murder of a Nazarene, than to the slaughter of a Persian. I must cease to recollect that our treaties with this "*ancient, faithful, and natural ally*" are "given at his imperial foot stirrup;" and that his interviews with our ambassadors are audiences granted to suspected slaves, whose arms are not even left at liberty in his presence. But the question is not of indignity or insult, but a plain consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, of Russia and the Indies.

Manifest as the interest of England may be to prop up the tottering empire of the Turks, its subsistence depends not on her efforts; and the energy of the present Sultan can only procrastinate its fall. Every writer on Turkey for one hundred and fifty years, has been anticipating this event; the evil in her institutions has been long observed; but it is only now the mischief of misrule has seized her vitals: and such a result might, sooner or later, be well expected

in an empire suddenly raised to an intoxicating height, on the ruin of many conquered nations, deriving all its riches from plunder, and none from native industry, or the improvement of its acquired advantages. I mean to say, that Turkey is impoverished to that degree, that there is not a Mussulman in the empire who will not acknowledge his circumstances are impaired. A respectable and well informed Syrian Turk assured me, that his province was reduced to such wretchedness, that he wished the English would come and take it; nay, if they would not come, he would welcome the very Greeks. This was literally his language; and sufficiently strong and desperate for a Turk. I say, no decided change or amelioration in the condition of the people can be expected; because their civil and religious institutions, though ruinous and demoralizing, are, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, immutable. —The causes of demoralization I must briefly notice.

Every subject of the Grand Seignior is taught in childhood an almost idolatrous veneration for the person of the Sultan; a blind submission to

his commands, whether good or evil; and to account it fortunate to die by his mandate, which ever insures the translation of the martyr into Paradise! I saw this exemplified in Candia.

I was in the house of the Receiver of the Customs, (though not an eyewitness of the assassination), when a single man entered, in the habit of a pilgrim; he was presented to the master of the house; the pilgrim took a paper from his bosom, it was a *hatcheriff*, an order for the man's head! He cast his eye upon it; he might have had the bearer poinarded by a nod, but he was a good Mussulman: he kissed the fatal instrument of his death, said he was the Sultan's slave, stretched out his neck, his head rolled at his feet; and the executioner, a disguised *capigi bashi*, exhibited the Sultan's order, and departed unmolested.—Some of the servants in this case were largely bribed by the executioner of the warrant.

A principal source of evil in the state, is the usage of selecting every officer of the government, as well as of the army, from the slaves of the Seraglio, whose sole education consists in learning the Turkish language thoroughly, and the rudi-

ments of the Mahometan faith. Such of these slaves as have been degraded to the vilest stations of infamy, are those who are elevated to the first offices in the ministry. What ministers and governors may be expected from such a receptacle for statesmen, it is easy to imagine; and what morals may be expected in a people who have such a catechism for children as the following passages are extracted from, is sufficiently obvious:

"*Question.*—How must religion be promoted?"

"*Answer.*—By fighting against all who oppose the Koran, till the infidels are cut off from the earth."

"*Q.*—How do you serve your Sultan?"

"*A.*—By making my head his footstool; by living and dying at his pleasure."

There are many parts appertaining to the unity of God in this same catechism, worthy of a better religion. But, unfortunately, however excellent some of their doctrines may be, they have but little influence over their dreadful vices. I doubt, if the cities which once stood on the shores of the Dead Sea, could even afford a parallel to the

infamy openly avowed and practised in the Turkish metropolis.

Another source of ignorance and delusion, and often of bloodshed, is their pride and arrogance; they look with contempt on all civilized nations, and make physical force the criterion of moral power. They describe Alexander, about whom they are very fond of talking, as a monstrous giant; and Cæsar as a great admiral of superhuman stature! I am sure, by the manner they always examined my figure before they consulted me, that they were measuring my skill by my stature, or the length of my mustachios.

I had often to observe, in my intercourse with this people, that gentleness and civility were either received as the homage of an inferior, or the simplicity of a fool: to be respected, I often found it necessary to be haughty, even with the highest, and to be arrogant, to avoid getting affronted. If if any one can believe such qualities as the Turks possess, can make virtuous citizens, or good soldiers, I would only ask to transport that person, for half an hour, to the spectacle of an engagement between the Mahometans and the Greeks. After the

dreadful note of preparation had long been heard, he would find the two armies in the field, and at a convenient distance from each other; he would find the Greeks, who are the most religious people in the world, posted probably behind a church; he would observe the Ottomans, who are the best soldiers in the world for a siege, affording their lines the shelter of a wood, or perhaps of a wall; and he would expect to hear the thunders of the artillery commence; but would he hear them without a parley? Oh, no! the ground is classic, and, like the worthies of Homer, the hostile heroes must abuse one another first; he would hear the noble Moslems magnanimously roaring, "Come on, ye uncircumcised giaours! we have your mothers for our slaves. May the birds of heaven defile your fathers' heads; come on, ye Caffres!" Then would he hear the descendants of Themistocles, nowise intimidated, vociferating, "Approach, ye turbaned dogs!—Come and see us making wadding of your Koran; look at us trampling on your faith, and giving pork to your daughters!" Greatly edified with such a prelude to the horrors of the war, he would at last hear two or three

hundred random shots, but he would look for the armies, and he would not see them; he would observe stones flying, when the ammunition failed; and, at night, when the carnage ceased, he would hardly know whether to be astonished most at the cool intrepidity of the warlike Turks, or at the great discretion of the patriotic Greeks. And he would seek the returns of the killed and wounded; and what with the bursting of guns, and some unlucky shots, he would find half a dozen killed on either side; and he would see the classic Greeks wrangling over the bodies of their own people for the dead men's shirts; and he would observe the amiable Turks cutting off the ears of their fallen countrymen, to send to Constantinople as trophies from the heads of their enemies. And, if he went to *Napoli di Romania*, he would hear a Greek *Te Deum* chanted in thanksgiving for the victory over God's enemies; or he would return by Constantinople, and hear the Prophet glorified from the mosque, for the overthrow of the infidels; at all events, he would be sure, on his arrival in England, to read in The Times of "the great victory achieved by the struggling Greeks," and

in the Courier, of the signal defeat the Grecian rebels had just sustained. And after the gentleman had wept or laughed at the follies of mankind, he would have leisure to contemplate the arrogance of the Turks, the effrontery of the Greeks, and the cowardice of both.

Yours, my dear Sir,

very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER VI.

TO THE REV. H. CAMPBELL.

MY DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Nov. 15, 1824.

ALTHOUGH few can boast of so universal an acquaintance with men and manners as yourself, I still purpose giving you some observations on the *spiritual* matters of this amiable people, our very "*ancient, faithful, and natural ally.*"

As most religions have a great deal in their doctrines to be admired, and a great deal to be condemned, so has the faith of *Islam;* but it unfortunately happens, that the study requisite to attain a competent knowledge of Arabic or Turkish, to make a translation of the Koran, is so intense, that men appreciate the value of the volume they interpret, by the labour it has cost them to comprehend it. Hence Sale's translation of the Koran is, of all, the most correct and literal as to the

text, and yet the most erroneous in the commentary. In every absurdity (and there are not a few in "the perspicuous book") he points out a beauty. In every contradiction (and they abound in the first five chapters) he reconciles the difference. In every monstrous doctrine (and most abominable ones pervade the volume) he makes an allegory of what is lustful, and deprives sensuality of half its grossness. In short, Sale was the apologist of Mahometanism, and gives by far as too favourable a view of the religion, as Maracci does an unworthy and a vile one of it. I had the patience to read over the Koran twice, and I am disposed to think the term "*fade*," applied to it by Volney, was extremely appropriate. The Koreish dialect, in which it was written, is now only known to the learned, and much of the boasted beauty of its poetry is unintelligible even to them. In our translation there has been no attempt to preserve the jingling terminations of the original, which is similar in style to some of the ancient sacred songs of the Jews. Every alternate passage is a repetition of the former; in every alternate page you have a recurrence of the injunction to exterminate unbelievers. The

promise to the faithful, " of a garden of delights, with a river flowing through it," sickens with its frequency; and the threat to the Christian, " of a couch of hell fire, and a grievous couch it shall be," is doled out till the reader is cloyed with the repetition. It would be difficult to put together a greater tissue of puling absurdity, and nothing would be easier than to compress all the precepts of the whole book into a small duodecimo.

The great merit of Mahomet consisted not in writing the Koran (for I have far better poetry of his time in my possession), but in making so trifling a production the instrument for reclaiming his idolatrous countrymen to the knowledge of " the one true and merciful God:" the unity of the deity was the leading doctrine, and to convert the Sabians, who worshipped the sun and stars, and the Christians, who were exceedingly numerous at that time in Arabia, and who had fallen into strange errors, was the object of his pretended mission, and the excuse for his long meditated wars. But, above all, his mission as an apostle was made subservient to his sensuality: he covets the wife of Ali, by the recommendation of the angel Gabriel; and, according to an Arabic

history of his life, quoted by Maracci, he kisses his favourite daughter to inhale the breath of Paradise.

There are six commandments in the Mahometan religion, ordaining,

1st. The belief in one only God.

2d. The belief in Mahomet's apostolical character.

3d. The observance of the Ramazan Fast.

4th. The practice of the five prayers and ablutions.

5th. The application of two and a half per cent. of property to the poor.

6th. The performance of the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The five prayers are to be repeated daily; one before sunrise, one at the dawn, one at noon, one at four in the afternoon, and one at sunset. Their posture during prayer is erect, with their arms folded over their breasts, and apparently in serious contemplation of the duty they are performing. Their faces are turned to the east; nothing is heard but a short ejaculation, as they place themselves crosslegged for a few minutes, and then salute the ground with their

foreheads; this prostration occurs nine times. I have not been in the interior of any mosque in Constantinople; the forfeit of being found in one here is death or recantation. I therefore can only speak of their exterior, and that of some of the imperial mosques would do honour to any city in Christendom. Over the door of San Sophia, and beneath the gorgeous crescent, I discovered the mutilated figure of the cross, and the disfigured images of the apostles; it was a humiliating sight, and recalled the dreadful day described by Gibbon, when within those walls, in the course of three short hours, the God of the Christians was invoked, and the Lord of the Ottomans was praised, amidst the steam of the carnage which polluted even the steps of the altar.

The *Mufti* is the head of the religion, an officer of the highest rank, entitled to many immunities, and to one especially, of no little value in Turkey, exemption from capital punishment.

Muftis, however, under violent Sultans, have been pounded in mortars for slight offences. To this pontiff all matters of religion are referred; and by him all knotty points of theology are disentangled.

There can hardly be said to exist a church establishment in Turkey; there are, in fact, no professed priests; the *Imams*, who occasionally expound a passage of the Koran in the Mosque, have no other duty to perform there, and commonly follow some more lucrative employment.

The *Moulahs* are the body from which the Mufti is chosen, and are not churchmen but lawyers. The *Muezzin* supersedes the necessity of a bell, he ascends the minaret five times a day, and calls the faithful to prayer; he tells them, at daybreak, that prayer is better than sleep; and at dinner hour, that prayer is preferable to food. The Dervishes correspond to the monks of Italy; they are lazy and uncleanly; they profess to live a life of abstinence, but I have seen them drink rum with great devotion. They eat much opium. The sect of them called *Mevelevi*, from their founder, are the whirling Dervishes; they spin round and round in acts of devotion, with such velocity that they sometimes drop to the ground; and there, in a state of intoxication, they affect to have celestial visions, and edify the surrounding multitude with such marvellous descriptions as Don Quixote detailed after his subterranean journey.

There is another sect, called "howling Dervishes," at Scutari; they repeat for hours the ninety-nine names of God. I have seen them hold red hot irons between their teeth, and apparently thrust daggers into their arms and necks! Dr. Clarke considers their practices to be a remnant of the heathen ceremonies of the priests of *Baal*. Their pious fury endures for about half an hour; and he who pretends to thrust the blade deepest in his flesh is reckoned the greatest saint, and receives the most applause. They treat the Franks with great civility; and some of them are very happy to be admitted to Christian tables, and to get drunk there. One of them confessed to me, that he lived on the credulity of fools, and immediately after asked me for alms.

In the Mahometan religion nothing is inculcated more strictly than the observance of the Fast of the *Ramazan* during a lunar month. From sunrise to sunset the pleasures of the table, the pipe, and the harem are forbidden. It is not permitted to taste a morsel of food, nor a drop of water, all day long. But the Turks, with whom I travelled from Smyrna to Constantinople, pretended they had a dispensation from the *Cadi*, the magistrate,

to break the fast while travelling; one would have thought the *Mufti* was the fittest person to grant this permission. No sooner is the *Mogreb* announced from the mosque, the period permitted for eating and drinking, than the revels of the night commence, and they feast and enjoy themselves till the approach of the unwelcome morning. After this fast comes the great Feast of the *Beiram*, a festival corresponding to our Easter. This is a time of universal rojoicing: every one is dressed in his richest apparel. Even the ladies are permitted to visit their friends, and to receive the visits of their nearest male relations, that is to say, of their fathers, brothers, and uncles; but they are permitted this visit at no other period; and it is, in general, short and ceremonious. The Turks imagine the current of their wives' affections can never flow in two channels; and that it is impossible for a woman to love a brother and a husband at the same time; I am indebted to a Turkish lawyer for this sentimental observation.

The sixth commandment, or performance of the pilgrimage to Mecca, is of such vital importance to all Mussulmans, that no one is exempt from

its obligations, except the Grand Seignior, and even he must go through it by proxy.

After the *Ramazan* Fast, the three caravans, from Cairo, Damascus, and Arabia, set out for the Holy City. In different years the number of pilgrims varies, from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand souls, and the number of camels from eighty thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand.

To walk seven times round the House of Abraham, as they call the chief mosque in Mecca; to kiss a black stone, which they pretend fell white from Heaven; to plunge into a well, called *Zem Zem;* and to take a draught of fetid water, an infatuated multitude traverse the burning Deserts of Arabia, and hundreds of them annually leave their bones to bleach in the wide wilderness. As no man has any honour till he become a *hadgi*, or pilgrim, every one endeavours to visit the Holy City, whatever may be his circumstances or occupation.

I had an instance, not long ago, of the disorders in Turkish families, which is produced by the absence of the husband from his harem, for so many months as the pilgrimage employs. I was

summoned to a female patient, who had actually been in the sack, and on the shoulders of the eunuch, to be thrown into the Bosphorus, when the husband relented and spared her life. Extreme terror had produced a state approaching to insensibility, which had already continued ten days: every time her husband approached, I observed her pulse fluttered, as if the blood was coagulating at her heart, and it was easy to see she was sick of terror. I told the husband nothing but a change of air would preserve her life; and that, if he could send her for a couple of months to her father's harem, it was the best thing he could do. He promised to do so next morning, and when I examined her pulse again before I left the room, I felt the pressure of her trembling fingers, in token of gratitude for the advice I had given. My drogueman, while I was prescribing for her, found out, from the servants, the history of the drowning project: that it was resolved on at the return of the husband from his pilgrimage, having heard of some levity of conduct during his absence, which he was only induced at length to pardon, on receiving, at the

moment of execution, an assurance of her innocence from all the other women. The pilgrimage is attended with a thousand results of this kind, only that the catastrophe of each is generally more tragical.

The religion which enjoins such preposterous practices, is unfortunately widely disseminated; in twelve centuries it has overrun half the world, and owns very nearly as many followers as Christianity itself*. That it should have done so, is indeed surprising; for its doctrines are, as I have generally described them, puerile in the extreme: and though I have trespassed already on your time and patience, I cannot refrain from giving you a few short passages from the Koran, in support of my opinion.

* The following census of the population of the world was published, in a German periodical, in 1823; and though conjecture must have much to do with the calculation, still there is likely to be some relative truth in the statement:

Christians	200 Millions.
Mahometans ..	165 Millions.
Pagans	450 Millions.
Jews	5 Millions.
Total	820 Millions.

Whenever the Apostle wants to regulate a family concern, or an amorous transaction of his own, he immediately has recourse to the angel Gabriel. When his rebellious wives vex him for new clothes, he makes the Almighty address him thus:

"O Prophet, say unto thy wives, If ye seek the present life, and the pomp thereof, come, and I will make a handsome provision for you, and I will dismiss you with an honourable dismission; but if you seek God, and his apostle, and the life to come, verily God hath prepared, for such of you as work righteousness, a great reward."

Again, when he wishes to justify his marriages with his cousin's wife, thus speaks his Lord:

"O Prophet! we have allowed thee thy wives, unto whom thou hast given their dower; and also the slaves which thy right hand possesseth, of the booty which God hath granted thee; and the daughters of thy uncles, and the daughters of thy aunts, both on thy father's side and on thy mother's side, who have fled with thee from Mecca, and any other believing woman, if she give herself to the Prophet, in case the Prophet

desireth to make her his wife. This is a peculiar privilege granted unto thee, above the rest of all true believers. We know what we have ordained them, concerning their wives, and the slaves they possess, lest it should be deemed a crime in thee to make use of the privileges granted thee; for God is just and merciful. Thou mayest postpone the turn of such of thy wives as thou shalt please, in being called to thy bed; and thou mayest take unto thee her whom thou shalt please, and her whom thou shalt desire, of those whom thou shalt have before rejected, and it shall be no crime in thee; this will be more easy, that they may be entirely content."

And again, when he is tormented with troublesome visitors, the Deity is made to address the *intruders:*

"O true believers, enter not the house of the Prophet, unless it be permitted you to eat meat with him, without waiting his convenient time. And when you ask of the Prophet's wives what ye may have occasion for, ask it of them from behind a curtain, this will be more pure for your hearts and their hearts. Neither is it fit for you

to give any uneasiness to the apostle of God, or to marry his wives after him, for ever; for this would be a grievous thing in the sight of God."

These few quotations afford a fair specimen of "the perspicuous book." I should, perhaps, apologize for inflicting such trash upon you; but, as it is the fashion for travellers to extol the doctrines of Mahomet, I am anxious to give you a few instances of the excellence of Mahometanism.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER VII.

TO W. MURPHY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Nov. 30, 1824.

WHOEVER would paint the *picturesque* in all its loveliness, has but to gaze on Stamboul from the sea. Whoever would portray the *barbaresque* in all its horrors, has but to land, and wade through the abominations of Constantinople. It is not my intention to repeat, for the hundredth time, the charms of the Bosphorus; to surfeit you with the praises of its fairy scenery, of its smiling shores, studded with enchanting *Kiosks*, and graced with lofty minarets and splendid mosques. All this you will conceive without my description. And, likewise, take it for granted, that the traveller, who sets his foot in the Turkish metropolis, is doomed to traverse the filthiest and most ill constructed city in Europe.

The population has been decreasing for many years; it now, probably, does not exceed eight hundred thousand souls*, including the suburbs of Scutari, Pera, Galata, &c.; and to keep up this number, drained as the town is constantly by the plague, the provinces are totally exhausted. You may imagine what a tax it is upon the latter, when it is considered that the plague of 1812 cut off three hundred and twenty thousand people in the capital and the circumjacent villages along the Bosphorus; and that, to supply the deficiency, the surrounding country was depopulated. The city is of a triangular form, and lies upon a neck of land, rising, with a steep acclivity, into several mounts. These are intersected by narrow lanes, for there is no thoroughfare deserving the name of a street; and the whole town is encompassed by crumbling walls and ancient turrets.

The compass of the city is from fifteen to

* This includes one hundred thousand Greeks, eighty thousand Armenians, fifty thousand Jews, and two thousand Franks; such was Thousa's calculation before the late disturbances, and I deem it correct. The entire population of Turkey is thirty-three millions; eight millions in Europe, twenty-two millions in Asia, two millions in Egypt, and in Barbary (properly speaking), not above fifteen hundred thousand.

eighteen miles. The two most imposing structures are the Seraglio of the Sultan, which forms an angle of the town, and is said to occupy a large portion of the site of the ancient Byzantium, an immense pile of incongruous buildings, huddled together without taste or order; and, like the empire, is a colossal mass, "composed of a strange mixture of heterogeneous and irreconcilable parts;" and the mosque of San Sophia, whose splendid dome dominates the city, and whose sacred aspect has survived its degradation.

Close to this ancient structure is the *Hippodrome*, the horsecourse of the Greeks, now converted into the *Atmeidan*, or cavalry ground of the Turks; in the centre is the remains of an Egyptian obelisk; and near this still exists the famed brazen pillar, consisting of three serpents, ascending in a spiral course, but deprived of their heads, which formerly looked on the three sides of the city. There are no other vestiges of the glorious city of Constantine worth mentioning. The Imperial Library, which was thought to contain many of the treasures of ancient learning, has been examined by Dr. Clarke and others, and no work of value has been discovered.

The place where stood the palace of Con-

stantine, is now a receptacle for cattle! Heaven knows into what some of our palaces may be converted in a dozen centuries, if, peradventure, a remnant of the lath and plaster be then in existence! In every corner of the city, a pack of hungry dogs are suffered to prowl, for the diversion they afford in worrying all Frank passengers; and nothing can exceed the amusement of the Turks, when they behold a Christian mangled by these ferocious animals. I can safely say, I have never once passed through the *bazaars* without having the dogs set on me by the men; without having stones pelted at me by boys; or being spit upon by the women, and being cursed as an infidel and a Caffre by all!

I was very near having a sword put through me, for chastising a little rascal who flung a stone at my head: and, on another occasion, for only looking indignant at a fat lady, who spat upon me! I was rather roughly handled by her and her companions.

The streets, soon after dusk, are as silent as death; not a sound is heard but the password of the sentinel, or the occasional announcement of a

conflagration, with the warning cry of "*Yangen-var!*" and few nights occur without the ravages of fire in some parts of the city. I have already witnessed three. In one of these conflagrations, the whole of a street was burned down. The houses are of wood, and once in a blaze, no effort, short of pulling down the neighbouring houses, arrests the progress of the fire. There are seldom any lives lost; so that a stranger may witness the splendour of the spectacle without much prejudice to his humanity.

Sometimes the Capitan Pacha—sometimes the Vizir are obliged to attend; and, very rarely, the Sultan is summoned to the spot, and directs the firemen. On such an occasion, the women have the privilege of abusing "the Imperial man-slayer" with impunity: but if the Grand Seignior were now expected to appear in public at night, I believe the four quarters of the capital would be fired, to afford so favourable an opportunity for assassination. Like other people, the Turks are pleased to visit all the misfortunes of their nation on their rulers.

The only remnant of Saracen chivalry existing

in Turkey is the *Jereed* tournament. I witnessed one in honour of the birth of a child in the imperial harem; and certainly never beheld so imposing a spectacle as this immense assemblage of people exhibited: upwards of sixty thousand persons of either sex, in all the varieties of Eastern costume, and in which all the colours of the rainbow were blended, were seated on the sloping sides of a natural amphitheatre: the Sultan sat above, magnificently apparelled, surrounded by his black and white slaves in glittering attire. He appeared about forty-four years of age; his figure majestic, and his aspect noble: his long black beard added to the solemnity of features, which he never relaxed for a moment; and while all around were convulsed with laughter at the buffooneries of a merry-andrew who amused the multitude, he kept his dark eye on the juggler, but he never smiled. Hundreds of horsemen were galloping to and fro on the plain below, hurling the *jereed* at random; now assailing the nearest to them, now in pursuit of the disarmed. Their dexterity in avoiding the weapon was luckily very great, otherwise many lives must have been lost; as it was, I saw one

cavalier led off with his eye punched out, and another crushed under a horse; these accidents never interfered for a moment with the sports; one sort succeeded another. After the *jereed*, came the wrestlers, naked to the waist and smeared with oil. They prostrated themselves several times before the Sultan, performed a number of very clumsy feats, and then set to. Their address lay in seizing one another by the hips; and he who had the most strength, lifted his adversary off his legs, and then flinging him to the earth, fell with all his force upon him.—Music relieved the tedium between the rounds, and several occurred before any serious mischief was sustained. At last one poor devil was maimed for life, to make a Turkish holiday; he had his thigh bone smashed, and was carried off the field with great applause! Bear fighting was next attempted; but Bruin was not to be coaxed or frightened into pugnacity; the dogs growled at him in vain. During all these pastimes, the slaves were running backwards and forwards from the multitude to the Sultan, carrying him innumerable petitions from the former, which he cannot refuse to receive, and seldom can find leisure

to read. The departure of the pacific bear terminated these brutal sports, and every one, except the friends of the dead man and the two wounded, appeared to go away delighted beyond measure. All the amusements of this people are of the same cruel character.

I was at a Turkish feast a few days ago, given by a patient of mine, where the entertainment of the evening consisted in playing off the most appalling practical jokes I ever witnessed, on the person of a buffoon, who was well paid for suffering them. It was the poor fellow's trade; and he bore the marks of its dreadful nature on his cicatrised visage.

Having sent him out of the room, a pipe was charged with gunpowder, and over this a little tobacco was spread. He was then sent for, made to sit down, and was presented with the pipe; he had scarcely lighted it, when it exploded at the first puff, and drove the tube against the palate of his mouth with great violence, his lips were bloody in a moment, and the sight only excited a roar of merriment around him. I was in hopes the *amusement* was over, but another, and a more inhuman jest succeeded;—a plate was filled with flour,

and in this twenty short pieces of lighted candle were stuck, the buffoon and his companion were placed kneeling in the centre of the room, opposite to each other, and they were made to hold the plate by their teeth, at a given signal they were to blow the flour in each other's face, across the candles, and he who gave the quickest blast escaped the volume of flame which the ignited particles of flour sent forth; the fellow who sustained the first injury had the good fortune to escape unscorched; he completely singed the bald head of his companion, and burned the upper part of his face and brows severely: there was another shout of savage laughter, while the unfortunate man was smearing oil over his features, to allay the pain. I saw preparations making for further feats of Turkish humour, but I was thoroughly disgusted, and gladly left the place.

When Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was extolling the refinement of her friends, inveighing against travellers, who spoke hardly of the Turks, describing, in glowing terms, the polished manners of the nobility, with whom she alone had any acquaintance, did her ladyship ever witness any similar *amusements* to those I have described?

and if she did, why not afford them the elegance of her description, as well as the politer pastimes of the court and the harem?

I do not believe Lady Montagu ever witnessed these practices; for they are not performed in the women's apartments, and out of them her opportunities for seeing Turkish *life*, I believe, were very limited. The scene I witnessed was not enacted for the entertainment of the vulgar; a *Bey* of Anatolia was the host, a *Byn Bashi*, and a *Cadi* were amongst the guests.

I was indebted to an old French doctor (formerly a "tambour major" in the French army) for getting acquainted with many families, both Turkish and Levantine; the old gentleman was a 'bon vivant,' and had the talent of making himself welcome wherever he went; he had one little defect—he very seldom was sober after dinner, but the Turks liked him, and he was the only Frank in Constantinople, who eat his dinner at the expense of Moslems, almost every day in the week. As I had the good fortune to be a favourite of his, he took me with him to his friends, and I had ample opportunity of observing

the hospitality of the Turks, wherever I went. In this quality not even the Irish surpass them.

The old doctor was a privileged sort of person; he said things with impunity, which would have been fatal to another man: the very boys let him pass without pelting, and the women laughed whenever they met him. He was a man of immense stature; and I have no doubt his physical appearance went far in gaining him the good opinion of the Turks.

To him I first owe an intimate acquaintance with their mode of living, with the excellence of their cooking, the number of their dishes, and the profusion of their sweetmeats; I have been at dinners where as many as forty dishes have appeared in succession. Commencing (for they are opposed to us in every thing) with the dessert, consisting of sweetmeats and preserves; then whetting the appetite with raw spirits in abundance, the very highest classes drinking rum and *rakee*, as Christians drink small beer, and in larger quantities.

I had five respectable Turks to dine with me lately, one of them a merchant of large property.

I provided three bottles of rum, and three bottles of strong Cyprus wine, but before the second course the rum was finished: two of them were very tipsy; but this prevented them not from reeling through their nine prostrations the moment the *Mogreb* prayer was announced from the mosque.

I had a good deal of trouble in getting rid of my gentle guests: one of them was very anxious to shoot a Greek in an opposite window; they took care, however, to remain till they became more sober, and then took their leave. It is notorious, that the most exalted persons in the empire are addicted to drink; and an Italian doctor, who formerly attended the Seraglio, tells me, that the Sultan daily receives from the apothecary's a bottle of Rhenish wine, with the word "physic" written on the label.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER VIII.

TO T. SAVORY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Dec. 10, 1824.

I HARDLY know how to describe to you my way of life here, for nothing is so indescribable as the state of society at Pera.

I am living in the burying-ground of the Turks; and must put up with the steams of mortality under my nostrils, because this cemetery is the fashionable quarter of the Franks, and the pleasure-ground of the Levantines.

Here the belles of both assemble every Sunday afternoon, seat themselves under the trees, and play off their weekly artillery of smiles and glances, while the gentlemen waft their sighs, on clouds of tobacco smoke, to their languishing mistresses. This promenade affords the only place of recreation in Pera; and, perhaps, it is lest they should be, for a moment, unmindful of the

plague, that they mingle mortality with amusement.

The English merchants, who amount to about a dozen, have no intercourse with one another; jarring interests, and the terror of the plague, prevent all society. If it were not for the hospitality of our worthy consul, Mr. Cartwright, the place would be insupportable.

One would expect that, where there are so many foreign ambassadors and Europeans attached to them, there would be much pleasant society; but it would be a vain expectation. The diplomatic people of Pera constitute the court, and the miserable Levantine droguemen the nobility; they actually are deemed such, and the airs they give themselves are quite ridiculous.

I flattered myself, I should get an immense deal of information on Turkish subjects at the French ambassador's, where I had the honour of dining; but the "jeunes de langues," the young diplomatists, had other topics to discuss: the etiquette of embassies was their eternal theme; they thought of nothing but etiquette, they dreamed of nothing but etiquette, they talked of nothing but etiquette. I never was so nauseated in my

life. I was invited to the English "chargé d'affaires;" "Here," I said, "at least there will be some rational conversation, a respite from the terrors of *etiquette;*" but I reckoned without my host; the oriental secretary was disputing a point of etiquette with the secretary of the French embassy, the moment I entered. The whole soul of the English employé seemed wrapped up in the subject of the debate, and nothing but etiquette rung on my tympanum from the beginning to the end of the entertainment. I was heartily sickened of diplomatic slang; and have had, ever since, a sort of instinctive horror of the nobility of Pera and of *etiquette.*

Nothing can exceed the ambition of the people of the embassy to attend the ambassador, in their laced coats, at his audience with the Sultan; and nothing can equal the absurdity of that ceremony except its humiliation. The French have the priority in all public audiences. The ambassador proceeds with his credentials to the *Porte*, passes through a large square thronged with soldiers, then through a garden where it is arranged the soldiers should, at that time, receive their *pilaw*, to astonish the infidels with the vastness of the

Sultan's bounty. He next enters the *divan*, where a principal officer sits in great state on a splendid sofa, with a *cadilesker* on either side. Some cause here undergoes a mock trial, to prove to the unbelievers that his Imperial Highness is just, as well as generous; a number of money bags, containing paras (the fourth of farthings), are pompously displayed for the payment of the troops, to show the *giaours* the inexhaustible wealth of the *Grand Signior*. The officer in waiting now writes a letter to the Sultan, stating that "a giaour, an ambassador, comes to throw himself at his Highness's feet;" and to this the Sultan graciously replies, "Feed and clothe the infidel, and let him come." The infidel is accordingly fed, gets a good dinner; and, during it, the Sultan is peeping through a lattice at his guests, where his person is hardly visible. The infidel is next clothed with a *caftan*, as are also a portion of his followers, who proceed to the audience chamber, where the arms of the ambassador are laid hold of by two assistants, and thus pinioned, he is led before the Sultan, and his body as much bowed as the force of the officers holding him admits of. The Sultan sits on a bed-shaped throne, ornamented with black velvet and precious stones; his dress has nothing peculiar to

his station, but the diamond aigrette and feather in his turban, and the diamond girdle round his loins. The ambassador having bowed, remains covered, and makes his speech in French; the drogueman translates it; and then the principal officer of the Sultan replies, and this reply is again given in French to the ambassador. During the ceremony, the Sultan hardly deigns to look at the ambassador, or even to notice him on his retiring. The infidels are then forced out of the presence, with their faces to the throne. At the outer gate a richly caparisoned horse is presented to the ambassador; and the trappings, which are principally of silver, are, some time after, sold to an *Armenian*, who sells them again to the *Porte* for a future present. I saw the French ambassador's present thus disposed of. Such is the degradation which we suffer our ambassadors to undergo, being even stripped of their swords before they are admitted to the presence of the haughty Sultan.

Our trade with Turkey has been long declining; in the reign of Queen Anne we had five and twenty merchants in Constantinople, we have now about half that number. Our shipping gets no employment in the Archipelago; for one English vessel that gets a freight to Candia or from it, the

Consul told me there were twenty Austrian. Our cloths are no longer in request in the Turkish markets; the German cloths, though coarse, are cheap, and suit the people better. The Dutch supply the market with arms (we once did so exclusively). And, even in printed calicos and muslins, we now divide the trade with the Swiss; the colours of their goods are brighter and more esteemed than ours. The impoverishment of the Turks is another cause of the decline of our trade here; they can no longer afford to clothe their harems and themselves as they were wont. The constant fluctuation in their monies is also a great evil to trade; attended with much inconvenience to the merchants and distress to the people. Thirty years ago there were eight *piastres* to the pound sterling; now there are ten piastres to a Spanish dollar in Constantinople, and fifteen in Egypt.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER IX.

TO THOMAS COLTMAN, ESQ.

BARRISTER.

DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Dec. 28, 1824.

If the remark of Tacitus be true, that "where there are most laws there is least policy," Turkey ought to be preeminently politic. The laws are few and simple; and I cannot better describe the state of your profession here, than by stating, in its praise, that law is cheap and litigation rare. I was first led to consider how simple and summary the administration of justice was, by daily frequenting a coffeehouse opposite a police establishment. I observed, in nine cases out of ten, that when, in consequence of some disturbance of the peace, two complainants were brought before the justice, he always made the smoking of a pipe the period for hearing the contradictory statements

of each party, and then he commonly ordered both to be bastinadoed; but the defendant invariably got a dozen stripes more than the plaintiff. If it were not that the judges are generally bribed in all civil cases, and the witnesses generally perjured, there would be much to admire in the administration of Turkish law. Montesquieu has erroneously asserted that there is no security of property, no right to succession, no inheritance to females, in Turkey. This is very incorrect: the Sultan has only a right to a small portion of bequeathed property; and the wife, or wives, and next heirs, have each an allotted portion of the effects.

The Koran is avowedly their book of civil law; but, as it provides for nothing but succession and divorce, the Ulemas, or Moulahs (the lawyers), under pretence of making commentaries on the Prophet's text, have framed a civil code.

The works of *Abou Hanifa* are the Blackstone's Commentaries of Turkey, and the rule of common law. The principal law officer is the *Vizier Azem;* his office corresponds to our Lord Chancellor's: all appeals from the lower courts are ultimately referred to him. It was the custom,

in carrying an appeal to the Sultan, for the appellant to rush into the Seraglio with a pan of fire upon his head. The Vizier holds a weekly court of justice in the Seraglio, assisted by the *Cadileschier* and six judges, a sort of Court of Common Pleas.

The Mufti is the next in dignity; and presides over justice as well as religion: he is the expounder of the law; and his opinion is given by a simple affirmative, or the words, "God knows better." This is inscribed on the back of the brief, at the bottom of which he signs himself "God's poor servant." The knave is, in general, immensely rich; and has the presumption to aspire to the humility of our hierarchs. This decision is called *fetfa;* and is, but too often, to be purchased from his deputy.

The next law officer is the *Cadileschier;* a military sort of chief justice. He takes precedence of the *Cadi*, and decides lawsuits.

The Cadi is the common magistrate, who decides principally criminal suits, and is every where notoriously corrupt. As to the right of the Sultan to inherit his subjects' property, it is limited to the possessions of those who die without any

lawful heir, and to the residuary effects of all his officers*.

The Sultan's inheritance of his officers' property has, probably, its origin in the old feudal law, by which tenures, held in fief, revert, on the death of the holder, to the feudal sovereign. A tenure of land is not more valuable than a tenure of office, which privileges the rapacity of the holder: hence the opportunity for amassing wealth, emanating from the Sultan, who considers himself the ultimate master of the plunder.

The first and best security for property in Turkey is the settlement called *Vacuf*. It consists

* I saw a remarkable instance of this in Candia. The military governor of the island died of an inflammatory fever; during his illness I attended him, but, certainly, with little benefit: he unfortunately thought that nothing but brandy could keep down inflammation; and, more than once, I found him assisting an aperient with raw spirits. For a fortnight I rode every day ten miles to visit him, at the request of the Pacha. At his death Ibrahim Pacha seized on all his property, in the name of his father; it amounted to one hundred thousand dollars. The friends of the deceased sent in an account of his debts to Ibraham, but he refused to pay a paras. The owner of the horse which was daily sent for me preferred his claim for the hire, amongst the rest, but he was also left unpaid.

in settling one's property, whether in money, land, or houses, on a mosque, either in possession, or reversion: this is an inviolable security; and the Sultan, on no pretext, can touch one paras of the income at the person's death, it goes to his next heirs; and when the issue is extinct, the whole property reverts to the mosque. From this it may be conceived the *Vacuf* brings immense riches to the Ulemas; and goes on absorbing almost all the property of the country.

There are several courts where the plaintiff may bring his cause at option, and he has always this great advantage, that he gives the first bribe: in short, the Turks retain the judge as commonly as we do the lawyer. The green turbaned people, descendants of the Prophet, are called *Emirs*, or noblemen; they have a court of their own, the *Nakib*, or *Eiup*, wherein they only can be tried.

In buying houses or lands, the *hogget*, or title deeds, require to be well examined; the deputy of the judges is ever on the alert, to find a flaw, and foment a lawsuit. For ten piastres you can get witnesses to swear any thing; and for a higher price you may get your adversary decoyed into a

coffeehouse, treated with opium and intoxicating tobacco, and made to admit circumstances fatal to his cause.

Christian witnesses are not admitted against Turks; but Christians, by heavy bribes and perjured Moslem testimonies, may sometimes succeed.

Where the party has been too poor to buy over the judge, I have seen an admirable method tried, of worrying the judge into a favourable decision. The women of the litigious pauper crowd the court, gather round the bench, upbraid the judge, and abuse him for his venality; fair means are tried to get rid of them, but they are not to be appeased; they know their female privileges, and that no man dare to use them roughly; their clamour is deafening, the judge gets *bothered*, and, eventually, is forced to decide the cause in favour of the pauper; but woe betide him after this, should he fall into the hands of justice. A great source of riches to the Turks is a form of litigation, visited on Jews and Christians, called *Avania;* hundreds of Moslems live by it. It is practised chiefly on the most affluent *Rayahs*, and they are never a moment secure from extortion; leaving a street door open at night, taking an

Adlie coin for a paras less or more than usual; wearing yellow slippers, instead of black; talking to a Turkish woman after dark, or to a Greek woman at any time, in the purlieus of *San Dimitri*. On any of these frivolous charges, the unfortunate Christian may be torn out of his bed, carried before a Cadi, and may account himself lucky if he escape the bastinado, at the cost of five hundred or even a thousand piastres. There are various modes of punishment, and each adapted to a particular offence, and to the peculiar rank of the offender. The material of the bowstring differs in quality for different individuals.

Of capital punishments there are many varieties. The Turks are only refined in cruelty; and it is a curious fact, that their only application of chemistry is to the composition of poisons, many of which we are totally ignorant of in Europe. These murderous ingredients are often employed to dispose of state criminals, whose station renders secrecy of importance to the government. Sometimes the poison is conveyed in coffee, sometimes on the mouthpiece of a pipe, and sometimes in *sherbet*. I had an opportunity of seeing the speedy effect of poisoned coffee on an Egyptian

merchant; he died seven hours after its administration, in dreadful torture.

Decapitation is the most humane and most common mode of inflicting death; defaulters to government, murderers, and rebellious subjects generally undergo this punishment. I have seen it variously performed; at one time with a single back handed stroke of a *hanjar;* at other times with the curved *yatican*, and with repeated blows: if a Turk, the head is placed beneath the elbow, if a Greek, in a more opprobrious position. Impaling is rare, and reserved for highway robbers: the last time I heard of its being practised was on a highwayman in Wallachia. A stake was thrust through his body, and it was thus set up for exhibition. The bowstring I saw inflicted in *Canea*, on an Albanian soldier, who shot a woman in the street from a coffeehouse window. The operation was very summary: the pallid wretch was tried in the morning, and he knew nothing of the nature of his sentence till he was seized by two strong fellows, hurried into the court yard of the house, and, exactly at sunset, a gun was fired, the noose was slipped over his face, a short thick stick passed between the back of his neck and the

cord, and this was twisted round and round till he was strangled.

Pounding to death in a mortar was the mode of dispatching the *Mufti*, the head of the religion; this has not been had recourse to for two centuries, and *Muftis* are now exempt from capital punishment.

The *tob** is a massive piece of lignum vitæ, about two feet long, which may be seen suspended over the divan of provincial governors, and one blow of this, on the back or neck, produces immediate death.

You may conceive the evil of having an instrument of death so near at hand, where temperance too often gives way to passion; and the trial and the execution are consequent.

The bastinado is the chastisement visited on petty larceny, (which is a crime, however, very unfrequent in Turkey), on drunkenness, refusal of

* While I was in Alexandria, the governor, *Belil Aga*, slew a *Rayah*, with a single blow of this weapon. The only crime of the man was talking to a Turkish woman, who was observed laughing as she left him. I saw the weapon suspended over his head, on the side of the divan, and observed him pointing to it, while a trembling Arab was giving evidence against a Turk.

paying tribute, taxes, &c.; and sometimes it is employed on *Rayahs*, to extort a confession of their wealth. There are also various methods of inflicting the bastinado: on the soles of the feet, with the thong of the hide of the hippopotamus, called *courbash;* this I have seen laid on by two men, one at each side of the poor wretch, who is placed on his back, and kept down by a man sitting on his breast; the legs are generally streaming with blood after this horrid punishment! from ninety to two hundred stripes are commonly given; but for great crimes, five hundred are inflicted; and for still greater, a thousand: this number is always fatal. Another very common mode of bastinadoing is with thick long staffs over the stomach, ribs, and loins; and this barbarous practice generally maims the man for life. Women, for levity of conduct, receive a milder sort of the bastinado on their back; but they take care to be well enveloped, and seldom get more than from twelve to twenty blows: as this is a fact very little known, and the punishment is always in private, I doubt if any Franks have seen, or even heard of the circumstance; but I once heard the woman's cries in the Cadi's

house, and saw her come out, writhing from the blows*. A Levantine was with me at the time; and, as he knew the Cadi, I got him to inquire if it was a common practice to bastinado females? he said, it was common enough; but they never got many stripes.

The sack is the doom of those unfortunate women who have been detected in adultery; and, I fear, too often of those on whom even the suspicion has fallen. I do not mean to say that such horrors are of every day occurrence; on the contrary, taking every thing into account, it is only wonderful, that more murders of this description are not committed; neither have husbands the *legal* right† of consigning their women

* In Damietta, I saw a young Arab woman, in the Cadi's house, punished with forty stripes for an alleged indiscretion, which, in Constantinople, would have cost her her head: she was sentenced to receive one hundred blows; but, through my mediation, the number was reduced to forty. As she only wore the common blue robe of the country, and the stripes were laid on with vigour, it was no sham punishment.

† One of the very few errors in Napoleon's Account of the Turks and their Religion, is in stating that the men have an absolute authority over the lives of their wives and slaves, with which the civil magistrate dares not interfere: the fact is otherwise.

to the Bosphorus, without consulting the Cadi on the propriety of so doing; and they must substantiate, by witnesses, the fact of their dishonour; but every one who knows Constantinople must be aware that witnesses may be hired in every coffee-house; and he must see on what a feeble tenure a Turkish woman holds her life.

Drowning is also employed when numbers are to be got rid of with privacy and dispatch.—Shortly before my arrival, the Turkish porters of *Pera* were notorious for their nocturnal depredations: it was unsafe to be out after nightfall; and numerous complaints were made to the police. A few were strangled; but the punishment produced no good effect: the Franks again complained, and in a few days after, one of those summary methods of disposing of bad subjects was adopted, which could only be suggested by Turkish justice, and carried into effect by Turkish perfidy. The porters were all employed to carry grain aboard the Capitan Pacha's ship; and, as each set of them got aboard, they were forthwith pinioned, and flung into the Bosphorus: in this manner they were all got rid of, and Pera

was next day restored to perfect security. However bad the majority of these ruffians might have been, in all probability there were some innocent men amongst them: their fate serves to show that nothing is deemed of so trifling a value as human life in Turkey; and that, in no country in the world, is its insecurity so fully felt as in the Ottoman empire.

Nailing by the ears is an operation performed on bakers, for selling light bread. There is a hole cut in the door for the back of the culprit's head: the ears are then nailed to the panel; he is left in this position till sunset, then released; and seldom sustains any permanent injury from the punishment, except in his reputation. And, lastly, I must notice the absurd mode of punishing perjury; an offence which is so little thought of, that it is visited with the mildest of all their punishments. The offender is set upon an ass, with his face to the tail, and a label on his back, with the term *scheat*, or perjurer. In this way he is led about to the great amusement of the multitude, and even of his associates. Such is the information I have collected on the subject

of the administration of justice: it may not be of any great interest, but it is at least authentic; and I believe he who reflects most on the institutions of Turkey will grumble least about the imperfections in the laws of his own country.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

R. R. M.

LETTER X.

TO DR. WATSON.

MY DEAR SIR, Constantinople, Jan. 5, 1825.

In the course of my attendance on the Turks, I had frequent opportunities of observing their great kindness to the sick, the resignation of those in extremity, and the philosophical mode of preparing the patient for his fate. Among the lower orders, however, there is too much rudeness and precipitancy used in communicating the consoling tidings of eternity; and I think I have seen some patients frightened to death with the consolations of religion. But I think I never witnessed the assiduity of the women in the sick chamber anywhere so marked as in Turkey. The room where a dying man lies is crowded with his male relatives; they tell him the angel of death has summoned him to heaven, and that he should go

there with a cheerful countenance; that he should meet his fate as a man, and rejoice in dying a true believer, which ultimately must lead him to Paradise, whatever may have been his crimes. They then make very hyperbolical assurances of friendship; "that they would willingly die to have the pleasure of his society in eternity;" "that if it were possible, they would die for him." But, as unfortunately they cannot, and the patient gives up the ghost, they then give way to immoderate sorrow; they weep over the corpse; the nearest relatives rend their garments,—but gradually the distant ones dry their eyes, give comfort to the others, and a more manly sorrow is soon exhibited, such as would do honour to any Christian bosom. All this time

"——with louder plaint
The women speak their woe,"

tear their hair, and apostrophize the corpse, and ask him, "why he left his wives, and his servants, and his horses!" The shrillness of their screams pierces every ear in the neighbourhood; it is a peculiar yell, consisting of certain vibrations of the glottis, which could only be imitated by giving the tone of an octave to a watchman's

rattle. This sound is indicative both of joy and sorrow; and it is strange enough, that all the women of the East, Turkish, Arabian, Coptic, and Armenian, should have the same method of demonstrating their delight at a wedding, and their grief at a funeral.

This howl over the dead, the *eleleu* of the Greeks, and *ululalu* of the Irish, is called *arrhla* in Turkish, *errawa* in Arabic. I have been frequently surprised to find a strong analogy between many of the customs of the Irish and Oriental people. No sooner is the breath out of a man's body, than all the women in the vicinity repair to the house of mourning, and howl for about a quarter of an hour. "They mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad," and torment the real mourners with forms of consolation, which every well bred woman has by heart. I have heard these Temanites preaching reason to the distracted, and admonishing their grief in as edifying terms, as I ever heard sorrow insulted with in England.

But, on the other hand, where there are many wives, and where love has been divided among many, lamentation is also partitioned, and then it

is only incumbent on her who has borne most children, to be inconsolable to the last.

As no Christian is suffered to be present at the preparation of the body for interment, I risked my neck, on the roof of an adjoining house, to see the process. The corpse was carried naked into the court yard, and placed in the centre on a bier. The undertaker proceeded to his office; he turned the body round several times, reciting a sing-song sort of prayer, in which he was joined by the friends. The operation of washing and shaving being finished, some camphor was put into the ears, and rose water, or some other perfumed liquor, was sprinkled over the body. Several folds of linen were now rolled round it, one over the other; the face only was left exposed; a large pall was then thrown over all, and on this was placed the turban of the deceased,—the characteristic mark of a male body. Four porters carried out the bier on their shoulders, and thus bore the body, head foremost, to the grave.

The women followed to the door, making a tremendous uproar, and every one had a white handkerchief in her hand, alternately waving it

up and down. A number of Shieks and Dervishes walked before, chanting, in a low voice, a lugubrious psalm, which consisted, I believe, entirely of the ninety-nine names of God. The friends marched behind in a sorrowful manner, some of them weeping bitterly. Having carried the remains to the side of the grave, they prayed for a few minutes; the interment then proceeded without a coffin, and every one went his way.

When the corpse is laid in the grave*, the Koran says (and all Mahometans believe it most firmly), that it is visited by two examiners, two black livid angels, of a terrible appearance, named *Mouker* and *Nakir;* these make the dead person sit upright, and examine him, concerning his faith in the Koran; if he answer rightly, his body is refreshed with the air of Paradise; but if he do not, they beat him on the temples with iron maces, which make him roar aloud for anguish. They then press earth on the corpse, and it is gnawed till the resurrection by ninety nine dragons, with seven heads each. The interval between death and the resurrection is called *Al berzak*,

* Vide Sale's "Preliminary Observations."

and is somewhat analogous to the Catholic purgatory. Mahomet says, that in the grave every part of the body is consumed except the coccyx bone, on which we sit; this serves for the basis of the future edifice. And when the last judgment comes, he (Mahomet) will be the intercessor for mankind, after Jesus, Noah, and Abraham have declined that office, and only sue for their own souls. Both good and bad must then pass over the bridge (*Al Sirat*), which is laid over hell; and here the bad come tumbling down, while the good escape unhurt. And in this hell there are seven stories; the first for the temporary punishment of bad Mahometans; the second for the Jews; the third for the Christians; the fourth, fifth, and sixth for the idolaters; and the seventh, and worst place, for the hypocrites. The infidels are to be damned for ever, but the true believers for only nine hundred, or at most, seven thousand years.

One great punishment will be the thinness of the partition betwixt hell and heaven, allowing the damned to hear the conversation of the blessed. The torments will be great heat and cold; and the lightest of all pain will be to be shod with shoes of fire, whose fervour will cause the skull

to boil like a caldron. But the good will be immediately refreshed with the rivers of Paradise, surrounded by as many cups as there are stars in the sky; and he who drinks will thirst no more. This Paradise is in the seventh heaven: its earth is of musk, its stones are of pearls, its walls of silver, and the trees of gold: the finest tree is that called Tuba, the tree of happiness. It is in Mahomet's palace, and has a branch spreading to the house of every true Moslem; it is loaden with delicious fruit, and whatever sort a man wishes, it presents to him. The boughs bend down to him who stretches towards them, with fish and flesh, ready dressed, silken garments, and ready saddled beasts. This tree is so large that a fleet horse could not gallop round it in a hundred years. There are a profusion of rivers of milk, wine, and honey; fountains and streams of living water, whose pebbles are rubies, whose beds are camphire, and whose sides are saffron. But all these glories will be eclipsed by the resplendent eyes of the enchanting girls of Paradise, whose company is the principal felicity of the faithful, and who are secluded from public view (for they are of surprising modesty), in pavilions of hollow

pearls. The meanest person will have eighty-two thousand servants, and seventy-two wives, of these black eyed houris, beside the wives he had in this world; and these blessings he will enjoy in a tent of vast extent, of jacynths and emeralds.

The houris will be adorned with splendid bracelets of gold and silver; and the faithful will always remain at thirty years of age. The angel Israfil, the most melodious of God's creatures, and of the daughters of Paradise, will delight the ear with the most ravishing songs, and the clashing of the golden bodied trees, set in motion by the wind from the throne of God. In short, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive these pleasures, (a sentence evidently borrowed from the scriptures). I will not further extend these extracts from Sale's Koran, than to add, that Mahomet says he will be the first admitted into Paradise, that the poor enter five hundred years before the rich; and that in his night journey to heaven, when he looked into Paradise, the majority of its inhabitants were poor; and when he looked into hell, the majority were—women!

Such are the prospects of the Mahometan,

when the angel of death hovers over his head, and summons him to the grave; such are his visions of future felicity and endless sensuality; such his notions of a spiritual existence, and of the attributes of a supreme being. A Turk is voluptuous in every thing, even in his ideas of eternity. The very charnel house is converted into a garden, adorned with jessamines, and overshadowed by cypresses.

Here, for nine successive days, the friends repair, and hold ideal communion with the spirit of the deceased; in a month after the event they hold the feast of the dead over his remains, strew flowers over his ashes, and give bread to the poor; and this practice is, perhaps, the only sort of Turkish superstition which can boast of any thing poetical

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XI.

TO MRS. MONTEFIORE.

The Dardanelles, Jan. 15, 1825.

MY DEAR MADAM,

ALBEIT there are no posts in Turkey, I cannot resist the desire of addressing you from the spot "where Troy was." If I were not aware you are above the cavilling incredulity of those matter of fact travellers, who hear of Troy but to doubt of its existence, who read of Memphis but to dispute about its site; I would not trouble you with the impressions which the sight of the Simois and the Scamander make upon the mind which seizes with delight on whatever recalls to memory the deeds of the heroes of antiquity, and contrasts the splendour of the past with the utter nothingness of the present hour. Surely, it is a pleasure (even though it be delusive) to suffer the

imagination to associate every object on the plain of *Bournarbashi* with some event in Trojan story, and to illustrate the Iliad with the view from the summit of the tomb which bears the name of Hector.

I pity the man who gazes on the walls of Jerusalem, to discover that no ancient stone exists in their structure: I covet not the society of that traveller, who looks across the Hellespont, and laughs at the story of Leander. God knows, the enthusiasm of the traveller is early enough worn out, without making a study of its destruction: and surely that most melancholy period of life's history occurs to the wanderer but too soon, when the poetry of existence dies away, without the gratuitous cruelty of crushing it in youth.

I believe that where the miserable town of *Bournarbashi* now is, Troy stood some three thousand years ago; that the two lovely streams which intersect the plain are the Simois and the Scamander, where the daughters of Priam washed their garments, and the rival goddesses bathed, before they disputed the prize of beauty. All this I most piously believe, and would little thank the overweening erudition which would shake me in

my faith. I set out with my travelling companion, the Austrian consul of Candia, from the Dardanelles, on horseback; and arrived at noon, at Alexandrian Troy, which is now called *Chiblak*. This I have found described as the ancient Troy, in many old books; I have even known the error occur to some modern travellers. Of this city, like all the others founded by Alexander, in the East, nothing is left to attest its former magnificence, but broken columns and shattered friezes. At a little distance are the ruins of a once splendid temple, said to have been dedicated to the sun. We next proceeded to the promontory of Sigeum, now Cape *Janissary*, which was supposed to have sheltered the Greek fleet: near this are the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus; and in the former, the French Ambassador, some years ago, discovered a metal urn, a fragment of a sword, and a small statue, with such ornaments as are found on the statues of the Egyptian Isis: they were much decayed, and Thornton questions if they were taken from the tomb. Near the shore there are evident traces of a moat, and a redoubt, probably the remains of the Grecian camp. We went over the ground, with Homer for our guide; and if the different

eminences, mounds, and rivers, had been described but yesterday, their sites could not have been more accurate: there is only one difficulty in the junction of the Simois and Scamander, and that one, even Chevalier did not explain to our satisfaction. Nine miles from the shore, at the bottom of the plain, and at the foot of Mount Ida, is the site of Troy, the modern Bournarbashi. Not one stone of that celebrated city is now standing, and not one particle of sculpture is to be met with, to throw light on the subject of its ruin. After I had been in vain searching all the morning for some vestige of the past, I discovered, near the Mosque, a marble seat, with a plain surface; and on closely examining it, I saw a long inscription in Greek, on the lower surface: I was in the act of copying it, when I was prevented by the *Imam* of the Mosque, who thought I had no business so near his sanctuary. I have no doubt but it was very ancient, and probably it had not been seen by any other European. The sources of the Scamander are close to the town, as Homer describes them, near the *Scean* gates. The spot is beautiful, shaded by trees, and several women were washing their garments in the stream: one of

them thought proper to abuse us, but this did not prevent our examining the temperature of the various sources with the thermometer; there appeared to be no difference whatever, notwithstanding some travellers confirm Homer's account of the hot springs. On an eminence above the town, supposed to be the Pergamus, stands the tomb of Hector, a pyramid of disjointed stones, unlike all the other barrows, which consist of earth only. From this tomb the view was splendid; the Simois and the Scamander were seen meandering along the plain; at the extremity of which, the tomb of Achilles, the promontory of Sigeum, and the mouth of the Hellespont were to be discerned: in the centre rose the immense mound which bears the name of Ilus; and a little on the right, that which, according to Strabo, is the tomb of Cesytes. A more exquisite prospect never was beheld; and whether the associations which constituted half its charm, emanated from delusion or not, I certainly enjoyed a few moments of pure happiness, and perhaps only three or four such moments occur during one's life.

We breakfasted on the tomb of Hector, and

before our departure collected a sufficient quantity of wood to make a fire, on the summit, which probably was the only sacrifice of the sort, offered up to the manes of the hero, in modern times; it was, at least, as rational a mode of honouring his ghost, as that practised by *Alexander*, in testifying his respect for the ashes of *Achilles*.

When Cæsar visited Troy, some of the ruins still existed; and one of the strongest proofs that Ilium existed, not alone in the imagination of Homer, and that its site was honoured by the ancients, is the fact that Alexander sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles, and that Cæsar visited, "on the coast opposite Thrace," the spot which was formerly the scene of so many wonders.

We returned to the *Aga's* house, at *Bournarbashi*, to request a night's entertainment; but he was from home, and we were refused admission. We applied to several of the villagers; but not one of them would pollute his house with infidel inmates. It was a cold night in January, and the prospect of sleeping on the plain, even of Troy, was not agreeable: it was quite dark when we made our last request to be suffered to sleep

under a miserable shed, and our request was granted, more, I believe, for the purpose of humiliation, than from a feeling of hospitality.

We got for supper some sour milk, called *Yaourt*, and boiled rice, mixed together in a wooden bowl; the odour of which brought two soldiers to poke a few fingers more into our dish.

We got no rest; and had we been inclined to have studied the operations of animated nature, the opportunity was extensive. We rose unrefreshed, little pleased with Trojan entertainment, and directed our course towards the source of the Simois: but this proved at such a distance from the plain, in the mountains behind Bournarbashi, that we were forced to return to the Dardanelles. I could not help observing, on reaching the promontory of *Rheteum*, the beauty of the situation, and how admirably adapted for a great city was the surrounding plain, nine miles long from the sea to the town, and four miles broad from the opposite hills, watered by two limpid rivers, whose breadth in winter is considerably increased. It appears from Chevalier, and indeed from Homer, that the Greeks and

Trojans had a common language; and an Hibernian might find some points of resemblance in the cause of the ruin of Ilium and Innisfail; and in the conduct of Helen and Devorghal. I could not help looking back for the last time on the spot where the greatest city of antiquity *once* stood, and the melancholy import of the "Ubi fuit," sunk into my heart!

The description of a poet semed to me to be too little to remain of a mighty empire; and the reflection was suggested, that the day might arrive when the site of London would be a problem to the traveller; and all that might remain of the magnificence of Windsor would, perhaps, be the occurrence of its name in the page of an immortal playwright. I reflected on the utter desolation of the palaces of Priam, and I contemplated the probable doom of those transitory structures of the Cheops of the North; their walls, perhaps, like those of royal Eltham, destined to be degraded into a barn; or, perhaps, doomed prematurely to crumble into decay, and to leave nothing but the memory of their vanity behind.

At noon, on our return, we had an adventure of

rather a perilous description, and one which illustrates the brutality of the people towards Christians, however unoffending.

We approached the door of a *khan*, built by Hassan Pacha, to request permission to repose for half an hour: and our request was answered by opening the door of the court yard, and letting out a pack of savage dogs on us: in a moment we had from twenty to five and twenty famished mongrels springing at our throats; our boots luckily preserved our feet and legs, but our apparel was soon in flitters. My friend, the consul, unfortunately ran, and had the worst of the attack; I defended myself as well as I could, sometimes like the heroes of Homer, pelting with stones; sometimes, more *unclassically*, kicking right and left, and ultimately exhibiting pocket pistols, on which the Turks (who had been all this time enjoying our distress), made a threatening signal to me to refrain from firing.

I entreated them repeatedly to call off the dogs; but the more I entreated, the more they were amused; and one fellow said, "it was fitting that one dog should fatten on another." Had we been mangled before them, joint by joint, they

would have esteemed it a good joke; and I really at one time thought we were likely to afford them that amusement. Luckily for us, a young man at last interfered, and prevailed on his inhuman companions, many of whom were advanced in years, to take off our ferocious assailants; and I assure you it was high time, for we were completely worried. I endeavoured to get these ruffians punished; but, as usual, the complaint of a Christian was laughed at.

We arrived, without further impediment, at the Dardanelles, where an impudent *Rayah* brought me a collection of old coins, which he swore had been found by his brother in the tomb of Ajax; and, on examining them, I found half a dozen Constantines and two *sous* of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. I regret that my time has been too short in this interesting place to give you an account of Sestos and Abydos: of the latter, little more remains than four or five feet of an old wall. It was from the opposite European side Lord Byron swam with the current, which runs about four miles an hour; but I believe he would have found it totally impracticable to have crossed from Abydos to Europe.

The Asiatic castle of the Dardanelles is now better fortified than it ever was before. I query if our fleet could perform the exploit of 1806 with so little detriment at present; but nothing would be easier than to take both castles by land, for all their strength is on the sea side. There is a gun in the Asiatic castle almost on a level with the water, which discharges marble balls of an immense size, each ball weighing two hundred and ninety pounds, and requiring one hundred and seventy-two pounds of powder to propel it. Such is the calibre of this piece, that a man of moderate size may crawl up the muzzle; but I certainly did not see any one come out by the touch-hole; so that its practicability, though averred by Munchausen, must be questioned, till such an accurate observer as my Lord St—g—rd, who knows Turkey so well, is pleased to confirm the statement.

I have the honour to be,

My dear Madam,

Your very obedient servant,

R. R. M.

LETTER XII.

TO J. RAMSAY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Smyrna, Jan. 22, 1825.

DURING your interesting tour with Dr. Holland in Greece, you must have had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character of the degraded Greeks; you must often have had reason to admire the quickness of their perceptions, the sharpness of their wit, and the beauty of their persons; and also often have had cause to grieve at their superstition, and to wonder at the extent of their dishonesty. I have lately had occasion to see many instances of both; and one or two of these, with some remarks on the inhabitants of Smyrna, and an account of my journey over land, from Smyrna to Constantinople, a distance of about three hundred miles, I purpose giving you in the present letter. Of the latter I have little to say,

but that the fatigue of the route is aggravated by the spectacle of a fine country and a rich soil uncultivated and unpeopled; for the first time in my life, I travelled whole days without seeing a peasant, and indeed, from *Brusa* to *Magnesia*, without viewing as many scattered houses as would form a decent hamlet. Nothing could be more dreary, than to traverse a country for which nature had done every thing, and man nothing; the desolation I encountered at every step proclaimed the Moslem to be an enemy to national prosperity in particular, and to human happiness in general. In short, the traces of despotism were written in legible characters on the soil, and the stamp of degradation was imprinted on the features of the few wretched peasants we encountered in the towns. It was evident, indeed, that the country through which I passed was "a land of tyrants and a den of slaves." I travelled with the Tartar who conveyed the post, and night and day, with the intermission of two or three hours of repose, we continued our route: there was no other road than the track of a horse across the country, and at night it was no easy matter to keep in the right direction, or to keep our seats:

it rained incessantly the first three days; I had no means of changing my apparel, and what with cold and excessive fatigue, on the evening of the third day, I had so violent a paroxysm of ague, that the Tartar was obliged to hold me on the saddle. The pommel of these Turkish saddles, and the horrible jog trot of the horses, is exceedingly inconvenient to Europeans; my fever made me feel the fatigue ten times more than I otherwise should; and had it not been for the kindness of the Tartar, I verily believe I should have been left upon the road; but this kind fellow, when I sat shivering in my wet clothes, dosed me with the brandy of the country, of which he had a good provision, and forced me to drink his entire stock in the course of the journey: I found it prevented the access of the fever the two last days, and in all probability saved my life. The intermittents of Asia Minor, are no trifles; those of Ephesus alone annually carry off many European travellers.

The town of Smyrna is, like most other Turkish capitals, a filthy congregation of narrow lanes and pestilential alleys. The Frank merchants are very numerous, and all the faculties of their souls are bound up in the contemplation of figs

and raisins: they have a very excellent assembly room, and during the carnival, give many balls. For Christian society, there is no place like Smyrna; several of the English merchants are married to Levantine ladies, that is to say, to Greek Smyrniates; and notwithstanding that scarcely one of them can either read or write, much less play on a piano or a harp, they make amiable and excellent wives, and I do not recollect one of them who did not render her husband happy: it proved that a woman may be a virtuous wife, and an agreeable companion, without being able to read novels or to write billets doux.

But the misfortune of the society of the merchants of Smyrna is, that the subject of figs is ever the *fruitful* theme of conversation. You ask about the gardens of *Bournabut*, and you hear that figs abound there; you inquire about the curiosities of the place, and they lead you to the fig mart; you solicit information on politics, and you are told that figs are low; and when you seek for further intelligence, you are told that "figs are flat." In short, go where you will, the eternal topic is figs, figs, figs! and the very

name, I apprehend, will be found written on their hearts at their decease.

A more disgusting operation than the packing of figs I never witnessed. In an immense warehouse, the fruit lay strewed over the floor, and fifty or sixty squalid women, with mewling infants, sat squatted on the heap, picking and stretching the fruit, and overcoming its tenacity with saliva and manipulation. I saw the dirty children mauling the figs; and got out of the way as quickly as I could, lest I should witness any thing worse. I made a vow against figs.

The Consul appeared to discharge the duties of his office with vigour and dispatch: but, unfortunately, his detestation of Greeks seemed to amount to a disease; and the expression of his hate was oftentimes so violent, that his friends were accustomed to pass over this hallucination with compassion. Mr. W—— is very old and very rich. The Greek revolution is past; many of its partisans in Smyrna have fallen; and many have survived the loss of property, house, and home.

The hatred existing here between Greeks and

Catholics, exceeds any intolerance to be met with elsewhere. It appears, the nearer religions approach, the greater is the enmity between their followers. I suppose it is on the same principle, that neighbouring states are more jealous of one another, than those which are more remote. I had a curious illustration given me a few days ago, of the animosity of the Greeks towards their Catholic fellow slaves. A young Greek, an only son, of respectable family, took it into his head to become a Mahometan. In a few days after this event, he was seen parading before his father's door, with his *Koran* slung across his shoulder, his *yatican* at his side, and his pistols in his bosom: all the miserable vanity of a Greek was gratified; he was as happy as his unfortunate father was miserable. The poor old man would receive no comfort; his friends preached patience and resignation to him in vain: his neighbours feared he would go mad; they sent the Papas to him to offer consolation; his reverence was a Spartan; he resolved to adopt a mode of consolation which no Greek could resist: "My good Christian," said he to the unhappy father, "you are indeed afflicted, and have reason to be de-

jected at the first view of your misfortune: but, cheer up! though you grieve that your son has turned a Turk, how much more reason have you to rejoice that he has not become a Catholic!" The old man acknowledged he had reason to be thankful, and dried up his tears. I vouch not for the truth of the story; but I am sure most Greeks would have felt as the old man did; and most Levantine Catholics would have preferred to see their infants circumcised, rather than witness their baptism at the Greek altar.

Greeks have repeatedly said to me, "Why do you go to the house of that abominable Catholic?" and a Catholic lady has given me warning to quit her house, because I associate with schismatic Greeks! I have often said to them, "Why are you so anxious to cut one another's throats, for trifling shades of difference in doctrines, which neither of you understand? I have questioned you both about your religions, and neither of you can tell me the tenets of your own. Each of you indeed talk about the blasphemy of using leavened or unleavened bread at the altar; and for this distinction, you forget that you are both ambitious of being called Christians; and endeavour

to arm the vengeance of your common enemy, the Turk, against the bosoms of each other."

Once, indeed, a Greek priest, who had a confused notion of a corner of London called Ireland, (" questa quartiera di Londra che si chiama Irlanda"), retorted with acrimony, and flung back my sarcasm on myself; " Why," he said, " if it be wrong to differ about religion, why do the Signori Inglesi, who are so full of wisdom and toleration, hate, as much as we do, the *rayahs* of the Pope? and why do they persecute them even more than we do? why, for the best of reasons, because these Catholics of Irlanda believe in the Pope and refuse to acknowledge the Patriarch of London." I confess it was humiliating to hear an ignorant bigot, in Asia Minor, giving a precedent for religious rancour from the history of intolerance, in the most polished nation of Christendom.

I attended some Greek families here, who amply repaid any little service I rendered them, by their politeness and attention. They are not fond of showing their women to strangers; but as their *catros*, I acquired their confidence, and *Machaon* himself could not have been better treated. I

was present at a party where one of their ancient dances was performed; the attitudes and evolutions were precisely similar to those of two dancing figures, represented on a Grecian vase, now in my possession. About a dozen of lovely women reeled through the voluptuous mazes of the dance; and one of superior beauty directed the troop, by the waving of her embroidered handkerchief; they joined in various figures, and formed as often in a half circle, and when every thing seemed in confusion, both with the dancers and musicians, suddenly a languishing tone of the singers, and a thrilling note of the performers, brought them to the former half circle; this continued so long that they seemed only to be

"Holding out to tire each other down."

There was an abundance of coffee and sweetmeats, served by the prettiest hands in the world; pipes of the finest amber, and *rakee* in too great abundance. There were few of the gentlemen sober before supper. This last part of the feast consisted of *pilaw*, of a delicious flavour; *caviare*, dressed with oil; meats, with sugared sauce; and pastry, in quantities sufficient

to ruin the digestion of any people save Greeks. Altogether, it was a very splendid Eastern banquet, and one vied with another in showing me attention.

Lord St. Asaph, some months previous to my arrival, made some curious discoveries, when five or six days' journey from Smyrna; he had the kindness to give me, elsewhere, a note of one ancient city, whose site had long been sought after in vain by travellers, and of which he was fortunate enough to find many remains.—The following is the note his Lordship gave me:

"At a village called Chardour, nine hours from Kintaia, on the road towards Coula, are very considerable remains of antiquity. A temple of the Ionic order, and a theatre with what may, perhaps, have been a stadium connected with it, are the most remarkable objects. I believe these ruins to be the site of the ancient *Azani!* I observed a Greek and a Latin inscription on the temple, with the name of the town."

The gardens about *Smyrna*, *Budgia*, and *Bourn'abat*, are better laid out than I observed them elsewhere in Turkey. Orange trees, olive, and pomegranates grow in abundance. The lofty

cypress and sepulchral rosemary are to be found, as usual, in the cemeteries. The hedges are formed of a very strong ivy, and a species of *caprificus*, peculiar to the soil. The ranunculi are particularly large; the hyacinth is in request with the Turks, for love affairs; and violets are esteemed by them, for making a species of sherbet for grand occasions, such as the circumcision of a young Mussulman, a wedding, or a Beiram visit.

The oriental saffron is found here in its native soil, the same species of the *crocus ang*. but of superior strength. At Magnesia I saw it growing wild; but it is most abundant in Anatolia. It, however, has the character of being much adulterated in Smyrna; and, like the opobalsam, or balsam of Mecca, which goes from hence to Europe, it is rarely ever to be had genuine. It is only from a *Hadgi* there is any chance of procuring the true balsam of Mecca. Near Smyrna is the village of *Sedekia*, where the famous botanist, Sherard, made his celebrated collection, during the time he was English consul at Smyrna. It is much to be regretted that our consuls, in the East, do not take advantage of opportunities which no other individuals can

possess, for promoting science, and giving some attention to the natural history of those countries where they reside, and which are imperfectly known. And, surely, if there were no other reason for appointing gentlemen of talent and education, to those offices, even that ought to be a sufficient motive to send persons of general acquirements to the Levant*.

Our vice-consuls, especially, are a mixed race of Levantines, half Greek and half Frank, and entire Dogberries; till very lately they were dependent on their depredations for a precarious subsistence, and brought dishonour on our name, and disgrace on our flag. I believe it is little known in England what treatment has been given to the British flag in the Levant, during the last four years. It has been torn down in Cyprus within the last eighteen months: the consul's house has been plundered in Rhodes: in Sidon the flag

* Every one who knew the late Mr. Salt, of Egypt, must lament his loss, no less for the sake of science than for the interests of his country. We have, unfortunately, few consuls in the Levant of Mr. Salt's character; and when I pay a just tribute of respect to the manly and independent spirit of Mr. Cartwright, our consul general in Turkey, I have done with commendation.

has been trampled under foot: in Tyre the agent has been imprisoned, and the interpreter flogged; in Acre the drogueman is still in a dungeon; in Beirant the consul has been insulted with impunity, and is no longer in relation with Abdallah Pacha: in some instances, indeed, as in those of Rhodes and Cyprus, our navy required satisfaction, and obtained it; but in others, as in Syria, there has been no redress. It will hardly be credited, that while all Europe were expressing indignation at the exportation of Christian slaves from the Morea, the trade was actually carrying on in Maltese and Gibraltar vessels bearing the British flag. The principal consuls, I believe, knew nothing of the fact; but the vice-consuls winked at the abuse, and pocketed the fees.

Had it not been for the spirited conduct of Commodore Hamilton and Captain York, I have no doubt much more of this infamous traffic would have taken place: I mention these abuses from no feeling of hostility to our foreign agents in the Levant, but because I consider these offices might be filled by gentlemen of character, and Englishmen. The French have many of their

halfpay officers in this department, and its duties are performed respectably.

We have many halfpay officers, likewise, who would do honour to the situation, and be very happy to accept of it. I do trust our government will take into consideration the propriety of employing them in the Levant, in preference to persons who are strangers to our language, to our customs, and our principles.

I cannot take leave of Smyrna without acknowledging the hospitality of many of the merchants, and particularly of one gentleman, Mr. Winkleman, from whom all travellers receive much kindness.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

MY LORD, Smyrna, Feb. 6, 1825.

THE opinion of your lordship, that in the event of a war, England must preserve Turkey from her Northern enemies, for the security of our colonies, and the maintenance of our ascendancy in the Mediterranean, is, I believe, the general opinion.

Whether England can *conveniently* interpose her strength between Turkey and her foes, I leave to abler politicians to decide: but whether England can save the Turkish empire from the ruin which its destructive despotism has brought upon its own members, your lordship must suffer me to doubt.

I do not think the true causes of the decadence of Turkey have been hitherto explained; and,

indeed, it is probable that till now the symptoms of decay were not sufficiently manifest to indicate them. Thornton, D'Ohsson Etan, and many others, who have entered into the detail of Turkish statistics, have minutely described the resources of the government, have calculated the *Miri*, the taxes, and the duties, with great industry and considerable exactness. Some of these writers have carried their regards to the treasury, and found it even more than adequate to the expenditure of the state.

But they omitted the principal source of the revenue: it occurred not to them that the *Rayahs* were the riches of the state, not their paltry poll tax of fifteen or twenty piastres a year, but their industry, and the extortion to which that industry was subjected. The Christian subjects of the Porte were the mines of wealth from which the whole Turkish population, (especially in large cities,) drew their subsistence; for the Turks owed not their daily bread to their industry; they followed few trades; they seldom embarked in commerce; they smoked and drank coffee from sunrise till sunset, while their *Rayahs* were amassing wealth which they were not doomed to

enjoy. But this systematic rapacity, it will be said, "could not continually be carried on; the *Rayahs* would cease to labour when it profited them nothing; the Greek merchants would defeat extortion by their national cunning; the Armenian bankers would invest their fortunes in better securities; the Jew money brokers would retire to another place when they had been once plundered; the various Christian artisans would elude the rapacity of their tyrants, or go elsewhere."

This is the reasoning of persons who are ignorant of the Levant; who are unacquainted with the anomalies in the character of the Levantine. During the Greek revolution, the *Rayahs* in Constantinople who escaped the first massacre, could not refrain from returning to the city that was yet reeking with the blood of their families. A friend of mine met two of the principal Greeks of the *fanal*, walking with great composure in Pera, the evening of the day that their houses had been broken into to drag them to death; they had escaped through a window: and this gentleman offered to put them aboard an English vessel, disguised as sailors, and thus ensure their safety.

They refused; they could not bring themselves to leave the shores of the Bosphorus: they were both beheaded next day. Others went away for a few days and then returned, owning it was impossible to live out of Constantinople, though they knew they had been denounced, and every one of them was taken and put to death. I had instances of this kind within my own experience.

I have known them, when they acquired a little property, indulge in all the pitiful vanity of their nation; line their caftans with ermine, cover their divans with velvet, smoke argilles of gold, eat their pilaw off silver dishes, and invite the Moslems to witness their magnificence. When I have expressed my wonder at thus tempting the rapacity of the Turks, I have been told that it was "better to live like a prince one year, than to exist fifty years like a beggar."

The Armenian likewise stops to look rapacity in the face, because he foolishly imagines his cleverness is sufficient to preserve him against all danger. He is threatened by his Turkish neighbour with an *avania*, for suffering his children to speak against the Prophet, or for his wife's wear-

ing her veil like a Turkish woman, or for his servants looking into his court yard from the window, or for his daughter wearing yellow slippers. But, like all Levantines, he has a *penchant* for litigation; he has the folly to face his Turkish accuser in a court; and he has the satisfaction of paying from five hundred piastres to as many hundred dollars; when, had he given a quarter of that sum as hush money, he would have saved himself from ruin, perhaps from the bastinado.

Nothing throughout Turkey surprised me so much as the inconceivable apathy of the Greeks and Armenians, on occasions where life and property were at stake, and where both might have been preserved by a practicable flight. There is not a Turk in the smallest hamlet, as well as the largest city, where a *Rayah* is to be found, who does not either extort money from him, frequently by threats, or wheedle him out of loans, which he repays by flattery, and thus compensates his Moslem pride for having recourse to subsequent perfidy. In short, the Turkish population of all large towns derive their subsistence from no ostensible means, but have hitherto lived on the indus-

try of the Christian *Rayahs*. That resource avails no longer, at least to any thing like the extent to which it once did. All the Greeks of the *Fanaal* have been massacred; the lower classes have been diminished likewise, all over the empire; they were formerly the source of wealth, they are so no longer: the Greek merchants are no longer to be found in Turkey; the Armenian bankers have been plundered; their numbers are every day decreasing; the revenues of Greece and of the islands are irretrievably lost; and the Pachas of Syria send the complaints of the wretched people to the Porte instead of tribute.

The following passages illustrate the gradual decline of Turkey, from the period of her arrival at the summit of her greatness:

Two hundred and twenty years ago, Knolles said of this Empire, "If you consider its beginning, progress, and uninterrupted success, there is nothing in the world more admirable and strange; if the greatness thereof, nothing more magnificent and glorious; if the power and strength thereof, *nothing more dreadful or dangerous;* which wondering at nothing but the beauty of itself, and drunk with the pleasant

wine of perpetual felicity, holdeth all the rest of the world in scorn."

Busbequius shortly after described the Turks as "trampling on the mangled bodies of hostile sovereigns and their subjects, reaching to the frontiers of Austria, and threatening Vienna itself."

Sandys, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, said, "It was to be hoped that their greatness was not only at its height, but near an extreme precipitation: the body being grown too monstrous for the head; the Sultans unwarlike, being corrupted with ease, wine, and women; their valour now meeting opposition: and empire so got, when it beginneth to decline, doth begin to diminish."

Aaron Hill, one hundred and twenty years ago, thus describes the *Ottomans:* "Their European dominions are extended to the very borders of once lost Hungary, stretching to the Adriatic by the Regusian confines; bounded on the south by the Mediterranean sea; on the east by the Pontus, Propontis, and Egean, even to the Scythian Chersonesus.

"But of late," he continues, "they are become modest; which may proceed from their numerous

disappointments, that, in the modern wars, have so frequently baffled their presumptuous armies; and, by curbing the designs of their ambitious Sultans, have taught them better how to know themselves, and prize their neighbours."

I know not in what history to seek a parallel for the sudden aggrandisement of the Turkish nation: as the last author has quaintly expressed it, "swallowing up at a morsel the conquests of Macedonian Alexander, and outdoing the stupendous victories of the successful Jews!" And neither do I know in what history to seek a picture of national decline so striking as that of Turkey. A century has sufficed to strip her of her glory, and to wring from her more than half her conquests. The pompous titles of her boundaries: the Pontus, the Propontis, the Egean, and the Adriatic, are now vain words; the Crimea, Circassia, Georgia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Greece, and her rich isles, are lost. Arabia, to the walls of Mecca, is in the hands of the Wahabees.* The

* In June, 1827, the Pacha of Egypt had to send a strong reinforcement to Mecca; the Wahabees having again appeared before the walls of the Holy City.

Druses, the Metualis, and the Maronites of Syria, suffer no Turk to enter their country five miles from Jerusalem. The Arabs acknowledged no allegiance, and are no longer subject to the Sultan. Egypt, indeed, pays a precarious tribute; but Tunis, Algiers, Tripoly, and Morocco, are independent States. When the dismemberment is to end, I pretend not to determine; but as all the world has had a pluck at the proud bird, I suppose it is reserved for Russia to snatch the last feather.

I quite agree with Thornton, that "the invention of gunpowder may be considered as the principal obstacle to the progress of the Turkish power;" but it was only instrumental to its decline, in checking the career of plunder, and thereby impoverishing a nation of banditti. I use the word advisedly, for Turkey only conquered for the sake of devastation; and up to the present hour, only governs for the purpose of extortion. To all, except politicians who study the state of Turkey in the newspapers, the energy of the present Sultan must appear little capable of regenerating the nation. The exertions of one individual cannot overcome the fatal effects of

national luxury and debauchery; and it is in vain to look for good soldiers amongst a demoralized people. Atrocity is not courage; the effervescence of fanaticism is only formidable at the onset; and military tactics consist in something more than imitating the evolutions of a military mountebank, and clothing an army in the uniform of a harlequin*. But England "makes her wish the father to the thought," and fondly hopes to see the prostrate giant rising from the earth; and though "each new day a gash is added to his wounds," expects to see the great and unformed mass deriving sanity and soundness from the *tactus eruditus* of Egyptian disciplinarians. Vain hope! it is not in one man's energy to infuse new health into weak and ephemeral institutions; it is not in the compass of his fanaticism, or his fury, to make heroes of the *Pooshts* of the Seraglio; it is not in the nether garment of the Prophet, now the sacred banner of the faithful, though displayed from the Imperial *harem*, to feed and clothe the soldiers of the faith.

* Turner, many years before the slaughter of the Janissaries, declared that the Sultan was resolved on their destruction.

But Thornton clings till the last gasp to "our ancient, faithful, and natural ally." He deprecates the idea of her fall, "because the Porte has long since abandoned all schemes of ambition, and religiously observes its treaties with neighbouring states;" therefore if she be ruined, he says, it must be, "either because the Turks are not Christians, or because the title by which they hold their vast empire, though acknowledged by every sovereign in Europe, must now be submitted to judicial examination: or because their government is despotic, and a great proportion of their subjects are deprived of the enjoyment of civil liberty."

To not one of these causes is the ruin of Turkey to be proximately ascribed. The time for religious wars is gone by in Europe. I have never heard Crusades preached by the clergy, except against the Christians of Ireland; Turkey has nothing to fear from the fanaticism of Christendom.

If the title of Turkey to her conquests were questioned, what country in Europe could look with composure on her colonies? And who is to settle the precise period that gives permanency to

conquest, and legality of possession to usurpation? Despotism alone may not warrant the interference of another state, but the weakness which misrule produces is always taken advantage of. Now the cause of ruin is to be found in the heart of Turkey, and is not, as Thornton supposed, to be looked for from without.

Russia, or whatever other power ultimately removes the carcass of Turkey from Thrace, may perhaps for a period bend under the burthen, meet, at the commencement, with impediments *en masse*, encounter famine and sickness in its progress; but the event of a single pitched battle will be the *coup de grâce* to Turkey, and the very fears of the invaded will accomplish the prediction of their expulsion from Europe. I never questioned a Turk on the stability of the Empire, who did not state his conviction of the fulfilment of the prophecy, that the Giaours were to prevail over the true believers.

Such are the opinions I have formed of the fate of Turkey. They are not, my lord, the visions of a *Philhellenist*, who sees the descendants of Themistocles in the Greeks of the *Fanaal*. Oh no!

I grant "they have all the vices of the Turks of the Seraglio," and I acknowledge, when they are in power, "they are in nothing different from Turkish Pachas in tyranny." It is only for fanaticism to dream that the great Architect of the universe deems the crescent an abomination, which is every where to be torn down, and supplanted by another emblem. I doubt if humanity would be benefited by the exchange of the simple worship at the Mosque, for the puerile superstition which sickens the heart at the altar of the Russian Church. I doubt, if true religion would have reason to rejoice at the extension of that intolerant Church; and I very much doubt, if Russia would be benefited by the extension of her overgrown dominions.

St. Petersburgh is too far from Constantinople; the seat of government would probably be removed to the latter, and the change might turn out as fatal to Russia, as it did to Rome. The northern nations would remember their injuries; Sweden and Denmark would think of their wrested provinces; Poland would give vent to the vengeance of her bosom; and the hyæna of Austria would

foment the quarrel, and batten on the blood of all.

I protest, my lord, that these anticipations are not expressed without much deliberation on the causes and consequences of the decline of Turkey.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

R. R. M.

LETTER XIV.

TO J. MOORE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Candia, April 28, 1827.

I ARRIVED here three months ago, on my way to Egypt, purposing to remain a few days; how much longer I may stop, the star which watches over the destiny of travellers must determine. In truth, I am, like Sterne, seldom reaching the exact spot I set out for; and never finding my resolutions corresponding with my movements. I console myself for my disappointments, with the reflection, that all the children of Adam are the creatures of circumstance, and that travellers are its slaves. This beautiful island, the largest in the Archipelago, the most fertile, and most important for its position, being equidistant from Europe, Asia, and Africa, is also famed for its noble port of *Suda*, in which the largest navy in

the world might ride in safety; and it is now in the possession of Mohammed Ali, the Egyptian viceroy.

Its extreme length is one hundred and eighty miles, and its breadth about forty. The Turks invested it in 1645, and took it in 1669, from the Venetians, after losing one hundred and eighty thousand men, the besieged seventy-five thousand. In duration and carnage the siege surpassed that of Troy; and it was only by the treachery of a Greek of the *Fanaal* that it fell at last.

One thousand four hundred and six years before our era, Crete was celebrated for the wisdom of the laws bestowed by *Minos*. Its mines furnished the first iron used in weapons; and it was still further famed, for being the birthplace of Jove, and reputed for having given an asylum to Osiris.

The seat of the thunderer is still visible; and certainly no spot could have been more aptly chosen for the awful residence of an angry God than the snow-capped summit of Mount Ida. Thunder storms are here more frequent than in any part of the Levant I have yet visited.

The whole island is now in the quiet possession of Mohammed Ali's Albanian troops; the

Greeks being exterminated, and hardly as many peasants left as suffice to cultivate the gardens which surround the town. And although there is, at this moment, an absolute dearth of vegetables, yet of the few surviving peasants, who are impelled by misery to come into the town with fruit, there is scarcely a day I do not hear of one being wantonly murdered; and a few days ago, on going to the camp, I saw the body of one with the head cut open, the blood yet streaming, and the poor wretch's donkey, with the pannier attached to it, standing by the side of its murdered master. I am now accustomed to horrors, but this spectacle sickened me to the heart. I have taken up my abode with the Austrian consul, at *Canea:* on my arrival, he presented me to Ibrahim Pacha, who had put in at Suda, a few days before, with a portion of his shattered fleet, having been engaged with the Greeks, off the Island, two successive days.

The troops were immediately disembarked; and the only swamp in the neighbourhood was chosen for the encampment. Ibrahim, though he remained three months in Suda, never put his foot ashore, so that the General of the disciplined

troops of Egypt, took no precaution whatsoever for the preservation of his army, and the consequence was, that he lost one fifth before he left the Island. Sullen with disappointment, at being eight months making a voyage of four hundred miles, (for he had been eight months from Egypt), he sits daily on the poop of his frigate, venting his fury on his unfortunate people, and inspiring terror in all around him. One day he flogs a sailor for some awkward manœuvre; another day, shoots a soldier for some slight insubordination; now bastinadoes a captain in his navy, or strikes him in his rage, and foams like a madman. I saw him take an old captain by the beard, who had been out in a heavy gale and could not make the harbour; he held him, for some minutes, with his left hand, at arm's length, as if he was going to use his sword, but he only shook the old man, and said if it had not been for his grey beard, his head should be at his feet; the other stretched out his neck, as much as to say his life was at his mercy; he then cringed at his feet, and attempted to kiss his garment, but the haughty Ibrahim spurned him from his presence. His officers are every day complaining to us of his ferocity; and I have

already counted thirteen bloated bodies of his massacred people washed on the beach, and there suffered to remain: the Austrian consul, one day, reckoned four.

Is it credible, you will naturally say, that such brutality could be long endured? that not one of his victims should have anticipated his doom, and attempted the tyrant's life? Why, it would be indeed incredible if no such attempt had been made, but three have already proved unsuccessful, and the people about him now imagine he has a charmed life. He asked me, some days ago, if our government had given any more money to the Greeks? I assured him the government had given none, that the loan was the voluntary contribution of individuals, over whose wealth the government had no control. He laughed at the idea; he thought I was deceiving him, and his laughter is of that sort which makes the observer shudder. He asked me if I wished to visit the Morea? that if I did, I should have as many horses and servants as I pleased, and should go in his frigate. I saw the drift of his condescension; he wanted my services, but was too proud to ask them. I thanked him for his very kind offer; but pleaded

the necessity of my journey to Egypt, and stated, that so long as I remained on the island, I should render every service in my power to his people.

I certainly was most desirous of going into Greece; but to go there in the service of this ferocious Pacha would be a degradation to which no Englishman would voluntarily submit.

I am, indeed, proud to observe, that amongst the Christians in his service, from almost all parts of Europe, there is not one Englishman. His disciplinarians consist of the refuse of Christendom; wretches who have left their own countries for their opinions, who have fled from Naples, Spain, Piedmont, and France, for affecting to look for freedom; and even many who have been the hirelings of liberty in Greece are now giving their united services to her Turkish enslavers.

The chief *bey* of the army is a Frenchman, who lately turned Mahometan for the poor ambition of being a Turkish general; he was a colonel in Napoleon's guards, and boasts of having fought "pour la patrie" at Waterloo. I took the liberty of asking him, one day, how a man of principle could reconcile the inconsistency of

fighting for freedom at home, and warring against it abroad? The question was in relation to a Neapolitan officer, of the name of *Scarpa*, refusing to accompany the army. The answer of the renegade was, that Scarpa was a fool; and as the instructors were only employed to teach, they could not injure the Greeks.

But this gentleman (for, notwithstanding his recantation, he is a perfect gentleman) never associated with Ibrahim during his stay at Candia. Ibrahim, besides being jealous of his talents, could not help despising him for denying his faith and Prophet. The Turks, although they always bestow temporary honours on apostates, soon treat them with cold contempt. The process of recantation is simple enough:—the renegade is taken to the mosque, and there made to repeat, in a loud voice, these words: "*Allah illah Allah wackbar, Mohamed Rasur Allah.*" "There is no God but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." Circumcision is not absolutely indispensable, for it is nowhere enjoined in the Koran; but a man is a better Mussulman for undergoing that operation. The Arabs are dying in vast numbers:

there has been a fall of snow; and this is the first time the people of Egypt have ever seen congealed water.

The effects of the cold, and the swamp on which they are encamped, are showing themselves rapidly; ague and dysentery are very prevalent. The medical officers are unprincipled Italians; some of them have been servants to the doctors in Egypt; some of them apothecaries' assistants; and one of them confessed to me he had been a watch-maker. I need not tell you how the unfortunate Arabs sink under their treatment, and, eventually, that they prefer to die without physic. I was called to one of the head doctors in the last stage of dysentery, who had been swallowing opium from the commencement of his disease to the hour I saw him, which was that of his death: I found he had taken nothing else all through; in short, he killed himself with laudanum. I saw bark given to a man with inflammation on the lungs, "because he had fever:" and, but very lately, saw a lancet plunged into an aneurism of the shoulder, "to let out matter," notwithstanding my advice to the contrary.

Never was privileged murder carried to such an extent as here. I cease to wonder that the faculty were twice expelled from ancient Rome. The Egyptian officers refuse to be attended by their own medical men; so that they insist on my remaining at Suda, for sometimes a week together, in the camp. Some of them, of superior rank, have taken possession of an adjoining village; and here scenes of debauchery occur, which more resemble Bacchanalian orgies than any thing else.

The consumption of *rakee* is beyond conception; and the scenes which follow, only Hogarth could depict. The gravity of the Moslem is overcome; his mirth is like the frisking of a camel, exceedingly awkward and ridiculous; he flings his turban in the air, exposes his bald head, pours brandy on his neighbour's, and sings, in his transports, an interminable dump, not musical, but most melancholy. The Frank instructor does the drunken honours; he plies the Moslems, and when they are sufficiently intoxicated, he produces cards: the Turks know no game but *Vingt-une;* and at this he fleeces them nightly. I saw the Count de B—, one of the instructors, rise from the carpet with four hundred Spanish dollars.

After one of these revels, a Turkish officer, who had lost a considerable sum, was returning to his quarters the next morning, when his *seys*, or groom, made some difficulty about saddling his horse, and on the instant, the sword was sheathed in the unfortunate man's body! I saw the corpse before it was removed: no punishment was inflicted on the murderer.

I accompanied the Austrian Consul some days ago to Ibrahim Pacha, to prefer a claim of his for the reimbursement of certain expenses, which he had incurred when on a mission to the insurgent Greeks of Retimo. The Consul informed me, that during the Revolution in Candia, the Greeks of Retimo were not to be subdued by the united efforts of Hassan Pacha, and his successor Hussein. The latter entreated of him as the Consul of the Austrian nation, the firmest friend of Turkey, to undertake a journey to Retimo; and, in order to prevent any more bloodshed, to persuade the Greeks to lay down their arms, and accept the free pardon of the Viceroy.

The poor Consul had the *bonhomie* to do all this; he encountered a great deal of fatigue and peril, and ultimately persuaded the insur-

gents to give up their arms, and to consider his flag as the guarantee of their security. He really thought he was justified in making this proposal, and that he could depend on the fulfilment of the conditions offered by the Pacha. I pray you to mark the sequel, and to observe the perfidy of all Turkish negotiations. No sooner did the Greeks surrender than they were massacred in cold blood: the slaughter continued many days, till Retimo was left a waste, and every woman and child enslaved. The object of the Consul's visit now, was to be repaid the money his journey cost him; for Hussein Pacha, who was all generosity and civility before the massacre, forgot the services after they were performed, and refused to pay one paras. I was curious to see how Ibrahim would entertain the claim.

At first he appeared astonished that the demand had not been satisfied long before; he acknowledged the vast importance of the service that had been rendered, and protested there was no Consul he so much respected as the Consul of Austria; there was no sum of money that could repay him, and he only regretted that it was necessary to postpone the consideration of the

trifling expense to a fitter time, which, please God, would one day arrive.

During this truly Turkish reply to an importunate Christian, recalling promises which mean nothing in the mouth of a Mussulman: the very irony of his smile seemed to contaminate the air, and there was an ill suppressed grin on the lips of every slave around him. He had immediate recourse to that admirable species of rhetoric which Turkish logicians call "shifting the discourse." He asked me how the *Capitan Pacha* had been received at Constantinople? I told him he had been presented with the *caftan* of honour by the Sultan. I observed that my reply enraged him beyond measure; his small grey eye twinkled with fury, he stamped with violence; and as the vile epithet of "*Pessavink*" escaped his lips, I thought I never witnessed so diabolical an expression of countenance.

I was very glad to get out of his presence, and, I believe, the Consul was still more so. I found out the cause of his fury. The Capitan Pacha had been expelled from the government of Egypt by Mohammed Ali. The former ever after lost

no opportunity of ruining the present viceroy in the favour of the Sultan. He actually procured two firmans for his head; one of these he carried to Alexandria himself, over which place even now he *claims* jurisdiction; but his mission was suspected, and he quitted the port without success. The other was entrusted to a *Capidgi bashi*, who pretended to have dispatches for Mohammed Ali; but the latter had information from his spy at Constantinople of the intention, and he accordingly left Alexandria on the arrival of the messenger. The *Capidgi bashi* was ordered to follow the Pacha to Cairo; from Cairo he was directed to follow his highness up the Nile. The fellow suspected all was not right; he wished to return to Constantinople; but the Pacha's people would not hear of so long a journey without his seeing the Viceroy: he was forced to follow him; but whether he was suffered to meet Mohammed Ali or not is unknown: one thing only is certain, the *Capidgi bashi* never returned.

There was, however, another more recent cause for *Ibrahim's* indignation. He fell in with the fleet of the *Capitan Pacha* at *Marmorice*. The

two commanders met, and nothing could be more *amicable* than their interview. The two men in the world who would have poisoned each other with the most pleasure, interchanged a thousand compliments; nothing could exceed the friendliness of their demeanour, but their caution of each other. The Capitan Pacha at last outwitted Ibrahim; he pointed out the advantage of a combined attack on Samos, and actually dissuaded Ibrahim from prosecuting his voyage to the Morea.

The fact was, he had intelligence that the Greek squadron was waiting for him at the Dardanelles, and he dreaded to encounter it alone; he therefore adopted the device of getting the Egyptian fleet to accompany him, on pretence of attacking *Samos*. The two fleets sailed for that island, and near it one of the few engagements between the Greeks and Turks which merited the name took place. The vengeance of Ibrahim was now merged in the hatred of the *giaours;* he twice saved the Capitan Pacha from being burnt by the Greek fireships. But no sooner was the Capitan delivered from the enemy, than he made

sail for Constantinople, and left Ibrahim the sole glory of the anticipated capture of Samos.

Such were the principal causes of Ibrahim's animosity to the Turkish admiral. But, were they to meet again to-morrow, there would be a renewal of perfidy and politeness; and so synonimous are the two words in Turkey, that I protest to you I tremble when a man shows me more than ordinary courtesy.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XV.

TO M. MONTEFIORE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Candia, May 3, 1825.

A TURKISH hero is the most difficult hero imaginable to describe. His history would be unintelligible to a Moslem, if you were to attribute his good fortune to his foresight, if you were to judge of his prowess by his moral attributes, and not by his physical organization. A Turk has a sovereign contempt for a little man; he holds wisdom to be inseparable from a long beard; and he judges only of a great man's consequence by his volume, and the quantity of cloth in his nether garment. You would have to cast your hero's nativity before you explained the motives of his actions. You would have to estimate his genius by the garniture of his chin; his grandeur, by his bulk; and

the splendour of his virtues, by the dimensions of his small-clothes. Therefore, in giving a brief outline of Ibrahim Pacha, his person is all I have to do with; his *mens divinior*, it is not my province to describe. I must premise, however, that he is apparently about forty-four, and the son of Mohammed Ali's first wife, by a former husband*. He is so corpulent as to be unable to go any distance afoot, and possesses neither dignity of feature nor of figure. His eyes are small and twinkling, of that peculiar grey which Lord Byron supposes characteristic of cruelty; and the *tout ensemble* of his countenance is exceedingly vulgar.

I was much disappointed at seeing him for the first time; people, somehow, expect to find a man, much talked of as a soldier, of more than ordinary stature. In all countries, the idea of a hero is associated with that of a giant. Homer made his warriors of superhuman size. The Egyptians drew their victors twenty feet, at least, taller than the vanquished; and the ladies of London, when they sought to personify the at-

* This is the account of one of his relatives, others maintain that he is the Pacha's own son.

tributes of the great captain of the age, set up an overgrown figure of a Grecian, *in puris naturalibus*. Without any sacrifice of truth, I may describe my hero as a person of considerable bulk, of great personal courage, and of extraordinary ferocity.

The tactics of the Egyptian army have been praised, and that highly too, in Europe. But, in good truth, there is not a more wretched spectacle to be seen, than a regiment of Arabs. The number of eyes in a corps is something like the quantity of shirts in Falstaff's troop; no man has two: he is lucky, who can boast of one, without a cataract. I have frequently, at a review, examined the features of a whole detachment, without observing a single good looking individual. If Caliban had been beating up for recruits, in the Island of his dam Sycorax, he could not have raised a more unsightly army: and the cause is this; none but the dregs of Lower Egypt are to be found in the ranks. The *Bedouins*, who are the finest men in the world, would scorn to become soldiers. The *Nubians*, who come next to them in personal appearance, cannot resist a climate so cold even as Candia—they have all

died; and the blacks of *Sennaar*, who were the most athletic men of the whole, have totally disappeared; the first bad weather of December was fatal to most of them. The thermometer was not below fifty-four, yet they perished, perhaps, in as large a proportion to their numbers as the French did in Russia. They had no external symptoms of disease, to account for their deaths; a man would be on duty in the morning, and a corpse the next.

With the assistance of the Count de Bona, and a trusty Arab, I first got permission to examine three bodies, " to ascertain if plague had been their disorder, and permission to open them privately; this was attended with no small difficulty and peril. I had to bribe two Arabs, for affecting ignorance of my proceedings: and, perhaps, this is one of the broadest distinctions in the characters of *Turks* and *Arabs*, that you may overcome the prejudices of the latter by money, if not by argument, but never those of the Turks.

I had frequently observed, that the exhibition of an emetic to the negro soldiers was often attended with convulsions, and even death: on further inquiry I found that these remedies

invariably produced distressing effects on all the black people of *Dougola* and *Sennaar*. On examining the body, I found the stomach different from that organ in white people, both in size and structure. As this difference has not been noticed hitherto, I am free to acknowledge, that the appearance I observed, might be the consequence of disease, and not its natural state; but as I remarked the same especial difference in three cases, I think I am warranted in the supposition that the smallness of the negroes' stomachs, and the peculiar corrugation of their folds, are no less distinct marks of that race, (insomuch as physical organization is concerned,) than their thick craniums and prominent cheek bones. The vulgar notion of "thick headed" persons being obstinate, is founded in truth. But the peculiarity to which I alluded was this, the stomach was below the ordinary size of that organ in Europeans, and its internal surface resembled in some degree a turtle's throat, from the extent of its corrugations. I discovered likewise, a difference in the skeleton, in two of these cases, each having six vertebræ of the loins, instead of five, and on examining the spines of many living negroes, I find the occur-

rence of six lumbar vertebræ very frequent. This accounts for the extraordinary length of the lumbar part of the back in so many negroes. That they are a distinct race, I think is evident from these, and other peculiarities*. The membrane called *rete mucosum*, under the outer skin, to which their blackness is owing, is a peculiarity not to be met with in the very darkest people of Nubia and Abyssinia; neither has the heat of the sun any thing to do with its production, and I question if it be a safeguard against the effects of heat, as is generally supposed.

There is no colour absorbs heat so much as black, and the white people of Africa are subjected to the same scorching beams as the negroes, with as little inconvenience, and I should say, with less prejudice to health. The negroes, even in their own country, are short lived. *Sennaar* lies in 13° north latitude, and the thermometer in summer rises to 116°. But *Geesh*, not five hundred yards from the sources of the Nile, in 10°

* In Alexandria, in the Military Hospital, I had many opportunities of witnessing the post mortem appearances of the negro stomach, and the result was, to confirm the observations I made in Candia.

north latitude, and of a proportionate temperature, is inhabited by a copper-coloured race, who live much longer than their negro neighbours. A learned commentator on the Scriptures has advanced a speculative opinion on the probability of the negroes being the descendants of Cain; but I think it is going too far to refer their blackness to the mark set on the forehead of the first murderer.

The Medical and Chirurgical Review for 1803, in a critique on a work entitled "The Rank which Man holds in the Classification of Animals," after acquiescing in the author's opinion, that "the difference between man and the ourang outang is less than that which exists between the latter and the baboon," makes this observation: "Man, as taken from the Apollo Belvidere, has scarce any resemblance to the negro of Guinea;"—"besides, it is known that the ourang outang carries off occasionally the female negroes." Now the former opinion is decidedly erroneous: some of the finest forms I ever beheld were those of negroes; and had I been desirous of representing the beauty of the human figure, I have seen negroes from *Darfur*, the symmetry of whose

persons might have served for a standard: neither does the observation apply to the intellect of the blacks.

When the negro troops were first brought down to Alexandria, nothing could exceed their insubordination and wild demeanour; but they learned the military evolutions in half the time of the Arabs; and I always observed they went through the manœuvres with ten times the adroitness of the others. It is the fashion here, as well as in our colonies, to consider the negroes as the last link in the chain of humanity, between the monkey tribe and man; but I do not believe the negro is inferior to the white man in intellect; and I do not suffer the eloquence of the slave driver to convince me that the negro is so stultified as to be unfit for freedom.

The qualities of men depend much on circumstances; their notions of good and evil are as numerous as their climes, and as varied as their complexions. The *Moslem* makes a merit of murdering a *Nazarene;* the *Greek* asks permission of the holy "*Pania*" to commit a robbery; the Arab derives honour from a successful depredation; an Abyssinian would be esteemed an unworthy Chris-

tian, if he failed to emasculate his prisoner; and the negro would be a useless member of society, who was not skilful in decoying his neighbours' wives and daughters, to sell them at *Soudan*. Custom makes strange confusion in vice and virtue; but man, so far as regards his natural capacity, is every where the same! "It matters not in what language the doom of 'the black man' may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, whether an Indian or an African sun may have burnt on his cheek; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnity he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery."

I join with Curran in thinking, that when the altar and the god sink together in the dust, "his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of emancipation."

Sympathy, for the many hundreds of poor fellows I have seen perish in this place, pining after their homes and friends, has carried me into con-

siderations foreign, perhaps, to the subject of my letter; but what little I have further to say of Candia shall be "more german" to my travels.

The present Pacha of *Canea* is generally disliked by Turks as well as Christians: he is a morose avaricious fellow, and some months ago practised a piece of cruelty, which even the Moslems speak of with disgust. During his absence in one of the provinces, a Greek gardener of his contrived to have communication with a Greek woman in the harem. The Turks of Candia, previous to the revolution, intermarried with the respectable Greeks, and the friends of the latter objected not to such alliances, as the women were not required to change their religion. In short, the Turks of Candia adopted the usages of of the Greeks, and even their language.

A Greek woman, who was the favourite wife of Hussein Bey assured me she had never been importuned to change her creed; and what was more strange, that her husband secretly believed in both religions. This is very common with the Albanian Mahometans. However, on the return of the Pacha, he was informed of the intercourse between his wife and the gardener,

and his fury may be easily conceived; the wily Greek anticipated detection, and was fortunate enough to accomplish his escape aboard an Ionian vessel. The summary punishment of infidelity was, of course, inflicted on the unfortunate woman. But what was more horrible, the fatal sack was the doom of every Greek woman in the *harem*.

The Consul and the Christians here say, the entire harem suffered; but a Turkish patient of mine, who ought to know the truth, informs me, that four Greek women and a female infant were drowned. To this monster I was lately summoned. I found him, with an *Effendi* reading to him a book, which he informed me was a Persian Treatise on Medicine. He told me, he sent for me to prescribe for a sick woman, who was fearful of the consequences of having a family. It was not difficult to understand his meaning: it was the third time I had had similar applications in Turkey, and in each case I, of course, spurned the proposal.

In this instance I affected not to understand the meaning of the demand. I replied, "without seeing the patient, it would be impossible to pre-

scribe, or to know the disorder:" he laughed very heartily, and said I was too young—too young a great deal, to see sick women. I begged to assure him, I had been in a great many *harems*, and my age had never been considered a disqualification; that I came only to oblige him; and if he wished it, I would visit the sick person; but that I was determined not to run the risk of committing murder, by ordering drugs for a patient whose sickness I knew nothing of. He urged me repeatedly to prescribe: I told him it was impossible, and rose to go away. He ordered the door to be shut as I was bidding him good day; and put an end to all expostulation by quitting the apartment before I recovered from my astonishment; he turned back, however, for an instant, and said with a half smile, "Well, doctor, you will think of what I said; when you order the physic, you may go." My drogueman entreated of me to give a bread pill; a few grains of magnesia; any thing to get away; "I did not know," he said, "the terrible man I had to deal with; he would certainly murder us both." I confess I had some apprehensions of that event myself;

but my indignation surpassed my fear, and I seated myself on the divan to await the result.

Every minute increased our impatience: and when evening came, and there was no appearance of being liberated, I certainly felt more uncomfortable than I can describe. At last the door was opened; my obstinacy was almost cured; I resolved to let the drogueman give magnesia or any other harmless ingredient to the first who entered. I was, however, spared the humiliation. In walked the Pacha, he seemed in the same merry mood in which he left us. "What! not yet gone, doctor?" was the first salute. I replied, "The door has been too strongly bolted to allow me to go; but my consul would hear of it, my ambassador would hear of it, Ibrahim Pacha would hear of the manner I had been treated." I saw at once he felt he had gone too far. He protested he thought I had been gone an hour before, that it was only a joke, and whether I cured the poor sick woman or not, that I should stop and sup with him; I begged to decline the honour; and, to the inexpressible joy of my *drogueman*, got out of the house in safety.

Our consul was such a cypher in the island, that I made no complaint to him of the treatment I received, but I wrote next day to Ibrahim Pacha, and never had the smallest notice taken of my letter. The thing, of course, passed for a good joke, a Turkish piece of humour.

Since then I visited the camp once, to see one of the Generals, *Courschud Bey*, who was seized with fever. The distance from *Canea* is about five miles, and it is necessary to pass through a wood of olives to reach the place. I was accompanied by an Arab servant of the Bey; in passing the wood we heard a rustling noise in the boughs of a tree behind us; and soon after heard the whizzing of a ball close to our heads: my Arab took to his heels immediately; I was going to follow his example, when another bullet whizzed by my ear, still closer than the former: I looked around me, no one was to be seen; but I observed smoke issuing from a tree about forty yards behind me. I felt no disposition to examine closer; I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, and, luckily, gained the high road without another shot. This was the first time in my life I

served for a target; and I have so little ambition to do so again, that I am resolved to take my departure for Egypt by the first ship. For one who delights in excitement, there is no place like Candia; every day is ushered in with some new horror, so that the traveller, who expects to describe the curiosities of the place, finds he has nothing but atrocities to recount.

A few days ago the Turks towed a Greek prize into this port, a large brig, called the *San Nicolo*. The Turkish captain and his officers made merry on the occasion. In our house, which overhangs the entrance to the harbour, we heard their drunken revelry at midnight; two hours later we heard a tremendous explosion; every window in our house was shattered, the doors of my apartment were forced open, and the walls shaken to their foundation. I thought it was the shock of an earthquake; but the screams of people from all parts of the harbour soon explained the nature of the accident.

The Greek prize, which was brought in on the previous morning, had blown up, and eighteen persons, including the Turkish captain and his

crew, were sent, in the midst of their drunken orgies, to eternity. Many were yet alive in the water when I reached the shore, crying out for help, which no one seemed disposed to render. I entreated of some Turkish spectators to disengage a boat; but the *nonchalance* with which they did it enraged me beyond measure. At last, after an interval of at least an hour, two boats were got off; but the screams of the poor wretches, wounded as they were, and struggling with the waves, every moment became more indistinct; and, from being able to distinguish the loud cries of five or six when the boats put off, I could only catch the faint bubbling moans of two or three. In fact, two only were saved, and these had been in the steerage at the moment of the explosion. There was not a stick remaining of the brig; and the account the survivors gave of the catastrophe was this:—

When the captain and all the officers were very drunk, the former proposed, as a test of his people's courage, that they should go into the powder room, and smoke their pipes on the powder chest. Three of them performed this

courageous feat; and, in the middle of the exploit, the ship exploded.

I leave you to judge of Turkish courage, and of the character of Turkish officers. An instance of similar stupidity, but of a more ridiculous nature, occurred here a few days ago: a poor Arab soldier, in the arsenal, lit a fire to cook his victuals, and took four large bombs (imagining they were cannon balls) to set his pot on; he stooped to blow the fire, and the moment he did so, three of the bombs exploded, and carried away, pot, dinner, shed, and all into the air. The poor fellow, luckily, was stooping at the time, and thus avoided the worst effects of the explosion: he was, however, severely scorched, and covered with superficial wounds, from top to toe. I have been attending him ever since; he is now nearly well, and laughs heartily at his pot being converted into a balloon.

This Island, before the late disturbance, was the richest in the *Archipelago*, it supplied all Turkey with soap, and exported a great deal of oil; but the Arabs have cut down the olive trees in the country round *Suda* and *Canea*, for firing;

and the destruction of these trees is the more ruinous to the Turkish proprietors, because they take from fifteen to thirty years to come to maturity.

I have to apologize for this long letter, filled, as it is, with details which are no less disagreeable to the traveller, than they are disgusting to the philanthropist.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XVI.

TO DR. BELFOUR, LL.D.

MY DEAR SIR, Alexandria, July 1, 1825.

YOUR oriental knowledge can receive little increase from my trifling observations; and indeed your acquaintance with all the eastern languages must render you too familiar with Egyptian history in particular, to find much novelty in my remarks. However, as you are aware that my profession, and perhaps my enthusiasm give me some advantages, I sit down to write you such information as I have been able to gather in *Alexandria*.

As the Turks commence their official documents with the creation of the world, and the establishment of *Islamism*, I begin my epistle with the statistics of this city.

Alexandria lies in 31° north latitude, has a population of sixteen thousand souls, is encircled

by a fortified wall and fosse of a modern date, constructed by Mohammed Ali, on the site of the Saracen wall, and its hundred towers, which were built in the thirteenth century. The present wall is of an imposing appearance, but of no strength; its circuit is eight miles; that of the ancient city was six and twenty. Indeed, the whole population of Egypt does not exceed that which old authors ascribe to ancient Alexandria, say two millions. The extreme length of Egypt, from the Cataracts to the termination of the Nile, is about seven hundred miles, and in some places two hundred and fifty miles broad, but now, at ten miles distant from either bank of the Nile you have a desert. So that, in all probability, there is not now cultivated the one twentieth part of the soil which was productive in the time of the Ptolemies: so much for Turkish industry. The land must have gained considerably on the sea all round Alexandria; the same accumulation of mud from the Nile, which has added so much to the Delta, according to Volney's observation, has also encroached on the sea, and approximated the main land to what once was the Island of Pharos, which Homer describes, as distant a good day's

sail, with a fair wind, from the Egyptian shore. The possibility of this has been questioned by all travellers: for my part, I receive the statement with some grains of allowance. I know the Lake Mareotis is still in its ancient situation, and is not two miles distant from the sea, but I think it not improbable that the Lake Mareotis might have been fifteen miles distant from the Island, and that the present light house is far nearer the shore than the ancient Pharos. The two obelisks, called Cleopatra's Needles, are now situated close to the sea: at this particular point the water must have gained on the land, for it is not to be supposed that the porch of a palace would have been placed on the seabeach. One only of them is standing, the other lies on the land a few feet distant: it measures sixty-three feet; and that side which faced the east, like all the monuments existing here, is much injured by the prevailing north east winds.

I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. Salt, our consul general, about the possibility of removing it; for it is one of the Pacha's presents to England; but Mr. Salt informs me our government lately wrote to him, to inquire if it was

worth the expense of building a vessel expressly to convey it to England? and that he thought it was not worth the expense and trouble. Most of the hieroglyphics on the sides of the middle line of writing he considers modern, that is, of a Greek date; but the middle line of writing he deems very old, having the cartouche of an Egyptian king, supposed to be contemporary with Moses.

Another of the few existing monuments of Alexandrian magnificence, is Pompey's Pillar; I give it its common name, for I cannot say, from my own observation, that any of its new appellations are more authentic, either of Septimus, Severus, or of Domitian*; the name of the latter, Mr. Hamilton imagined he could trace on the base, but these characters I have repeatedly sought in vain. Aaron Hill, above one hundred years ago, positively asserted, that this monument was erected by Alexander, after his victory over Pompey. This column may be divided into

* Mr. Turner thought he distinguished a part of the name of Dioclesian on the pedestal; but it was after he received from Colonel Misset the inscription, supposed to have the name of Dioclesian. Mr. Turner says, "by painful attention I clearly distinguished ΔIO, and enough of the letter next to it to show me that it was a mutilated K."

four separate parts; the shaft, the capital, the base, and the pedestal: the shaft is of one solid block of granite, sixty-four feet in height, and eight feet and a quarter in diameter; the column altogether is eighty-eight feet and a half high. It is calculated to weigh one million one hundred and ten thousand pounds, and would require a vessel of five hundred tons to transport it. But if it were possible to transport it, perhaps there is no purchase now known capable of raising it perpendicularly, and dropping it on the granite pivot of the base, which enters into the corresponding cavity in the shaft, for it is thus poised. I have already seen three ladders rigged to the top by English sailors, who contrived to pass a rope over it by a common kite. I made two fruitless attempts to ascend, but I found it impossible; an Irish lady, however, a Miss Talbot, had the courage to mount, and breakfasted on the summit; she wrote a letter to Mr. Salt, dated from "the top of Pompey's Pillar;" Mr. Salt sent an answer, purporting to come from "the bottom of Joseph's well," which he confesses was written in his parlour.

The catacombs are very extensive: I have

visited them frequently, and proceeded further than, perhaps, any traveller has latterly done; but found nothing of any interest. Some ancient pictures of the early Greek Christians are to be seen; nothing else beside foxes and jackals: near them three or four grottoes, opening into a little harbour, sufficient to admit small boats, are called Cleopatra's Baths; but whether Cleopatra ever laved her fair form therein I think very doubtful. At no great distance is the Roman Necropolis. I found many Roman coins on turning up the soil; and in my last visit my companion discovered a common Greek earthen vase, containing the incinerated bones of a child.

A ruined mosque indicates the site of the celebrated church of St. Athanase. A mass of red brickwork, of extraordinary thickness, is all that remains of the ancient building.

Beneath the city are immense vaults, formed into innumerable reservoirs for water. These are supported by stone pillars, and some of them of no mean fashion, considering their subterraneous use and origin. I know of nothing so astonishing in Egypt as the number and extent of these immense wells; they are supplied during the overflow of the Nile, and contain a sufficient supply

of water for two years. But they are gradually crumbling into decay, and filling up with the deposit of the Nile. Their preservation is most important to Alexandria, as there is not a single spring in the city or its vicinity: yet the Turks repair them not; they are too indolent even to clear those which are now choked up with mud. It is quite disheartening to see the finest structures, even those which are most necessary to their immediate comforts, suffered to moulder away stone by stone. If the wall of a house crack, as Denon has observed, they put a mat against the fissure; if it fall, they remove to another wing; if that be threatened, they apply a prop; if the roof tumbles at last, they pitch a tent behind the ruin; and when winter advances, they are reminded by the cold that their house is down, and that they must build another; and then they choose the nearest spot to the old materials, because it is easier to carry them away than to dig in the ruins of the old city for the frieze of a palace to form a threshold; for the sarcophagus of a king to make a bath; for the mosaic of a temple to floor a seraglio; or for the broken statue of a god, to fill a space in the foundation. In the house of a Turkish soldier in Rosetta, and

in that part of it which it is unnecessary to name, the flooring is formed of an ancient sepulchral slab of marble, bearing the epitaph of a Roman lady, named Metella, setting forth her exalted rank and transcendent beauty. To what base uses may the record of birth and beauty be converted! "Go, tell my lady to paint an inch thick," for the fame of her beauty may be yet found where heaven shall "stop the nose at it, and the moon wink!"

Of the population of Alexandria, there are about nine thousand Arabs; two thousand five hundred Turks; two thousand Greeks; four hundred Jews; and two thousand Franks, the bulk of whom are Maltese, Ionians, (for every head surmounted by a hat is Frank), Italians, and Austrians. In this number of Franks is included the discharged seamen of various nations, depending on the Consuls. There is not, I am sorry to say, a more vile populace in the universe than the Frank one of *Alexandria;* this city is the "*refugium peccatorum*" of all Europe: convicted felons from the galleys of Italy here exercise liberal professions; fraudulent bankrupts figure here as "royal merchants." The trading patriots of Naples and Milan here teach the

Arabs the mode of slaughtering the Greeks! The lazy monks of the patriarch and the pontiff here make Christianity consist in reciprocal animosity; and apothecaries, who were starving in Lombardy, from their indolence, are here flourishing physicians, through the irresistible influence of impudence and empiricism. Amongst them, every now and then, poison does its deadly work; treachery brings the vengeance of the Government on the Christian debtor, nay, on the Christian creditor; for a Prussian merchant has been now imprisoned four years, because the Pacha does not choose to pay him a large debt, which the Christian enemies of the poor Prussian have spread the rumour of being an exorbitant demand. Two feats of Christian poisoning have occurred since my arrival; and more robberies and frauds than I can recall.

In the time of Aaron Hill, they were as bad as they are now. "One thing," he says, "I must observe, as the Franks are a mixture of all nations, so they commonly are found the worst of each." He applies to them, with great propriety, a sentence of *Juvenal:*

> "Rari quippe boni. Numero vix sunt totidem, quot Thebarum portæ vel divitis ostia Nili."

There are nine English houses of commerce; and although there is the same reason to lament the mercantile jealousies which debar all social intercourse between them, as is the case all over Turkey, still, as individuals, I cannot speak too highly of their respectability; and whoever has had the advantage of knowing the houses of Messrs. Briggs and Thurburn, Bell, Harris, Muir, Casey, Joyce, Schutz, Gliddon, and Hayes, must employ no language but that of commendation in regard to them. He must have no less reason to be gratified with the affability and erudition of Mr. Salt, and with the unaffected piety and worth of the Rev. D. M'Pherson, the resident missionary. To all of these gentlemen I owe more gratitude than I can ever repay for their uniform kindness.

Unfortunately the foreign Consuls are so wrapped up in their own importance, that they affect to be worshipped as little demi-gods by their subjects; and are ridiculed as foolish persons, doting on their gold lace, and dressed only "in a little brief authority," which renders them conspicuous, but not respectable. Most of them are the devoted servants of Mohammed Ali; the in-

terests of their governments are of minor importance to them; the Pacha knows their price. When he has any object in view, either to banish a Frank merchant*, (for this takes place in defiance of Frank treaties, and is winked at by the Consuls), or to settle a dispute with a Christian captain, about damaged rice, or ill stowed cotton, he gives one Consul a cargo of beans; he gives credit for his produce to another; to a third he grants permission to dig for antiquities at Thebes; to a fourth at Memphis; and to Mr. Drovetti he allots the pay and privileges of a privy counsellor. The latter has more influence over him than any other European.

Mr. Salt has less, because he condescends not to intrigue with the menials of the court, but he is more respected. The late Colonel Misset was

* The Pacha, about eighteen months ago, nominated several Frank merchants as arbitrators in a commercial difference, between the Government and an Austrian captain. The arbitrators conscientiously gave it against the Viceroy. Next day there was an order for their banishment; and one of them had forthwith to abandon his business, and leave the country; he had Austrian protection: but his Consul did nothing for him. The other two were Frenchmen, and terrified their Consul with the threat of a process against him, if they left their affairs: they were suffered to remain.

both respected and feared by the Pacha; and Mr. Lee was beloved by every one in Egypt. But, perhaps, there is no one in Europe who possesses so much his entire confidence as Mr. Briggs, who was formerly our Consul here, and now is the Pacha's sole agent in England. An Armenian, of the name of Boghass, a crafty supersubtle Levantine, of polished manners, of consummate address, of a smooth exterior, and of a heart whose impulses never find their way to a tongue which "can wheedle with the devil," is the main spring of the Egyptian government: every movement in the politics of the Pacha is regulated by him; his title is only *Nadir*, but he presides over the finance and commerce of the country. He appears to be wholly devoted to the Pacha, and the Pacha seems to confide more in him than any of his ministers; yet Boghass, a few years ago, by the order of his highness, was crammed into a sack, and conveyed to the Nile, to suffer death. But a brother drogueman (for Boghass still performs that office, and misrepresents things terribly) interfered; and, with the assistance of an influential Turk, prevailed on the executioners to postpone the murder, till the

Pacha was again applied to on his behalf: at the expiration of many weeks, when his highness thought poor Boghass was at the bottom of the Nile, he repented of his death, and in some dilemma, he said openly, " If Boghass were alive, this would not have happened." Mr. *Walmass*, the drogueman, cautiously alluded to the possibility of his being alive; and, eventually, broke the matter to the astonished Viceroy; nothing could exceed his joy, he pressed to his bosom the man he had doomed to death some days before, and heaped on him all those honours which he still possesses.

The executioners, however, who expected to profit by the general joy at the escape of the favourite, were put to death.

I have not yet had an interview with the Pacha; he is now in Cairo, where he spends eight months in the year, the other four he passes here. Of the climate, I must give you some account before I conclude.

In Alexandria the thermometer in the summer months seldom ranges beyond 88° or 90°. The greatest degree, however, of heat here is by no means so oppressive as a much lower temperature

is at Cairo. I have found 75° at Malta almost intolerable; I bear 90° here without any inconvenience. The thermometer in Egypt is no criterion of the temperature, so far as regards the effects of heat on the human body. The *Kamsin* wind, which, as its name imports, reigns about fifty days, from the 1st of May to the 20th of June, is attended with such languor and exhaustion, that I have often lain for hours on my divan incapable of the slightest mental or bodily exertion. This easterly wind is sometimes called the wind of the desert, the poison "wind *Simoom*," from *sem*, poison, and *yam*, day. It is not indicated on the thermometer by a corresponding height of the quicksilver. It does not produce a difference of more than five or six degrees. The Etesian gales, or north-west winds, blow up the Nile from June till September; the freshness of Alexandria, in the summer months, is owing to these salubrious breezes. By the 24th of June, St. John's day, the country here, which has had no rain from March, is completely parched, there is not a particle of verdure, the soil is split into innumerable cracks, the trees are scorched, the only plant that survives the drought is the alka-

line sal sola, which covers the burning sands, even when all nature seems perishing for moisture, which the rain is not destined to afford, nor yet the Nile, which is only then increasing; a heavy dew, called the *Nocta*, begins to fall about St. John's day; the drooping plants again revive, the plague ceases altogether, or decreases daily, and a new disease is ushered in, which all who are subjected to the influence of the *Nocta*, are almost sure to catch, that is dysentery: ophthalmia too begins to prevail, and the stranger who leaves his window open at night is almost sure to catch one of these disorders.

I was seized with dysentery, in consequence of leaving my window open at night, the first week of the Nocta. An Italian physician, of the greatest eminence, who had failed as a merchant, was brought to me by my friends. I did not wish it, but they desired it, as my danger was imminent. The first thing he proposed, was to put ice to my abdomen, and ordered me to drink nothing but ice, "*to keep down the inflammation.*" I thought this very strange; I objected to it, but he silenced me by the assurance that he had practised fifteen years in the country, and had

found ice the only specific for dysentery. My mind was enfeebled by the disease, as well as my body; I suffered him to apply the ice: two hours after it, my symptoms were fearfully augmented; the pain was excruciating; and I thought my last tour on earth was nearly finished, and that my mortal pilgrimage was to end in Alexandria.

I gave orders to admit the doctor no more, I took scruple doses of calomel, for three successive days, twice a day; the third day my mouth was affected, and from that moment every bad symptom ceased. Did this quondam merchant want to dispatch me, or was his remedy prescribed through mere ignorance? I dare not determine; but, as I am the medical attendant of Mr. Salt, and have thus interfered with this man, I think it not unlikely that the faculty wish me elsewhere. At all events, they get rid of one another not unfrequently. The husband of a lady who is now married to one of the merchants here was poisoned, her son informed me, by a Jew physician of great eminence. This learned Hebrew is the most unprincipled man in Egypt; and, I think, principally on that account, the most esteemed doctor. I first met him in Constantinople, when

he was banished from Egypt by the Pacha. But the Christians could not do without him: he got permission to return; and still is the reputed Hippocrates and Apollo of the Franks.

I have been wandering from the subject I proposed giving you some account of,—the climate of Egypt. It will, no doubt, appear surprising that trees five and six hundred years old, such as the sycamores in Upper Egypt, should thrive without a drop of rain; or, if highly situated, without deriving any moisture from the inundation. The *Nocta*, in Lower and Middle Egypt, answers the purpose of both; but, in Upper Egypt, I have left a sheet of paper exposed to the air all night, without its imbibing a particle of moisture. Indeed Alexandria, at all times, is excessively damp; the atmosphere is saturated with a saline vapour, which condenses on the walls and furniture of the houses, in small crystals of nitre, muriate of soda, and muriate of ammonia; the soil is everywhere coated with these saline particles; and although it is quite impossible to keep any articles, made of iron, free from rust, yet the constant breathing of this saline atmosphere does not appear to be preju-

dicial to health; diseases of the lungs are unknown. I have not seen one case of pulmonary consumption among the Arabs.

In Alexandria, Damietta, and Rosetta there is more or less rain, from November till March; and, sometimes, excessively cold weather. But in Cairo, there is much less of both, though only one hundred and fifty miles from this town; and in Upper Egypt, there is no rain, perhaps for six years, or even ten; but when it does come, it is in torrents. Many birds leave Egypt during the intense heat of summer; and the swallows of Europe come here in the winter. I have seen them arriving in thousands: it appears that their last starting point, in Europe, is the *Morea*. All Egypt, in the vicinity of the river, is a lake, from the beginning of August to the end of October, owing to the inundation of the Nile. The people go in boats from one village to another, sailing over fields of corn. Acacias, cassias, and tamarisks appear to be rising from the bottom, and one can hardly bring oneself to think that, after a little time, the sea before us will be dry land, and produce two or three crops in the course of a year.

From this period to the beginning of April, the country assumes a new aspect; the Nile subsides, the waters drain away, and the soil is covered with a rich slime, in which consists the fertility of Egypt. The latter end of October and November, agriculture commences: the corn is sown with little labour; and again, the vegetable world springs into life, after a three months' deluge. Towards the beginning of January, the trees are clothed with new foliage, the new *spathæ* of the date tree come forth, and the fruit begins to appear. The harvest ends in April. The land is again turned up with a wretched plough, named *marha*, sown as before, and smoothed with a large piece of wood, attached to oxen, buffaloes, or donkeys.

It is now necessary constantly to irrigate the land; for this purpose the water is conveyed from the Nile by small canals, and as it is far beneath the level of the soil, it is raised by the old *Persian* wheel, still in use here, round which earthen jars are fixed, and the wheel is turned round by buffaloes and bullocks. The constant creaking of these innumerable wheels all along

the Nile, both night and day, is excessively annoying.

This second harvest is gathered in before August, the period of the overflow, but in the Delta, they get in the second harvest sufficiently early to have a third. They thrash their corn by placing the sheaves in a circle, round this they drive a team of bullocks, dragging after them a sort of chariot, the wheels of which are round plates of iron. This method is very injurious to the corn, and destructive to the chaff. The great cause of the uncultivated state of the country, is the trouble of preserving the canals, and the expense of irrigation; formerly those deserts which we now behold, were fertile plains, watered by magnificent canals, which the degenerate race of Egyptians are now unable to keep from filling up.

If they dig a new canal, they use no shovels, no carts, no wheelbarrows, for nothing of the kind is known in the country; they scoop out the earth with their hands, they deposit it in small boxes, carry it on their heads to a convenient place, walk back very leisurely and take another load, perhaps

weighing fifteen pounds. I have seen five hundred men working at the Great Canal, between Alexandria and the Nile, when fifty men in this country, with the proper implements, would have done infinitely more work.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the peculiarities of climate; and, in Alexandria, I should have noticed the serenity of the lovely blue sky of Egypt, never obscured by a cloud, except when the Etesian winds are driving those clouds from the Mediterranean, along the Nile, which are to constitute the principal source of the inundation. At Alexandria there are many local causes, which render the climate the most insalubrious in Egypt. The first is the dearth of cultivation all around it: Volney has well remarked, that "*Alexandria* belongs to the African desert, and has nothing of the fertility of Egypt:" the second is the vicinity to the Lake of *Mareotis*, which is now a saline swamp. The third is the neglect of the subterranean reservoirs for water, which formerly conduced to the cleanliness and comforts of an industrious people, and now only serve for the generation of mephitic air. These causes suffice to render Alexandria peculiarly unhealthy in the

spring and autumn. That quarter of the city nearest the Lake is never exempt from intermittent fevers in the spring, and malignant putrid fevers in the autumn.

In Mr. Salt's house alone, which is situated in this suburb, I am now attending nine of his domestics with agues; and it is a curious fact, that those persons only who inhabit the ground floor, are the victims of the disease: not one of those who occupy the upper story have taken the disorder. I mention this medical phenomenon to you, because I consider it tends to show that the miasma which produces this, and probably every other species of fever, is inert at the distance of a very few feet from its source.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XVII.

TO M. MONTEFIORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Alexandria, July 15, 1825.

THE present condition of Egypt, and the character of the Viceroy, are so little really understood in Europe, that I presume you will consider a brief but unbiased account of both of some interest, at a period when the sword of war is gleaming in the East.

From time immemorial, the Egyptians have been the servile and submissive slaves of priests and kings: devoted to the blindest ignorance by the one, and doomed to perpetual drudgery by the other. To them a change of masters has been only a change of tyrants; and the loss of one religion, only the acquisition of some grosser form of superstition. The mind is overwhelmed in contemplating the multitude of revolutions in

empire and religion, which this country has undergone. Cast your eye over the mouldering ruins of Thebes or Alexandria; they are the monuments of despotism and priestcraft, in a thousand various forms. The rapacity of Persian conquest was intermediate in its ruin, between that produced by the voluptuousness of theology, during the dynasty of the Pharoahs, and that of literary extravagance, during the rule of the Ptolemies. From the period of Egypt's becoming a Roman province under Octavius, to the decline of the Western Empire, perhaps less oppression was practised than at any former conquest. The Greeks of the Lower Empire possessed themselves of the soil, when the fatal division of the Roman Empire destroyed that power. But the tyranny of the Greeks, their rapacious government, their imposition of excessive taxes, soon caused the people to welcome newer tyrants, and to receive the Saracens with open arms. But these in thier turn gave way to the victorious Caliphs; the first of whom, *Omer*, took the government into his hands in 635. The Syrians were the next masters, they ravaged the country for a long period; and the next

remarkable era was the succession of the mighty Saladine in the twelfth century. The Syrian dominion continued in Egypt, till Melec Salha, suspicious of his vassals, brought a vast number of Christian slaves from Circassia and Mingrelia, into Egypt: of these he made soldiers; and as they continued to be slaves, they got the name of *Mamelukes*.

In a short time they became formidable to their friends; and the first exercise of their power was the murder of their masters. On the ruins of the old government, they formed a new one amongst themselves; and as they found that marriage with Egyptian women was attended with no increase, they kept up their numbers by the constant purchase of slaves in their own countries. By their valour they maintained their empire nearly three hundred years. It was only in the sixteenth century that the Turks, under the Sultan Selim, rescued the country from these revolted slaves. In the time of Niebuhr, however, under the protection rather than the authority of the Sultan, a divan of Mamelukes exercised the supreme authority, both executive and legislative; and "the revenue of the Sultan

was rather a tribute paid to a protector than a tax levied by a sovereign." From this period down to the accession of Mohammed Ali, the jealousies of the chiefs alone served to preserve the Sultan's shadow of authority. The divan consisted of twenty-four Beys, each jealous of the other, and retaining troops for mutual aggression and defence. The Sultan sent from Constantinople, every two or three years, a Pacha of three tails, to exercise the functions of governor; but he was entirely dependant on the Mameluke divan.

This was the state of government when the French invaded Egypt. The Mameluke chiefs, it is but too notorious, were our allies; and no gloss that our historians can put upon their massacre can redeem the honour of England from the charge of neglecting their preservation. It is true that some of our gallant officers remonstrated with "our ancient, faithful, and natural ally," the Grand Turk, on the perfidy of his conduct; but even Mr. Salt is obliged to acknowledge that our desertion of the Mamelukes, after they had contributed in no small degree to the honour of our arms in Egypt, was as inexcusable as the folly of our second invasion, and the sacrifice of our five

thousand troops in Rosetta was inexplicable. Read of the atrocities attributed by Sir Robert Wilson to the French, and you will imagine that the only object of our interference was the domestic happiness of the invaded people. Yet, strange to say, the Egyptians *now* speak of the French with respect, many even with admiration; and I have frequently felt the humiliation of hearing the French extolled as the benefactors of the country by *Arabs*, who served both French and English, and who bitterly lamented their expulsion. I protest I never heard an Arab speak badly of the French (except when he wanted to get a few piastres from John Bull); but I have heard the Ionians speak with bitterness of Parga; and I have heard the Egyptians speak with indignation of the massacre of the Beys!

For the short period the French remained in Egypt, they left manifold traces of amelioration; they overcame the prejudices of the people; the Arabs were delighted with the levity of their masters; they even imitated their music and their dances, and many of the French airs are still in vogue; but they also began to follow what was more worthy of imitation. The energy of the

French gave an impulse to Egyptian industry, and the canals, which for centuries had been neglected, were again made serviceable. The road to Soubra, shaded with a line of trees on either side, still remains a record of the improvements to which French conquests were made subservient.

I am well aware that the French in this country might have proved troublesome neighbours to us in India, and that there was an unfortunate necessity for their expulsion from Egypt. I say, an unfortunate necessity; for had they remained, the country would now be comparatively civilized. But the interests of commerce have ever been opposed in England to the dissemination of knowledge and civilization in the East. We dare not enlighten our East Indian subjects, much less our West Indian slaves: how, then, could we tolerate the diffusion of that knowledge which constitutes power in the vicinity of our possessions?

I say that I am well aware how necessary it was to expel the French from Egypt; but to the philanthropist, who looks to the amelioration of *mankind*, and not to the narrow policy of a state, that necessity must be a matter of regret.

Sometimes, indeed, we go a little out of our

way to oppose improvement; and God knows our foreign policy requires no gratuitous obloquy. I ask any gentleman who has extended his travels beyond his own fireside, what is the opinion of the most enlightened men in Europe upon our foreign policy? Has he never blushed to hear a man like Goethe in Germany, Chateaubriand in France, or Visconte in Italy, say to him, "Oh, sir, your institutions are the most admirable in the world; your countrymen are the most industrious; your merchants are the most enterprising; your wealth is unbounded; your power is very great; but your foreign policy has ever been most infamous." The gentleman who has not heard such observations, "has never swam in a gondola," or journeyed in a vetturino.

With the expediency of the policy which makes us monopolists in civilization as well as in commerce, I have nothing to do. History may, perhaps, inquire into that expediency; but, at all events, the world will yet demand if the vast resources of England, her influence over nations, her power, and her wealth have been employed in the amelioration of mankind; and if the charity of her enlightened institutions be found to have been

of that domestic nature which seldom stirs abroad, posterity will have little reason to rejoice in her prosperity!

It is in vain to delude ourselves with the belief that we are largely contributing to the civilization of the East, by assisting the Bible Society in "the conversion of the heathen." The knight-errants of Christianity, indeed, pervade every corner of the kingdom. The scriptures, indeed, have been *translated* into a hundred mutilated tongues; and vast sacrifices of money and of truth have been made in the cause of Eastern proselytism.

To convert, it is thought, is to civilize: in my apprehension, to civilize is the most likely method to convert. Our missionaries have been totally unsuccessful, for they commenced at the wrong end. I speak on this point from much observation and a long acquaintance with the subject. They relied on the abstruse dogmas of the church, rather than on the mild doctrines of Christianity, for persuasion. The Turk had to digest the Trinity before he was acquainted with the beautiful morality of the Gospel. The Greek had to stomach the abuse of "the holy fire," before he

was made sensible of the advantages of a purer worship. The Catholic had to listen to the defamation of his creed before he was convinced of a more rational religion; and if they were so successful as to shake him in his faith, he had then to decide whether he would be a Methodist, or a Presbyterian, or a Calvinist, or an English Protestant, or a German Lutheran; for our missionaries in Egypt and Syria are of as many conflicting sects. But such is the perversity of the human heart, those wretched Arabs, morally as well as physically blind, continue "to walk in darkness and the shadow of death," obstinately refusing the light we fain would force upon them; and when they are reproved, they have the audacity to say, "*We have the faith which our fathers followed, and we are satisfied with it.*"

A temporal provision has sometimes produced a temporary change; but this is rare; for the conversion of a Mussulman would necessarily consign the convert to the grave: but if, in secret, a proselyte be made, the event, under the magnifying lens of the "Missionary Herald," makes a flourishing appearance. "The Conversion of the Heathen," heads a chapter; the Evangelical re-

viewers chuckle over "the triumph of the Book," and John Bull pays another year's subscription to support "the cause of *truth*." A Jew here, whom the Rev. Joseph Wolff "left impressed with the truths of Christianity," showed me a splendid copy of the Scriptures, which that gentleman had given him: I was astonished to find the New Testament had been torn out; I begged to know the reason; the man acknowledged to me that he had torn out the New Testament after Mr. Wolff's departure. I accompanied one of the missionaries to the synagogue, who in the middle of the worship commenced distributing tracts. I saw some of them thrown down; others were deposited, without a regard, on the forms: surely the zeal was indiscreet which for any purpose disturbed the performance of religious duties; and assuredly a Hebrew missionary would have been roughly handled by the beadle of St. Paul's, had he intruded himself, on the Sabbath, between the congregation and their God, to distribute versions of the Talmud. In alluding to the many supposititious conversions which abound in Mr. Wolff's book, I impugn not that gentleman's veracity; but I have good reason to know that he and his

enthusiastic brethren are imposed upon by the needy and the vile: that these gentlemen are good and pious, I am well convinced: and I consider it an honour to have been acquainted with men of so much worth and amiability as the Reverend D. M'Pherson, Mr. Nicolaison, and Mr. Muller.

I have been led away a little from my original subject, namely, the present condition of Egypt; but to the right understanding of that subject, and the means which are most likely to improve the country, I think the details I have entered into are necessary. It would, moreover, be impossible to form any adequate idea of the present Government, without carrying the mind back to the various revolutions which Egypt has undergone.

Mohammed Ali, in early life, passed through all the vicissitudes of a Turkish adventurer. In Salonica, his native place, he commenced his career as a servant: he next became a private soldier; and, by his perseverance and courage, attained the rank of *Byn bashi*, or colonel.

In Egypt he signalized himself; first in the conflicts between the rival Beys, and afterwards between the *Beys* and Turkish Pachas. The

military aristocracy of the Mamelukes was too strong for the Pachas, who were the nominal governors of Egypt; so that the country was in a continued ferment between the pretensions of ambitious soldiers, and the intrigues of powerless governors. Mohammed Ali took advantage of the moment: he proclaimed himself the Pacha from the Porte, and took possession of Cairo.

The Sultan denied not his authority; as usual, he winked at usurpation which he was unable to control; and perhaps was not displeased to see any Pacha, self-nominated or not, on the throne of Egypt, who was capable of curbing the lawless Mamelukes. But when the perfidious Porte thought the usurper long enough installed in his government to have collected treasure, his ruin was determined on, and every means was tried to get rid of him; but Mohammed Ali was too wily for the Porte, he defeated its clumsy attempts without affecting to perceive them; he sent his tribute, with the most solemn assurances of fidelity, to the Sultan, the humblest of whose slaves he affected to appear. The Sultan was not deceived; he received the tribute of the *Giaour* Pacha (for such Mohammed Ali is called in

Constantinople to this day, on account of his intercourse with Christians), but his head was still wanted to adorn the gate of the Seraglio.

Mohammed Ali was now firmly fixed in his government, and it was evident that something more than Turkish wisdom preserved him in it. Telegraphs were established from Alexandria to Cairo; and every insurrection which begun, was disconcerted in the space of a few hours. The Mamelukes deemed his agents supernatural, but his only agent was M. Drovetti, the French consul. This gentleman still holds the office of consul, and he it was whose prudence and dexterity seated Mohammed Ali on the throne. Every measure of the latter was of his planning; and the Viceroy well knows that to him the success of his ambition is wholly due. Drovetti is the most perfect courtier in his manners and appearance I ever met; the elegance of his address is only surpassed by the depth of his dissimulation, and the skilfulness of his subterfuge. There is, however, something terrible in his countenance; and as he stalks along the plain of Alexandria every evening, muffled up in his white *bernous*, the Franks are seen to retire with

a sort of deferential horror, and whisper, as he passes, " Make way for Catiline."

What share he had in the destruction of the Mamelukes I know not; but, in his quality of privy counsellor, it is to be presumed the bloody business was not transacted without his knowledge: of the expediency of the policy which dictated the measure, I believe there can be little doubt, considering the matter "*à la Turque*." The Mamelukes or Mohammed Ali must have fallen; the viceroy determined it should be the former. He invited them to a grand feast, said to be given in honour of his son, at the citadel, and for the alleged purpose of a reconciliation with the Beys, for whom it was reported he had prepared magnificent presents. The Mamelukes distrusted the Pacha's sudden friendship; they resolved not to attend the banquet. The emissaries of the Pacha laboured to convince them that their suspicion was unfounded; and they prevailed, at last, on the generous minded Mamelukes (for such they were) to trust to the honour and hospitality of Mohammed Ali. They went to the feast, they were received with every demonstration of friendship; but the Pacha was not to be seen;

the Beys suspected treachery, they looked to the doors by which they entered the citadel, but they were fast closed; immediately a galling fire of musquetry, from the surrounding parapets, opened upon them; there was no escape; they looked their murderers in the face; they called for quarter, but there was no mercy; they shook their swords at their assassins, but they were beyond their reach.

A soldier, who assisted at the massacre, informed me, that the poor wretches in their despair kept running to and fro, from one door to another, vainly seeking a place of safety, until there was not a single Mameluke left standing. The greater number were despatched; but many were only wounded; the ferocious soldiers now descended from the walls and cut and hacked the expiring Beys. I asked the soldier, if it was not a sorry sight? He said, it was lamentable to see such fine clothes as they wore spoiled with blood!

The Pacha all this time was shut up in a turret of the citadel, looking at the slaughter of his guests, and suffering, you will imagine, all the agonies of remorse: Oh, no! in Turkey,

when policy aims the blow, and perfidy plays the host, as much *glory* redounds to the murderer, from the massacre, as accrues to the Christian soldier from the number of foes he has cloven down in the field.

This horrible feat of Turkish policy took place in 1812; the number of the killed is generally supposed to have been from three to five hundred. Turner gives eight hundred. One only of the Beys escaped, by leaping his Arab steed over the parapet at a tremendous distance from the ground; the horse was killed, but the rider got in safety to the desert; and is now living in Constantinople.

You may conceive the sensation this bloody business made in the country, and understand the reason of the *energy* of the Pacha's character standing so high in Europe. At all events, Egypt has remained tranquil since the slaughter: the Mamelukes

> "After life's fitful fever, sleep well!
> Treachery hath done its worst."

Drovetti had the merit of maintaining the Pacha in his Government, by his subtle counsel;

he has now the reputation of contributing to the Pacha's ruin; and, indeed, to the ruin of Egypt. In pointing out the advantages of commerce to the Viceroy, he fell into errors fatal to the country. In directing the attention of the Pacha to the establishment of manufactories of every sort in Egypt, he mistook the genius of the people; overrated their necessities; and estimated falsely the interests of a country which is purely agricultural. Fabrics, resembling palaces, were erected over every part of Egypt: calicoes, mus lins, cloths, and all European goods, were no longer to be imported; their quality even the Arabs were expected to surpass. The cost of the machinery was immense; the expense of keeping it in repair exceeds the value of the manufactures. There is a peculiar constitution of the atmosphere here, which corrodes all implements made of iron, by means of the saline particles suspended in it, and which clogs up the interstices of the machinery with an impalpable sand; whenever a southernly or easterly wind blows, there is no keeping it out: during a *Kamsin* I have found it within my watch; and, from painful experience, felt it penetrate a silk handker-

chief when used for the protection of my eyes. In short, Egypt can never be a manufacturing country, the climate, the soil, and the people are opposed to it.

Drovetti could not have taken a more effectual mode of ruining Mohammed Ali, than by the means he has latterly suggested. He flattered the Pacha with the assurance that he was "the Buonaparte of the East;" and the military mountebanks from France, who came to instruct the troops, assured his Highness that the Arabs would make the finest troops in the world; and that the conquest of the Morea would only require four months. It took eight months to make the voyage from Alexandria to Crete.

Mr. Salt told me that the Pacha assured him the Morea would be conquered in four months, and that Ibrahim was to be its Pacha. This fact only shows how the poor old man was deluded by his Frank parasites.

Armies were accordingly raised and fleets built, which the revenues of Egypt were unable to maintain. The consequence is, that for two years neither fleet nor army has been paid. The officers of the Government have touched no

salary; and the fabrics which contributed in no small degree, to the ruin of the country, are at a stand.

The expense of the war in the Morea has completely drained the coffers of the state; for, instead of being of four months duration, as his Highness calculated, it has now been three years. Nothing but the cotton produce, which brings in now (1825) a revenue of a million and a half, could enable the government of Mohammed Ali to subsist. The production of cotton was only introduced into Egypt a few years ago; the first year of its cultivation, only sixty bags were produced; the second year, fifty thousand; the third year, one hundred and twenty thousand; and, in 1824, one hundred and forty thousand. The whole consumption of England, annually, is estimated at six hundred thousand bags; and that of France, at two hundred thousand.

It had long been the ambition of the Pacha to be nominated Lord High Admiral of the Turkish fleet; he has at last succeeded. The Capitan Pacha has been recalled; and the wily Sultan has now saddled our Viceroy with the

maintenance and equipment of his fleet: the expense is incalculable, but the Pacha must pay for his honours. The ruin which this bad policy, and the bad advice of his counsellors have brought on his finance, he is now endeavouring to remedy, by oppressing, more than ever, his wretched subjects, and levying contribution after contribution on his impoverished *Rayahs*.

Be assured, whatever may be the renown of Mohammed Ali in Europe, whatever may be the character of his civilization in Christendom, a more rapacious ruler never reigned in Egypt. But where his interest wars not with his humanity, he cannot be accused of cruelty.

The Mamelukes were angels, in the estimation of the people, compared to the present Pacha. The depredations of the former were partial in their extent, and easily defeated by the craft of the peasant; the plunder of the latter is reduced to a system, and not to be avoided by the cunning of the victim: he farms out the land, of the whole of which he is the proprietor, at a few piastres the *feddan;* and every thing that is grown he takes at his own price. The starving *fellah* dares not

appropriate a grain of rice to his own use. The price that he gives hardly pays the expense of cultivation, and the payment of that small pittance is given in an order on the treasury; and here a second order is given on a merchant, who never pays more than half the amount in money, and the other moiety in goods. I have bought cloth from the unfortunate peasant, so received, at one half the prime cost.

But, you will say, it is impossible that this ruinous system can endure; the peasant would cease to cultivate the soil. Mark the consequence; if he refuse to retake the land, he is bastinadoed; if he does not cultivate it as the Turkish soldier, who is the overseer, thinks he ought to do, he is bastinadoed again. I have seen the *fellahs* so treated all along the Nile. The people, in a word, are goaded to desperation, their last *paras* is wrung from them, and the state of the Egyptian government is, at this moment, any thing but prosperous. How the Pacha acquired so much fame with the Franks is to be attributed solely to the favour he has shown the Christian merchants. His avarice is stronger than his bigotry; and, in

his relations with European merchants, he treats them less like Caffres than they were accustomed to be considered; and he who knows him best, from his official situation here, has declared to me, that in the event of the Sultan declaring a religious war, our negotiations with him are to be conducted with all the caution which Turkish perfidy demands. His intercourse with Franks has indeed given him the show of civilization; his interest as a merchant has rendered the protection of the Franks a necessary duty; his mildness towards the Greeks, who sought a refuge in Egypt, is creditable to his policy. His monopoly of every thing whose little traffic gave a morsel of bread to his people, even of the dung which is collected in the streets, is a proof of his commercial spirit. His war against the Wahabees was of course "a just and necessary war." His expedition to the Morea was, indeed, less politic than pious, but the conquest of an infidel country was the first precept of his religion; and the glory of such a conquest is only inferior to the merit of the massacre.

Because he is not wantonly cruel, like his fero-

cious son, because he only murders his guests when the policy of the state renders it expedient, because he talks of European customs with our travellers, when his affability is made subservient to his interests, Europeans are fascinated with his breeding; they are no longer mindful of the Beys; and more governments than one, in Christendom, put confidence in his faith. If he were the hero his parasites proclaim him, why did he not seek his independence? If he were the liberal minded Moslem he is reputed, why did he waste his treasures in a war which had nought to recommend it to him but Christian bloodshed? The reason is obvious and simple; it is because he is too much of a Turk *in petto* to cast off the allegiance he owes the successor of Mahomet. He endeavours to steer a middle course between the giaours and the Sultan; and, whenever his interests require him to be treacherous to the former, his moderation and his civilization will vanish into thin air.

The hyæna is not to be trusted, because his timidity makes him apparently tame at noonday; and though the Pacha smiles when he receives

our envoys, it is not to be forgotten he can "murder with a smile;" and, to use an Arab proverb, "the rage of the lion is most deadly when he shows his eyeteeth."

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XVIII.

TO DR. QUIN.

MY DEAR SIR, Alexandria, July 30, 1825.

After two years' residence in the City of the Plague, I endeavoured to overcome the indolence which this enervating climate produces in all Europeans, and curtail my *siesta*, to inform you of my movements in "the land of bondage." It unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately happened, that the period of my arrival here was ushered in with the first four cases of plague. Every Frank was in quarantine, the hotel was infected, and a lodging was nowhere to be found; I was obliged to return to my ship. The captain was a native of the *bocco di Cattaro*, an excellent man; he treated me during the voyage with bordeaux and champagne, and would not receive a farthing for my passage. I was forced to tax

his hospitality for some days after our arrival: an English merchant had then the kindness to break through his quarantine, and received me into his house. The plague daily increased in violence, eighteen a day of the natives perished, and few days passed over without the death of Europeans. For so small a population as that of Alexandria, say sixteen thousand souls, the mortality was considerable: every house was shut up, the servants were not suffered to go out, money was passed through vinegar before it was touched, letters were smoked, papers were handled with tongs, passengers in the streets poked unwary strangers with their sticks, to avoid communication, people thronged round the doctors' shops to know how many died in the night, the plague was discussed at breakfast, contagion was described at dinner, buboes and carbuncles (horresco refferens) were our themes at supper. The laws of infection were handled by young ladies in the drawingroom; "a cat could communicate the plague, but a dog was less dangerous; an ass was a pestiferous animal, but a horse was non-contagious. Fresh bread was highly susceptible, but butchers' meat was non-

productive." If you looked at a man, he felt his groin; if you complained of a headach, there was a general flight; if you went abroad with a sallow cheek, the people fled in all directions; if you touched the skirt of a Christian's coat, you raised his choler; and if you talked of M'Clean, your intellect was suspected to be impaired. Heaven preserve you from a quarantine in Egypt! It is not the death of one's neighbours which is so overcoming, I am now accustomed to coffins; I can hear of a case next door without a sympathetic pain in my axilla; but it is the horror of eternally hearing of plague; it is the terror of contagion, which is depicted in every face; it is the presentation of pestilential apparitions and discourses to the eye and to the ear, morning, noon, and night, which make a house in quarantine a lazar domicile, for the anticipation of death and the anatomy of melancholy.

Already I have lost one servant; I took him with me, two days before his attack, to a Turkish house where a man was said to have apoplexy. I found on examination it was the plague. On my return, I changed my dress; I gave the clothes to my Maltese boy, to hang up on the terrace, and

from them I have every reason to believe he took the disease: the second day after this, I observed him staggering as he walked, his eyes had the expression of a drunken man's, his features were tumid, and yet he complained not; I asked him in the evening if he felt unwell? he said he had a cold; but I perceived he could hardly keep his feet: his pulse was very frequent, but easily compressed and not full, his tongue was of a whitish brown in the centre, with the borders very red.

I saw the poor fellow had the plague; it was impossible to keep him in the house where I was, as my own stay was an extension of courtesy on the part of Mr. C. that I could have hardly expected, subjected as I daily was to the danger of contagion. I took him to the hospital; but before he entered, he begged me to let him call on his brother. I accompanied him to the brother; he shook hands with him, notwithstanding my caution, and left some message to be given to his mother. When we arrived at the hospital I saw him shudder, (and well he might): he said to me, "Don't you recollect, sir, I said in the *Bazaar*, that health is above every thing?" I never was more uncomfortable; I felt as if I was in some

sort accessary to his disease. Headach and nausea distressed him from the time he was put to bed; he shivered frequently, but he said "his heart was burning." At night two livid spots were discovered on the forearm, with purple streaks, extending to the axilla and terminating in a bubo. His skin was parched and burning, his eye glaring on one object; and when his attention was called off, he talked incoherently, and complained of his tongue becoming swelled. His pulse at sunset was one hundred and eighteen, small and obstructed, his features swollen and of a sallow crimson hue; but next morning his colour was of a darker purple, such as denoted congestion somewhere, strangling the circulation. His regard was constantly fixed on the ceiling, and the low thick muttering of his lips had been incessant during the night. At four o'clock he bounced out of bed, escaped unnoticed, passed the outer door of the hospital, and ran, naked as he was, several yards in the direction of his home; but here he was overtaken by the people of the pesthouse; he had just sunk down quite exhausted. The strength of death, which had carried him thus far, was now gone; and, with the

help of two Arabs, he was borne back to his dungeon, (for it deserved no better name), trailing his feet, and his head sunk on his bosom. I saw him two hours after this: the bubo was the size of a small orange, the two livid spots had become large carbuncles, his eyes were glazed, yet unnaturally brilliant, and his fingers were playing with the bed clothes; at dusk the rattling in the throat was accompanied with spasms of the muscles of the neck; these went off, and after a couple of hours, without any apparent suffering, he died.

The apprehension of infection leaves little time for one to lament his friend's being carried off by this appalling malady; but still this poor fellow's fate affected me more than I can tell you. The necessity of sending him to the plague hospital was painful to me; for he who enters it leaves hope behind him.

The pesthouse consists of several small rooms, with a grated window opposite the door facing the east, as if intended for receiving the poisonous wind of the desert. There is neither chair nor table in this dungeon; the sole furniture is a cane bed, called a *cafass*, with a mattress, and a sheet, which serves for a shroud a little later. The

door is generally locked on the unhappy patient, an Arab attendant sits smoking his pipe outside, and very rarely enters to moisten the burning lips of the sufferer, or to lessen the terror of his solitary confinement; once a day the Italian doctor enters the room; orders a decoction of marshmallows, or elder flower water, and then departs.

Of all human horrors, earth has nothing to compare with the dismay depicted on the features of the sick, in these dreadful receptacles of pestilence!

I saw the body of my poor servant dragged out by the feet, to make room for a new inmate, who probably in forty or fifty hours more was doomed to make a similar exit. About the chest and back of the deceased, I observed large patches, of a livid leaden hue; there was no offensive odour from the corpse: the carbuncles were small on the surface, having fallen on some internal organs, and the bubo had almost disappeared.

In this case I endeavoured to prevail on the doctor to employ remedies I had found highly advantageous in plague, namely, brandy, wine, and

bark: but he refused, alleging that Dr. Marpurgo, the celebrated Jew physician here, had made various experiments with *stronger stimulants*, namely, *prussic acid* and *nux vomica*, and had done no good; on the contrary, all the patients had died. I did not wonder at it!

Three days after my servant Paulo's death, his brother, whom he visited on his way to the hospital, was seized with the disorder: he had the same symptoms, and died on the fourth day*. His wife, who attended on him constantly, did not take the disease; but a person in the house, who casually entered the apartment, was seized

* The wife was indefatigable in her attentions to her husband; and, at his death, her affliction was excessive.—I saw her tearing out her hair by handfuls: she was a Maltese. In one month after his death, in her mourning garments, I saw her the bride of a young tailor boy, of seventeen years of age.

It is a very curious fact, and one noticed by all plague authors, that during a pestilence, the people become so demoralized as to give way to the most libidinous passions and disorderly behaviour, both men and women. Another patient of mine, a Spanish woman, in Alexandria, who fell ill of rheumatic fever, induced (her friends said) by immoderate grief for the death of her husband, on her recovery, six weeks exactly from the time of her husband's death, married the foreman of her deceased lord.

next day, and died the third day. I am endeavouring to illustrate this scourge of the Levant, by facts, for I disclaim all theories; in a science, like that of medicine, where there are no general rules, there can be no unerring and universal principles; and, above all, in an anomalous disease, like that of plague, he who soars into the clouds to analyze the floating particles of miasma; to search after the causes of the *fomes*, and not to study its effects; to prove that the disease be infectious only, or contagious only; taken only by the breath, or only by the touch; to waste research and learning on mere terms; cavilling about distinctions between endemics and epidemics; but never turning attention to the treatment of the disease; that man, I say, may acquire notoriety, by the novelty or ingenuity of his theories, but he is not likely to lessen the mortality of the disorder.

I have given you no account of plague while I was in Constantinople or Candia, though it was abundant in both places during my stay; and though I had the treatment of forty-six cases. The reason is, I was constantly perplexed in my opinions;—one day having good

grounds for supposing plague to be contagious; another day, that it was infectious; and another day, that it was neither. There was only one thing constant and unequivocal, and that was the ultimate event: almost every patient I treated, or saw treated in Constantinople, was bled, purged, and vomited, to keep down the *inflammatory fever;* and every patient died exhausted. The exceptions were very few. I went to Constantinople with a firm belief in the doctrines of Dr. M'Lean; they were plausible; and the very violence with which they were urged had something to recommend them to a young man. The first case I attended was with *Dr. Perussel*, an old Frenchman, who considered himself contagion proof, and with good reason; for he had been for many years handling plague sores with impunity; he was always in high spirits, and was very seldom sober. It was a very curious fact, that all the attendants in plague hospitals, who have become aged in the midst of pestilence, are all drunkards. This first case of mine was in the slave bazaar of Constantinople, a place which few Franks have been allowed to enter; our patient was lying on a bench in a public

coffeehouse, surrounded by people smoking and drinking coffee; he had a bubo in the arm, which had burst, and into this the doctor thrust his finger and desired me to do the same; but notwithstanding I was a non-contagionist, I thought it wiser to believe in the doctor's description of the tumour, than to paddle in its interior: I contented myself with feeling the exterior. We bled this poor man and purged him to *abate his fever:* next morning we found him dead. We attended, a few days after this, a woman who had been twenty-three days ill of plague; she took purgative medicine, and died on the twenty-eighth day; her slave died under the same treatment a week after. In short, in all our cases we did, as all other practitioners did: we continued to bleed, and the patients continued to die.

My landlady became exceedingly uneasy on my account, for the safety of her house; she told me, that as she understood I went into the bazaars and visited plague patients, I must either quit her house, or submit to be smoked in a small room, which is common in Turkey, for that purpose, every day on coming home, and change my

apparel; to this I consented, and I daily underwent a purification which almost smothered me.

A short time before I left Constantinople, Mrs. W., a beautiful young woman, caught the disease. I was dining with her sister when the news was brought, and you may easily conceive the consternation of the family. This poor lady, *as usual*, was largely bled; it is unnecessary to say, she died soon after. Her father never left her bedside, holding her in his arms, soothing her inquietude, and respiring her last breath, and yet he took not the disease; but, several weeks after her death, when two servants were sent to open the apartment, which had been closed, and to remove the bedding, one of them, immediately on entering, complained of the closeness of the chamber; next day she had plague, and died in some few days; this happened after my departure; Dr. Belfour gave me the account.

This is one of many proofs I have had of the influence of the mind over this disease. In no other complaint is this influence so marked. The man who is apprehensive of contagion is always the first to take the disease; fear is the pre-

disposing cause of plague; bad living and bodily debility are the proximate causes of the susceptibility of pestilence. I have always observed those who were most deeply interested in the patient's fate; his father, mother, or wife, and who were constantly by his bedside, were seldom attacked, while the servants and strangers, who entered the room now and then, were generally infected. I have known many Turkish houses, however, in Constantinople, which have been shut up after the death of every individual within the walls.

It was only in Candia I had reason to alter my opinion about Dr. M'Clean's doctrines. I was there thoroughly persuaded that plague is both *contagious and infectious, at one period epidemical, at another endemical.* In plain English, that the miasma may be communicated by the touch, or by the breath; that at one period it is confined to a particular district, and at another is disseminated amongst the people. But if plague have one form more decided than another, it is the endemic. I survived the folly of inhaling the infected atmosphere of plague chambers, sitting

on the bedside of pestilential people, as I was in the habit of doing at Constantinople, and feeling their ill conditioned sores. In Candia, I say "the fell serjeant" was too often at my elbow to let me sleep in the sweet security of non-contagion. The effluvia of pestilence has been too near my nostrils to continue to court approximation, for the sake of supporting a system.

In Candia I passed many nights in a chamber, where a mat was the only separation between my bed and that of a man dying of the plague. I was not aware of his disease, nor, indeed, was any one of my companions, till I was requested to examine him a few hours before his death. Yet no one was infected, and I could only account for the extraordinary exemption by presuming, that the great quantities of ardent spirits which these gentlemen (who were the officers of Ibrahim Pacha) were in the habit of taking, morning, noon, and night, had put them in that state of body which is the least susceptible of plague miasma. I am speaking from my experience, and suffer myself not to hazard a conjecture in the present letter.

The disease which plague most resembles is the gaol fever of this country*, bad typhus fever, and in contradistinction to *typhus gravior*, or putrid fever. I have given plague the name of *typhus gravissimus*. The symptoms from the first are general debility, congestion about the heart, not depending on inflammation, but on the putrescent state of the circulation. It differs little from putrid typhus, except in its duration and eruptions. In every stage of plague, nature appears to lie prostrate under the influence of the poisonous miasma; and when the patient sinks at last, it is from the want of force in the constitution to drive out the eruptions on the surface. The bubo recedes, or the carbuncle diminishes, or neither appear at all externally; but they have seized on the internal vital organs, and the immediate cause of death has been shown by dissection to have been carbuncles on the liver, lungs, spleen, or mesenteric glands; in short, it appears that the whole glandular system is the seat of the

* I am happy to say I have Dr. Babbington's opinion to the same effect. In a conversation I had with that eminent physician, he coincided perfectly in my ideas respecting the nature of plague.

disease. I have seen all the different species of plague enumerated by Russel and the French authors, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing all these different species of plague to be the symptoms of *one class* only; and I assert there is but one indication to fulfil, namely, to assist nature to expel the poison by strengthening the exhausted powers of the constitution, and enabling it to throw out the morbific matter. By what means is this to be done,—whether by emetics, by purgatives, by bleeding*, by calomel, by mercurial unction, or by oil friction? There is none of these means I have not tried, and out of the first eleven patients so treated I lost nine. I had recourse to another mode of cure: I certainly did not see it employed by any other person; and although the propriety of adopting it has been glanced at by Assaline, it never was carried into

* Dr. Russel, of Aleppo, was one of those who went on bleeding from the beginning to the end of his practice; and from his own tables I have taken one hundred of his cases; of this number he bled seventy, and of these forty-five died; of the thirty who had not been bled, only ten died: and yet, with this result before his eyes, the lancet continued to be used by him in every case in which he could get the patient to submit to it.

effect, or at least pushed to the extent at which I found it an invaluable plan of treatment. I do believe what I now inform you of will one day or other acquire me some little credit, and that I shall be considered, in some sort, instrumental to the conquest of a disease which hitherto has been deemed almost invincible.

Strong stimulants diffusible and permanent, I now tried; I commenced with wine and brandy the first moment I saw the patient; whether the eye was suffused, the cheek flushed, and the skin arid, or the low delirium set in or not, I administered it in the following manner. The first dose was a tumbler of hot brandy and water, about one third spirit, this sometimes was vomited, and again repeated; the second time it usually remained on the stomach, and in the course of two hours it generally produced perspiration, even after James's powder had failed: two or three hours after the first dose, another was exhibited, and the patient would feel less of the burning pain at the heart; if vomiting supervened, it was again repeated; and during the day, it was now given every four or six hours, according to circumstances. The buboes commonly increased in size, and profuse sweating was

often followed by *petechiæ*, or livid spots on the chest; when I saw this, I was always sure of my patient. The second day I increased the strength of the dose; instead of one third spirit, I gave one half, every eight hours, no intoxication came on, but a lethargic drowsiness was common enough, continuing till the perspiration broke out, or carbuncles appeared externally. If on the third day the patient was decidedly better, I kept up the excitement with strong cyprus wine, in frequent but small doses of two table spoonsful every two hours; but if the bad symptoms were unabated, I continued to give the hot brandy and water, in increased quantities, till some decided change took place: this active treatment it was seldom necessary to pursue beyond the sixth day. Indeed, in plague, if the patient live to the sixth day, he is very likely to recover; but the third day is that which is most to be feared. The only other treatment was once or twice opening the bowels with enemas, for purgatives by the mouth do no service; and spunging the body frequently with vinegar and water; the head was constantly kept soaked with towels dipped in vinegar, and the buboes were poulticed with very

hot cataplasms, sufficiently hot to give pain, and they were allowed to burst spontaneously.

With this treatment, at the rate of seventy-five per cent. recovered. In Candia, of nine patients five recovered, and some of these were almost hopeless cases when I began to treat them. Every thing in plague of course depends on early treatment; for in a disease which commonly runs its course in three days, there is no time to be lost. On my arrival in Alexandria, I proposed to Mr. Salt and to Mr. Thurburn, to attend plague patients exclusively for one season. I required a small hospital entirely at my disposal, and undertook to save from seventy to seventy-five per cent. of the sick. Our consul promised to apply to the government on the subject; but going into quarantine himself shortly after, the business dropped: the fact was, Mr. Salt was very partial to me, and considered I was engaging in a fatal measure.

Mr. Thurburn, of the house of Briggs and Co., a gentleman of great amiability, and devoted to scientific research, took up my proposal, and was disposed to assist in carrying it into effect; but after the quarantine became general, all business

was at a stand, and I heard no more of the new hospital.

I contented myself now with daily visiting the plague hospital; and I overcame the fears of my host, Mr. Casey, so much as to take him with me, and go into every room in the pesthouse. Did I do so, still doubting plague to be contagious? far from it: I had irrefragable evidence around me of its being contagious; but I had also good proofs of its being less so than small-pox, or even measles. Plague, under ordinary circumstances, is with difficulty communicated; I say so advisedly: but, like all other diseases, it may be rendered highly contagious, by crowding a number of patients into a small chamber, ill ventilated, filthy, and offensive. I believe that there are very few disorders which may not become contagious under such circumstances. In Rome, I have seen pulmonary consumption rendered infectious by the closeness of the sick chamber (for the air is always carefully excluded in this disease), and the *damp heat* of the climate. The Romans all know this disease to be highly infectious; yet the assertion will appear mon-

strous in England. I have known repeated instances of persons going into a plague chamber, where the doors and windows have been kept closed, and the foulness of the atmosphere has been perceptible to the sense, exclaiming that their head was bursting with sudden pain, and they have gone home, and went abroad no more.

I do not say that contagion is generated *only* in the close, ill ventilated chamber; but I say it is there augmented, in violence and virulence. Perhaps it may be inferred, that plague is therefore only communicated by the breath, and not by contact. I have reason to know it is communicated by both, in the instance of my own servant; he gave the disease to his brother by shaking hands, and the brother communicated it, through the atmosphere, to a lodger who casually entered the apartment for a moment, yet touched no person in it.

In a close chamber, the woollen clothes (above all) become saturated with the contaminated air; and if persons who waited on the sick, entered without any other clothing than an oil-skin garment, sprinkled well with vinegar, the danger of infection would be diminished one half.

In a word, plague under all circumstances is contagious, but under some, far more so than under others. In a well ventilated chamber, where the bedclothes are shifted daily, where the floor is washed daily, *and a fire kept constantly in the apartment* (*this I consider the most important agent of all in carrying off the foul air*) there is hardly any peril in approaching the bedside of the sick, avoiding his breath, and suffering no part of one's dress to touch the bedclothes; but four feet from the bed of the plague patient, in an airy room, there is no danger whatever. The miasma, I have ascertained, by much observation, (so far as an invisible agent is amenable to observation or experience) does not extend beyond a very few feet from its source; I would say, not four feet from the bedside, and then it becomes so diluted by the surrounding atmosphere as to prove innoxious.

I never, therefore, entered the plague hospital without having the doors and windows thrown open ten minutes before I entered; I generally took two glasses of Cyprus wine previously, and smoked a cigar or pipe all the time I remained in the apartment of the sick. There is one thing I would much insist on, and that is the folly of the

physician unnecessarily exposing himself to the contagion by stooping over the sick, inhaling the poison of the patient's hot breath, and feeling the tumours and the pulse, for no other purpose than to excite the astonishment of the spectators. Nothing is to be gained from the pulse, no advantage is to be derived from opening the buboes, and no treatment is necessary for the carbuncles, except where gangrene is threatened, and then cutting freely across the carbuncle, and down to the very bottom of it, is necessary to arrest mortification; but, in general, the physician can do as much justice to his patient at the distance of four yards from the bedside as he can do by sitting by him and fingering the plague sores. It is the many deaths of incautious medical men which give a character of terror to this disease, so that now plague practice is solely in the hands of a set of unprincipled, uneducated charlatans all over the Levant. Not long ago, a Dr. Giordano here, of some eminence, was seized with plague, after sitting on the bed of a patient who was dying of the disease. He passed the seventh day, the period when the danger is generally considered over, but he was deserted by his medical friends,

one of whom had got the plague in his own family, and was so frightened as to abandon his patients. Poor Giordano had no attendance but that of a faithful slave, who never left him till she contracted the disease herself. At his death, when the neighbours visited his apartment, it was found that this poor fellow had actually died of neglect; that he had no one to quench his burning thirst in the agonies of death, no one to soothe or comfort him. The bedclothes had been unchanged for many days, and the corpse was already covered with vermin. The slave died about ten days after her master. Do you imagine that a medical man can visit a case of plague in Alexandria, without having the offensive corpse of poor Giordano before his eyes; without reflecting on the probability, while he is risking his life for the benefit of his fellow creatures, that he too may be the victim of his humanity, or of his avarice (if, indeed, it be from a paltry motive he hazards life), without anticipating the horror of a desolate death-bed, without a friend or an attendant, abandoned by all, and unable, perhaps, to reach the cup which the parched lip and burning throat solicit. If you imagine a thinking

being can run the gauntlet of pestilence, without fear or foresight, he must be either my superior in courage, or my inferior in knowledge of the plague. I shall now give you a list of the cases of plague I saw treated in the pesthouse here, in 1825; begging you will remember, the hospital is only for Europeans, and those principally of the lower orders. Like all other plague hospitals, it is ill regulated, ill placed, and wretchedly attended. The treatment is below mediocrity; *sambuca*, or elder flower water is the principal internal remedy; bleeding and leeching are common, emetics and purgatives, if employed at all, are very properly used only in the beginning. I must mention the recovery of one patient here after bleeding, which is the only one I have seen do well after large depletion. Dr. Grassi was in the habit of opening the buboes in the hospital, and very unnecessarily, in my opinion, handling the sick, he communicated the contagion to his wife, who lived in the clean hospital*, adjoining the pesthouse, and he

* To all the servants of the clean hospital was the disease communicated, from the pesthouse which adjoins it; in the course of the season the cook, the *capo di infermieri*, and a nurse died. What would Dr. M'Lean say to this?

bled her very largely, but, at the same time, he gave her stimulants and antispasmodics, such as bark, ether, and snake root. I visited her daily, it was a peculiar case, because the bubo was situated where I never before observed it, namely, over the pubis, and of an enormous size. The case was, moreover, peculiar for its successful treatment by bleeding; for, although I heard of some few recovering after venesection, this was the first I saw. Madame Grassi, however, though she got over the disease, never recovered her strength, and, a few weeks after her partial convalescence, she caught the "village fever" of Alexandria (tertian ague), and died.

The following table I think you will find important and interesting. It exhibits the number of Frank plague cases in the hospital, in the season of 1825, the first symptoms of the disease at their entrance, the subsequent symptoms, the treatment, which you will find totally inefficient, and the event, which you will generally observe to be fatal on the third or fourth day of the attack. You will also observe how the mortality decreased towards the termination of the season.

PLAGUE CASES IN THE HOSPITAL OF ALEXANDRIA,

During the Season of 1825, from March to July.

Patients.	First Symptoms.	Subsequent Symptoms.	Treatment.	Event.
Swede Sailor	Headach, shivering . .	Carbuncles, arm . . .	Left to nature. .	Death, 4th day.
Ditto of same ship . .	Headach, vomiting . .	Carbuncles, leg	Do. elder flower water. . .	Death, 3d day.
Ditto ditto	Bubo, no headach . .	Carbuncles, leg	Do. elder flower water. . .	Death, 4th day.
Ditto ditto.	Vomiting, carbuncle .	Carbuncles, back . . .	Bled, eld. flow. water	Death, 2d day.
Ditto ditto	Headach, delirium . .	Neither bubo nor carbuncle	Purged, bled . .	Death, 3d day.
Ditto ditto	Headach, nausea . . .	Two buboes	Elder flow. water	Cured.
Ditto ditto	Bubo, no headach . .	Profuse sweating . . .	Elder flow. water	Cured.

TABLE CONTINUED.

Patients.	First Symptoms.	Subsequent Symptoms.	Treatment.	Event.
Swede Sailor, same ship	Vomiting, headach . .	Bubo, groin and arm .	Bled with leeches	Death, 3d day.
Genoese Captain	Vomiting, bubo	Carbuncles, body . . .	Purged, ptisan .	Death, 4th day.
Sailor of ditto	Bubo, no headach . .	Slight nausea	Ptisan	Death, 2d day.
Sardinian Sailor	Vomiting, pains in the bones	Bubo, groin	Ptisan	Death, 5th day.
Spanish Captain	Four days' headach . .	Bubo and carbuncles .	Ptisan	Death, 3d day.
Sailor of ditto	Six days ill, bubo . . .	Carbuncles	Ptisan	Cured.
Austrian Sailor	Headach, nausea . . .	Frequent shiverings, on eruptions . . .	Bled with leeches	Death, 2d day.
Italian ditto	Headach, vomiting . .	Carbuncles	Purged	Death, 3d day.
Ditto ditto	Vomiting, bubo	Violent delirium . . .	Ptisan, bled . .	Death, 4th day.
Ditto ditto	Shivering, thirst . . .	Continual thirst, no eruptions	Ptisan	Death, 2d day.
Austrian Carpenter. . .	Carbuncles	Not confined to bed . .	Ptisan.	Death, 2nd day.

TABLE CONTINUED.

Patients.	First Symptoms.	Subsequent Symptoms.	Treatment.	Event.
Italian Hospital Servant	Bubo, headach	Violent delirium	Ptisan	Death, 3rd day.
Ditto Capo di Infermieri of the Hospital	Two buboes, nausea . .	Carbuncles and buboes	Purged	Death, 5th day.
Dr. Grassi's Wife	Headach, slight	Large bubo, no violent delirium	Bled, 12 oz., bark & snake-root	Cured.
Spaniard	Bubo, vomiting	Violent delirium	Ptisan	Death, 2nd day.
My Servant.	Headach, nausea . . .	Bubo, delirium	Purged, ptisan, and bark . .	Death, 3rd day.
Italian Shoe Maker . . .	Nausea, headach . . .	Bubo, delirium	Ptisan	Death, 4th day.
Maltese Servant	Very slight fever . . .	Carbuncles, three . . .	Ptisan	Cured.
Maltese Pedler	Very slight fever . . .	Bubo and carbuncle . .	Ptisan, purged . .	Cured.

TABLE CONTINUED.

Patients.	First Symptoms.	Subsequent Symptoms.	Treatment.	Event.
English Sailor	Intense headach	Delirium, bubo	Ptisan.	Death, 2nd day.
Austrian Sailor	Bubo, shivering	Nausea, delirium . . .	Ptisan.	Death, 3rd day.
Maltese Servant	Bubo, vomiting, and headach	Large bubo, arm . . .	Ptisan.	Death, 4th day.
Maltese Tailor	Headach, nausea . . .	Bubo	Ptisan.	Cured.
French Sailor.	Bubo, slight fever . . .	Slight nausea	Ptisan.	Cured.
Ditto ditto	Nausea, shivering . . .	Bubo, groin	Ptisan.	Death, 8th day.
Austrian ditto	Bubo, no headach . . .	Slight fever	Ptisan.	Cured.
Genoese Carpenter . . .	Bubo, no headach	Slight fever	Purged twice . .	Cured.
Thirty-four Cases.	Carbuncles frequent in the beginning, at the end rare.	Delirium, headach, and small buboes, bad symptoms.	Treatment totally inefficient.	24 deaths. 10 cured.

There is one thing to be taken into account; the plague season of 1825 was particularly mild, and there were fewer *kamsine*, or hot winds of the desert, than for the two preceding years. Whenever there was a *kamsin* wind, I invariably observed that there were more cases of plague on those days, and a greater mortality than ordinary*. In the time of the French, there was no plague in Egypt for nine successive years; during this period, whatever Sir Robert Wilson and others say to the contrary, of there being no communication with Turkey, for four years previous; directly or indirectly, there always was communication with Turkey. It was owing to the rigorous measures of cleanliness that had been taken by the French, that Egypt was preserved so long from plague, long even after their departure, and when Turkish ships were arriving every day.

In this season, 1825, when there was plague in Alexandria and Cairo, the intermediate town of

* There has been a scanty Nile the two preceding years, and the inundation has been very partial. When the inundation is general, plague is commonly rife the year following.

Fouah was exempt from the disease, and had been so for eight previous years, notwithstanding daily, nay, hourly communication between it and the two infected cities. How to explain this I know not; I have, throughout this letter, cautiously abstained from all conjectures, from all discussion on the origin and nature of contagion. This letter, however trifling it may appear, is the pith and marrow of a voluminous work on plague, which has occupied the last three years of my life, carried me into most countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, where plague is known to make its ravages, and which has inflicted on me the perusal of plague authors in every language, such as Russel, Howard, Falkener, Tully, M'Lean, Derdier, Prosper Alpinus Fra Luigi, Muratori, Hodges, Assalini, Granville, and many others. There are no material *facts*, which have fallen under my experience, that I have not condensed herein; and it was doing no small violence to my research, to separate my observations from the labour and learning of theories and systems, embracing the inexplicable laws of contagion.

I shall conclude, with one or two observations

on the regular recurrence of the disease in Egypt, and the stated period of its termination or decline.

Whether it be by casual coincidence or not, that the commencement and termination of plague correspond with the rise and fall of the Nile, I am not prepared to determine, but such is the fact. The plague commonly commences in March, and declines at the summer solstice; it ceases when the inundation is established, and begins when the lands have been drained.

If I were to suffer myself to hazard a conjecture, it would be that the miasma, which produces plague, is not generated in those parts which are inundated by the Nile; that neither the inundation nor the draining off of the waters has any thing to do with the generation of the miasma; but that the peculiar condition of the atmosphere, which is produced by the changes of the Nile on the surface of the country, has a material influence on the developement and dissipation of the miasma: in short, that the atmosphere is only the *medium* of the poisonous miasma which has its *origin* elsewhere.

Both plague and malaria have their origin in

putrefaction, exhaling an invisible vapour, which can only be estimated by its consequences. Malaria originates in the decomposition of vegetable matter. *Plague miasma, according to my opinion, originates in the putrefaction of animal matter.* The production of both, of course, depends on certain states of moisture and heat, which in other places of even a damper climate and a higher temperature, are wanting to the generation of these diseases.

It is an extraordinary fact, and one not much known, that the Jewish quarter in Rome is the last assailed by malaria, and the Jewish quarter in every town of the Levant is the first affected by plague. I account for it in the following manner: The dwellinghouses of the Jews abroad are notoriously filthy; every description of animal putrefaction is going on around them; their quarter is generally the worst in the city, the closest, and most disagreeable, from their habit of depositing every species of immundicity in their narrow streets.

The miasma from animal decomposition must be more virulent than that from vegetable decom-

position; and probably the one counteracts the other; so that in Rome, although there is not that degree and condition of temperature which is necessary to produce plague, there is always typhus in abundance, and more of it in the Jewish quarter than elsewhere. To this cause the exemption from malaria may, perhaps, be attributed. But in all Turkish towns, the filth is generally beyond conception; and it is, in my opinion, on account of its preeminent accumulation in Egypt and Turkey, aided by a certain disposition of the atmosphere, that plague is confined to these countries, when similar latitudes are found free from it*; for neither in India or Abyssinia, nor yet in the deserts adjoining Egypt, is plague to be found.

Travellers are greatly deceived when they imagine the Turks to be a cleanly people: they see them dabbling their toes and elbows in water three or four times a day, when they are performing their ablutions, and they overlook the state of

* Mr. Coffin, who has just returned to England, after a residence of eighteen years in Abyssinia, assures me that plague is unknown there.

the wretched alleys in which they live;—the abominable court yards of the houses, above all, of the lower classes, and the infrequency of their change of linen.

In all Turkish towns, as well as those of Egypt, the narrow streets are never cleansed; there are no sewers, and the butchers kill their meat in the public streets: if the blood flow beyond the threshold of their door, they sweep it to their neighbours'. Dead dogs, cats, and rats are constantly putrefying in the middle of the streets; and in the narrow lanes of Alexandria, I have seen the carrion of camels and asses lying in the thoroughfare, and contaminating the air of all the neighbourhood.

If these causes, in the purlieus of St. Giles's and Covent Garden would be esteemed sufficient to generate the poison of typhus fever, and this disease is always to be found in summer in these places, how much more should the miasma, arising from animal putrefaction, be thought likely to produce the worst stage of typhus—the plague, in the burning streets of Cairo and Alexandria?

Lastly, I have no doubt that plague originates in the miasma of animal decomposition; that the atmosphere is the medium of the miasma; that the plague probably first arose in Egypt; that it is slightly contagious under ordinary circumstances; but that from want of ventilation and cleanliness, it becomes highly infectious; that there is only one species of plague, but with a great diversity of symptoms; but that it never can exist for any length of time in a country where cleanliness prevails, and a good police exists; that an overrigorous quarantine, causing people to be confined to their houses, is the most likely way to continue the pestilence; but that wholesome sanitary laws, above all directed to the cleansing of sewers, &c. are highly beneficial, and ought never to be dispensed with; that the disease being attended with debility from the first moment, caused by a putrescent state of the blood, and proving fatal by the eruptions falling internally on vital organs, a stimulant mode of treatment must be adopted, and all depletion sedulously avoided.

This, my dear sir, is all I have to say to you

on this subject*; and though I have suppressed a great deal of matter, for which, no doubt, you will feel grateful; still, I think I have said enough to show you, that I have divested the investigation of this disease of an immensity of

* Since my return to England, the manuscript papers of Dr. Price, who, in 1802, volunteered to attend the plague hospital of Alexandria, have been put into my hands by that gentleman's widow. They contain the notes of about five and twenty cases treated by the doctor; and the accuracy and intelligence they evince show how qualified this gentleman must have been for the perilous duty he undertook. It appears from his notes, that he seldom or never extracted blood; that he relied chiefly on bark, antimonials, calomel, and opium; and that his practice was far more successful than that of most others. He seems to have considered plague as of an intermittent type, "where the fevers," he says, "intermit in plague, they commonly assume the quotidian form; and the patients generally die in the hot stage of the third paroxysm; reckoning as the first paroxysm, the fever observed on the admission of the patient." And after detailing the particulars of several dissections, in which he invariably found the internal glands, particularly those of the mesentery, diseased, he says, "from these examinations, there is reason to presume that the contagion does not only attack the glands of the groin and axilla, but also every gland of the body; and that, whatever type the fever may assume, the affection of the glandular system constitutes the specific disease."

trifling discussions and distinctions; and, perhaps, have thrown some little light on the nature and treatment of the symptoms.

I fear, however, you will set me down for "a pestilential fellow;" but believe me, at all events,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XIX.

TO CHARLES COTTERELL, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Cairo, May, 1826.

HITHERTO my sojourn in "the land of bondage" has been delightful slavery; the uninterrupted enjoyment of the society and friendship of Mr. Salt has rendered the monotony of Alexandria supportable, and the knavery of the Franks less revoltingly familiar.

I have been at Frank parties where the society was select, and on one occasion, an old Levanter gave me an outline of the company: he pointed out nine fraudulent bankrupts, thirteen republican outlaws, five avowed atheists, four physicians who had never studied physic, one who had escaped from the galleys in Genoa, and had made the largest fortune of all, another who had poisoned

his *confrère*, and another who had done as much for his wife. Two of these have since died,—one of the plague, abandoned by every human creature; the other of malignant fever, surrounded by people whose intentions he dreaded: his death was the most horrid I ever witnessed; I saw him shudder when the drink was handed to him, deeming it was poisoned.

The unfortunate man had been the most celebrated doctor in Egypt; his habits were congenial to those of the Franks, who loved him because they feared him.

In the party I mentioned there were likewise three pensioned spies of the government, half a dozen French officers, who had just abandoned the service of the Greeks, and were now going against them, in the pay of the Turks; and several professed gamblers, one of whom, a Greek merchant of good repute, I saw thrust out of the *Casino*, for stealing money off a card table. Such are the *gentlemen* who compose the society of Alexandria, of which, thank Heaven, my intercourse with Mr. Salt rendered me independent, so long as I had the good fortune to be under his

roof. His state of health, just now, has made it necessary for me to accompany him up the Nile, and when I can leave him in safety, I purpose proceeding into Nubia. We embarked at Alexandria in a large *Kangea*, a crazy sort of boat with a tremendous mast and lateen sail of a most disproportionate size. The slightest gust of wind is sufficient to overturn these boats, and not a week passes without some accident.

One of the objects of Mr. Salt's present trip was to superintend the rising of a splendid *Kangea* of his, which had gone down last season, and precipitated two English travellers into the Nile; luckily they were expert swimmers, and only suffered the loss of their baggage, books, and papers. The canal from Alexandria to the Nile is about forty-seven miles long, constructed by Mohammed Ali, some years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Briggs: fortunate would it be for the Viceroy, had he only such counsellors as Mr. Briggs around him; the country which is now a desert would then be cultivated, and instead of appearing an indifferent hero, he would have the reputation of being a good governor. The utility of this canal to the

commerce of Egypt was more than commensurate with its vast expense. Three hundred thousand men, at different periods, were employed during its construction, and of these, twenty thousand perished of hard usage.

In Egypt, when any public work is to be done, soldiers are sent to surround the villages; the unfortunate peasants are taken prisoners and linked to one another, and marched, sometimes hundreds of miles from their homes and families, to the place of employment, where, to use a vulgar expression, they get more kicks than halfpence. Here the poor naked *fellahs* are to be seen digging the soil with their fingers, to excavate a temporary canal, or raising water in baskets to irrigate the soil: how the work is accomplished, Heaven only knows; but the taskmasters are seen armed with their whips, parading amongst the labourers, lashing right and left the lazy and the weak; and when the work is finished, they get checks on the Sheik or *Kaimacan*, for payment of a piastre a day, threepence halfpenny of our money. As there is always delay in the payment, the unfortunate peasants

are obliged to sell their *tiscarees* or checks, for a third or fourth less than their value. A poor fellow once offered me a bundle of these checks, for which the Sheik would only give him half their amount: I took them at their full value, two dollars, and made a complaint of the Sheik of the village, through Mr. S. to the Pacha. I had reason to know afterwards from Mr. Surur, our Consul in Damietta, that the Pacha made inquiries into this practice, throughout the Delta.

The higher we advanced up the canal, the more we were annoyed with flies, fleas, ants, cockroaches, and mosquitos; the Consul had the good fortune to have a mosquito curtain, which defended him at night from these bitter enemies of repose; but I was unprovided; and, consequently was doomed to diet the murderers of sleep till our arrival at Cairo: our boat, so far as respected vermin, was literally a Noah's ark; and, to complete my sufferings, the planks on which I slept, were perforated in all directions by rats and mice. I no longer doubted that a modern traveller might encounter the ten plagues of Egypt. In the space of two years and a half

I witnessed the visitation of them all in some degree.

The changing of the river into *blood*, at least in colour, I saw partially accomplished: for the first four or five days of the Nile's increase, the waters are of a muddy red, owing to their being impregnated with a reddish bole in the upper country; as this is washed away, the river becomes of a greenish yellow for four or five days. When I first observed this, I perceived that the animalculæ in the water were more numerous than at any other period*; even the Arabs would not drink the water without straining it through a rag: "And the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river."

As for the *frogs*, whoever has travelled along

* I endeavoured to destroy these animalculæ in the Nile water, with a variety of poisons, but without effect: in four wine glasses, filled with water, I put four separate drugs; in one I put three drams of muriatic acid; in another, three drams of sulphuric acid; in another, a dram of corrosive sublimate; and in the last, as much arsenic. In one hour after I did this, I found the animalculæ as brisk as ever, in three glasses: in the one which contained the corrosive sublimate, the larger animalculæ had disappeared.

the Nile, must be acquainted with the plague of their loud croaking all night long; the banks are studded with them; and, in summer, their noise is almost incredible.

The plague of *lice* prevails in every quarter. Egypt swarms; and Europeans, I find, become so familiar with them, by land and water, that the horror of them at last dwindles into a prejudice, which habit overcomes.

Flies, I consider the worst plague of all!—From sunrise to sunset, they cease not to torment man and beast. If a cup of coffee be left uncovered for an instant, it becomes thickened with them: they fall into the soup by dozens; and it is difficult to take a spoonful, without swallowing one or two.

If I had no other proof of Nero's cruelty than his massacre of flies, I would not question his humanity. At Mr. C.'s table, we have killed many hundreds, in a few seconds, by applying a glass tumbler over a few raisins, with a rotatory motion. In some houses they destroy them by thousands on the ceiling at night, by means of gunpowder.

"A very grievous *murrain*" occurred eighteen months ago; and the consequence of it now is, that beef and mutton are so dear, that the government has issued an order for compelling the peasants to bring to market an increased quantity of fowls; for chickens here are produced in vast numbers, by merely putting the eggs into an oven.

"The plague of *boils* and *blains**," I have seen with a vengeance; buboes and carbuncles have been familiar to my sight; and many people have I seen "smote with pestilence!"

"The plague of *hail*" is, indeed, of rare occurrence; in the winter of 1825, we had one short shower of hail in Alexandria, and this is all I have seen of it in Egypt. But "*locusts*" still plague the gardens of Rosetta: I have seen

* At the increase of the Nile, the people, and especially strangers, are affected with an eruption, called Nile boils, differing in nothing from common anthrax. This eruption is justly esteemed a preventative of many febrile disorders during the summer. I have no doubt of the fact; for I observed, that those who were free from the eruption at the rising of the Nile, were sure to have fever, dysentery, or ophthalmia in the season.

them "cover the face of the earth, so that the land was darkened."

As for "*darkness*," physical and moral, there is no lack of it in Egypt! *Ophthalmia* and despotism plague the land with darkness: "even darkness which may be felt."

Of "*the death of the firstborn*," I can only say, that smallpox has been carrying off the children of Egypt in frightful numbers; and that the Pacha has lately sent Frank physicians through the provinces to inoculate all the infants, in order to prevent the total depopulation of the country.

To the encounter of many of these plagues the Egyptian traveller has to lay his account, even in the short journey of one hundred and fifty miles, between Alexandria and Cairo; and if he proceed to the cataracts, to some others of a more perilous description, at the hands of lawless soldiers and rapacious Arabs.

At *Damenour*, near the mouth of the canal, I had an opportunity of witnessing the performances of the dancing ladies, called *Alme*. Some five and twenty of them were living in their

tents here, assembling every evening in an adjoining coffeehouse, to exhibit before the passengers of the various boats; the crews of which club their ten or twelve paras, to have their first of all enjoyments, music and dancing. The *Alme* are called *Zinganee*, in Constantinople, and *Ghasie*, in Cairo. *Niebuhr* calls them gypsies. It is little known that the dancing girls of Egypt are of the same race as our gypsies; who were first called Egyptians, from their native country, Egypt. About 1512, Selim the First, having conquered Egypt, drove his opponents into the Desert, where one party of them, headed by a swarthy slave, called Zinganeus, became formidable to the towns adjoining the Desert, by their frequent depredations; they were at length dispersed by the Turks and Bedouins, and straggled about various countries as magicians, fortune-tellers, and dancers; preserving always a distinct character wherever they went; and remarkable no less for their swarthy features, than for their dissolute habits and knavish practices. I have heard some of them boast of their common origin from a Grand Vizier of one of the Caliphs, and

talk of their yet being restored to the possession of Egypt, and with as much certainty as the Jews speak of regaining Jerusalem. This tribe of the *Zinganees* take the name of *Alme*, in Lower Egypt, and are the only professors and performers of dancing. Notwithstanding the dissoluteness of their conduct, they are brought by the most respectable Turks into their harems to teach the young ladies the voluptuous mazes of the dance, to teach them the most befitting postures for reclining on the divan, or presenting a chibouque; and to instruct them in the art of feigning raptures which they do not feel.

These dancing girls intermarry with people of their own tribe, blacksmiths and farriers; and these gentlemen deem it no disgrace to see their wives in the arms of their paramours after the dance, but just think as little of it as a man of fashion does in London, to see his wife waltzing with a stranger, whose hands are as familiar with her waist as the fondest husband could wish his own. *The Alme* are dressed for the dance in a flame-coloured silk gown, fitted closely to their shapes, and confined over the hips by a large

shawl; an immense pair of chintz drawers completes the costume: their hair is plaited in ringlets, and in Lower Egypt, is smeared with suet, or castor oil in the upper country: their chins and lips are tattooed with blue spots, their eyelids are painted black, their hands and feet yellow, and she who desires to surpass the others in beauty, has her nose bored, and a tremendous ring hanging over her mouth.

The music is a rude sort of lute, called *seminge*, and a tambourine, or kettle drum, made of an earthen pot covered with parchment. Five or six ladies commonly set too at a time, singing at the commencement "a merry dump," which becomes more thrilling as the vibrations of their joints increase, and at length becomes so languid, that "the dying fall" of the music is lost in languishing sighs corresponding with the soft passion their dance is meant to illustrate. Denon, in a few words, has described the *Alme*, "leur danse fut d'abord voluptueuse; mais bientôt elle devint lascive, ce ne fut plus que l'expression grossière et indécente de l'emportement des sens:" when it terminated, the ladies seemed quite ex-

hausted; they accosted me with a demand for money and a few glasses of brandy; I had no brandy, but gave them two bottles of wine, which they finished in a very few minutes. The most endearing terms of *yahnooni* and *yahabibi* followed; and a Greek, who was quite overcome with the tenderness of the scene, unfortunately for him, put one of the young ladies sitting on his knee, and got a coffee-pot thrown at his head for forgetting he was a *rayah*. The scalding coffee appeared to banish in a moment all the sentiment of the poor Greek; he roared vengeance on the coffeehouse keeper, flung the Alme on the floor, and retreated to his boat. I followed his example, notwithstanding many assurances of respect from the very man who abused the Greek, for conversing with a Mahometan woman; but I was a *hakim* to a *Konsul*, and was likely to have a few piastres to spend in coffee.

About four miles from the mouth of the canal, our boat, though it only drew about two feet of water, got aground; this detained us four hours: the canal, which was only constructed a few years ago, is filling up so fast with the deposit of the

Nile every year, that it is now only serviceable for the transport of goods during the overflow of the river. The Italian engineers, who were employed in making this canal, were totally ignorant of the business they undertook. Instead of placing the mouth in a slanting direction by the side of the current, they opposed it to the very force of the stream, by which the mud of the Nile is carried right into the canal, and is deposited in immense quantities for the first ten miles of its course. The canal then proceeds to Alexandria by a thousand tortuous windings, increasing the distance at least one fourth, and empties itself into the middle of the harbour, which is already choked up with the mud of the Nile; in ten years more, the new harbour of Alexandria will be filled up, if the canal do not become dry before that period, or if a new channel be not cut for its exit a mile or two above the harbour.

There are numbers of dredging boats for cleansing the upper part of the canal; some very ingenious contrivances by the Pacha's principal engineer, the son of Mr. Galloway of London: likewise one or two steam-boats, but they are

insufficient for the purpose of keeping the canal open after the Nile's decrease. It is to be feared, that in the course of a few years, the immense labour and cost of this great and useful work will be of little advantage to the commerce of the country. Nothing is more bleak than the desert banks of the canal, and nothing in the world, after a long residence in the burning sands of Alexandria, is more agreeable than the sudden view of the terrestrial paradise which opens before the traveller when he gets upon the Nile; the verdure which his soul has been long panting for, is in its brightest green on either side of him; plants and flowers, to which his sight has been long a stranger, are growing on the banks. The foliage of the sycamore, and the graceful branches of the palm, are waving in the breeze, and the noble flood on which he glides is, to use an Arab expression, "the father of beauty and abundance."

I cannot tell you how much my heart was refreshed with the first view of the Nile, and the green fields along its banks, after many a weary month's contemplation of arid plains, where

the growth of the night is burned up by the sun of the morning.

On the sixth day we arrived in Cairo. The information and good humour of Mr. S. rendered our excursion the most delightful you can conceive; I have been residing with him here for the last month, and in a few days propose setting out for Nubia.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XX.

TO CHARLES REILLY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, Cairo, June 1, 1826.

In what corner of Grand Cairo I am to seek for grandeur, I am at a loss to know. In a city containing three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, there is not one tolerable street. Splendid mosques, some of which surpass, in my estimation, those of Constantinople, are built in blind alleys and filthy lanes; the public thoroughfares are hardly twelve feet wide, darkened by mats to impede the rays of the sun, and choked with putrid vegetables and reeking offals, from the various stalls which line the streets.

To avoid these nuisances, every one who can afford it rides an ass or a mule, through the *bazaars*, with a *seyss* running before, crying out, *reglig*, *reglig*, to the multitude; which is a warning

to them to mind their "legs." The first thing that astonishes a stranger in Cairo is the squalid wretchedness of the Arabs, and the external splendour of the Turks. The next thing that surprises and confounds him, in every part of Egypt, as well as in Cairo, is the manifest opposition of the modes and customs of Mahometan countries to those of Christendom. Here the head is shaved, the beard unshorn; the men wear petticoats of cloth; the women trowsers of silk or cotton. Instead of a hat, a piece of muslin is twisted round the head; instead of a surtout, a blanket is thrown across the shoulders; a carpet serves for a bed; a wooden bowl for a service of plate; a pewter tray for a table-cloth; fingers do for forks, and swords for carving knives. A man salutes without stooping, sits down without a chair, he is silent without reflection, and serious without sagacity. If you inquire after the health of his wife, it is at the hazard of your head; if you praise the beauty of his children, he suspects you of the evil eye. The name of the Prophet is in every man's mouth, and the fear of God in few men's hearts. The women hide their faces, and heed not the exhibition of their bosoms; they

glory in the lascivious evolutions of the *Alme*, and blush at the immodesty of an English woman without a veil. One would almost think there was a purposed hostility to all the modes and customs of Christendom; and when the Egyptian bestows his contemptuous regard on our ridiculous attire, for such it is to him, and on our immoral practice of suffering our women to go abroad, he has just the same extraordinary opinion of our dress and manners that we have of his. It is curious enough, that in the very country where women are now the most degraded, they formerly were the most honoured. Diodorus says, that kings were less respected in Egypt than queens; and that the influence of women in general was much more considerable than that of men. It was stipulated, he says, in their marriage articles, that their husbands should be subservient to them in every thing; and so, while the men were employed at the loom, or in household duties, the women were abroad, engaged in whatever was important. The contrast between the present and the past is striking.

Cairo is pleasantly situated about a mile and a half from the Nile, and three miles in the direction

of the *Mokattam* mountains; it lies in thirty degrees north latitude: properly speaking, it is composed of three towns—New Cairo, Old Cairo, and Bulac. New Cairo, which the Arabs call *Masr*, was founded in the 358th year of the Hegira; it long remained only a suburb of Old Cairo, *Masr el atik*, and was first embellished by Saladdin; all those edifices which bear the name of Yussuf, and are supposed by the Franks to have been the palaces and granaries of the Patriarch Joseph, belong to the time of Yussuf Saladdin. Yussuf's Well, the Saracen palace, near the citadel, the *Bahr* Yussuf, or Canal of Joseph, all these are monuments of Saracen, not of Hebrew, magnificence.

Near twelve centuries ago, when the Arabs conquered Egypt, they built a city on the supposed site of the Egyptian Babylon, or close to it, which they named Fostat, and this is now called Old Cairo.

One of the first places which I visited in Cairo was the Lunatic Asylum; Mr. Salt's Janissary accompanied me, and I believe no eye hath ever witnessed, elsewhere, such a melancholy spectacle as this shocking place affords. The keeper made

repeated objections to my admission, he said no Frank had ever been suffered to go in; but the name of the *hakkim* of the English Consul, and half a dozen piastres to boot, removed his scruples. I was led from one passage to another, door after door was unbarred, the keeper armed himself with a *courbash*, a whip made of one solid thong of the hide of the hippopotamus; and we, at length, got into an open court, round which the dungeons of the lunatics were situated. Some who were not violent were walking unfettered, but the poor wretches within were chained by the neck to the bars of the grated windows. The keeper went round as he would do in a menagerie of wild beasts, rattling the chain at the windows to rouse the inmates, and dragging them by it when they were tardy in approaching.

One madman, who spat at me as I passed his cell, I saw the keeper pull by the chain and knock his face against the bars till the blood issued from his nose. I forced him to desist. Each of them, as we passed, called out for food; I inquired about their allowance, and to my horror, I heard there was none except what cha-

ritable people were pleased to afford from day to day. It was now noon, and they had had nothing for the last eighteen hours.

Two well dressed Turkish women brought in, while I was there, a large water melon and two cakes of bread; these were broken into pieces and thrown to the famished creatures. I never saw "Nature subdued to such a lowliness;" they devoured what they got like hungry tigers, some of them thrusting their tongues through the bars, others screaming for more bread. I sent out for a few piastres' worth of bread, dates, and sour milk *(yaourt)*; its arrival was hailed with such a yell of ecstasy as pierced the very soul. I thought they would have torn down the iron bars to get at the provisions; and, in spite of the *courbash*, their eagerness to get their portions rendered it a difficult matter to get our hands out of their clutches.

It was humiliating to humanity to see these ravenous poor wretches tearing their food with their filthy fingers; some of their nails were so long, as to resemble the talons of hawks. And such can be the condition of the "man, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in form and moving so express and admirable, in action so

like an angel, in apprehension so like a God; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." Vain boast! go paint the faculties of this paragon of animals, in the dungeons I have described; and when you have studied the institutions of Mahometan governors, sit down, if you can, with an exalted notion of human nature!

There was one thing I could not help remarking, the ruling passion of the Mahometan character was preserved even in insanity. One man, who begged me to give him bread, spat upon me when he got it; another, who seized on the piece of water melon, which the women brought him, with all the eagerness of famine, abstained from eating it; hungry as he was, he preferred flinging it at a Christian's head rather than satisfy his craving stomach.

He concealed it for near a quarter of an hour, till I was opposite his window, he then thrust his naked arm through the bars, and threw it in my face. In spite of my entreating he got the *courbash* round his uncovered shoulders.

But there was one old man, who moved not when the food was distributing; and as I looked into the dark cell, destitute of every thing, with

neither straw, nor carpet, nor clothing of any sort, I could barely distinguish an emaciated form, in a half recumbent position, lying on the bare earth, without a rag upon his body. He could not lie down altogether, for he was chained by the neck to the window; and, whether it was the pressure of the chain, or the rattling of death in his throat, I knew not, but the noise was that of a person in the last convulsions; and, on inquiry, I found he was dying. The smell of the apartment was most horrible; every species of filth had accumulated round the dying man; for, in all probability, he had been many days immovable. I had only sufficient influence to prevail on the keeper to take off the chain. I gave some piastres to buy straw; but two days afterwards, when I sent the Janissary to inquire about this poor wretch, he was dead, and there was no straw in the apartment. I observed a very decent looking Turk in one of the cells, who had been an officer in the Pacha's troops; he complained bitterly of hard usage; he said he was famished; some days he had only five paras worth of bread, or half a penny worth; and he talked altogether so rationally of his condition, that I expressed my

wonder to the keeper that he was not suffered to go abroad. The keeper laughed at my ignorance: "You do not know," said he, "that when mad people appear most quiet they are always plotting mischief." He illustrated his assertion by a story, which, if credible, certainly showed the necessity of confining lunatics, however mild, to their apartments at night. A black man, who followed the trade of a butcher, had been confined there many years ago; his madness was of so mild a character, that he was allowed the range of the house, with two or three others, whose derangement was attended with no violence. One night the black butcher secreted a knife; he induced another madman to enter his cell, prevailed on him to lie down, and cut his throat; he then cut him up into quarters, and distributed the joints about the room, as he was in the habit of arranging the meat in his shop. He invited all the others to buy their meat at his stall; and to those who were chained, he carried such portions as they desired. The keeper was disturbed with their rejoicings; it was the first full meal they had had for many a long day. On examining the cells he found one man missing, he asked the black butcher if he had seen him, and

he replied, that he had just sold the last joint. "Since that time," said the keeper, "we look out better; otherwise they would eat one another every day." I endeavoured to ascertain the causes of the madness of the present inmates; they were thirteen in number, and all males; four of them had gone mad from smoking *hashis*, an intoxicating production, being the small pistils of the flax plant; five of them had poison administered to them; to two of them in the shape of invigorating medicines, composed of Spanish flies; and to the other three in coffee, drugged with deleterious ingredients; three were rendered insane by fanaticism; and one went mad after being bastinadoed.

There is no country where insanity is so frequent as in that country where intellect is most cultivated—in England; and there is no nation where madness is so rare as in Turkey*, where the people, of all others in the world, think least. There is an Arab proverb, which every unfortunate man applies to his calamity, and which preserves him from despair: "He who has health should

* Fatuity is, however, frequent enough; but as fools are reverenced as saints, idiocy is very often shammed.

hope; and he who hopes can never remain unhappy." The degree of suffering which disorders the intellect of an Englishman, only calls forth the philosophy of an Arab; and where the former cuts his throat, the latter contemplates his misery, and exclaims *Allah Karim*, "God is great." I saw an Arab surveying the ruins of his house, at Rosetta, which had just fallen; and the only exclamation which escaped his lips was, *Allah Karim*, God is great. An Englishman, in the employment of Mr. Galloway, threw himself into the Nile; his companion besought the Arabs in the boat to endeavour to save the man; but the Arabs, with one accord, lifted up their eyes and exclaimed, "*Allah Karim*," and the unfortunate man was drowned. I saw an Arab Sheik, in Alexandria, follow the corpse of his only son, who died of the plague; and, as it was carried out of the house, he caused the bier to be set down, to have one more look at his lost child. I saw the features of the old man convulsed for a moment; but all he said was, "*Allah Karim!*" and all the bystanders repeated the same. In short, the religion of the Turks tends much to resignation; as they believe no human foresight can prevent mis-

fortune, they make a merit in supporting that misfortune with courage: but the Arabs in this respect carry their philosophy much farther than the Turks, and, indeed, surpass the latter in intelligence, morality, and gentleness of disposition. I never knew an instance of suicide either in Turkey or Egypt, and I never heard of a Turk or Arab going mad from desperation, arising from misfortunes.

Now the great cause of insanity in all countries, except Mahometan ones, is fanaticism; and one would think, *à priori*, where religious zeal is so strong as in Turkey, that insanity would be most frequent; the reverse, however, is the fact. The reason is this:—their fanaticism is founded on essential doctrines of faith, which neither admit of doubt nor disputation; they all believe they are certain of salvation sooner or later; and this reflection soothes every mortal anxiety. But with us fanaticism is altogether on a different basis, and insanity is consequently more prevalent than it formerly was in France; probably two-thirds of the insane in England are religiously mad. The report of the Cork Lunatic Asylum, published a few years ago in the Edinburgh Review, proved

that madness was only prevalent in those districts where the Ranters were most numerous. The physician of a lunatic asylum in Paris assured me, that since the Revolution, the greater number of lunatics were females, in the proportion of two women to one man; and the reason he gave for it was this:—since the Revolution, the churches are only frequented by women: for one man that you see in a church in Paris you may count a dozen women. There the clergy, to preserve any part of their flock, are obliged to practise on the enthusiasm of the women; and not content with making them religious, they render them devotees.

The poetry of religion, of which no church possesses more than the Catholic, is one of the adventitious aids of ecstasy which often elevates the female mind beyond the region of sober reason. In England, I repeat, fanaticism takes another turn: it has none of the poetry of continental enthusiasm, and none of the consoling security of Turkish fanaticism. It is mere prose—the madness for proselytism without the inspiration of faith.

With us the fanatic wavers with the wind of

every doctrine; and while he works Heaven and earth to gain his neighbour to his sect, his own bosom is distracted with a thousand doubts and scruples. His anxiety for his neighbour's soul undermines his own intellect at last; and thus fanaticism paves the road to bedlam.

I endeavoured to explain to the keeper of this wretched hospital the necessity for gentler usage and more humane treatment. I told him by such means many insane people were restored to reason; but he shook his head, and said it was impossible; nothing would do but the courbash; besides, the only object was confinement, to prevent them from doing mischief; and *Malesh*, "what matter," whether they recovered or not?

Niebuhr mentions the *Mouritan* hospital for the sick and mad; but it is evident he did not visit it. He says, "the patients were provided with every thing to soothe their distress, not excepting even music." Alas! they have not bread, much less music. There are, however, some charitable institutions creditable to Mohammed Ali: he has founded an hospital for sick soldiers, which is well regulated, and another in Alexandria, equally good. There is a *Medressè*, or college,

established for the education of young men gratis; and even a public library formed, wherein are a great many bad French books, and one or two English volumes. The two principal prisons are far superior to those of Constantinople: there is nothing in their appearance or discipline to disgust or to shock the humane.

The ancient sepulchres of the Caliphs and the Mamelukes are best worth seeing of any objects in the vicinity of Cairo. They are pure specimens of Saracen architecture; their elegant domes are seen glittering in the sun from the palace of the Viceroy; and the melancholy stillness of the spot befits the solemnity of the monuments. — "Il semble, (says Denon, speaking of these sepulchres,) que les Turcs, qui banissent la gaieté de par tout, veuillent encore l'enterrer avec eux."

I know of nothing else worth visiting in the vicinity of Cairo, unless the credulous traveller chooses to see the sycamore under which the Holy Family are said to have reposed: it is close to the village of Matarè, which is situated on the ruins of the ancient Heliopolis, about five miles from Cairo. But, on the Island of Rhoda, the Mikias, or Nilometer, is certainly deserving of notice.

Adjoining it is a mosque, which stands on the site of a temple of Serapis, who took his name from the Nilometer *Sarapi;* signifying a column for measurement.

The Turks continue to have a religious veneration for the scale which indicates the rise and fall of the river, on which the hopes of the husbandman depend. The coudèe, a measure of an arm's length, which marks the Nilometer, is twenty inches long; but, from the time of the Persians, according to Golius and Volney, the coudèe has been three times altered, so that it is difficult to understand the accounts of authors, concerning the increase of the Nile, which have been written previous to 716, Anno Domini, when the Nilometer fell, and a new one was constructed by the Vizir *Asamas.*

The column on which the *coudèes* are marked is a single shaft of grey marble, surmounted with a Corinthian capital, and situated in a basin, which communicates with the Nile. Every day, when the Nile increases, the Pacha sends to the *Sheik* who is appointed to watch the Nilometer, to know the precise height; and criers are then dispatched over Cairo, to announce the tidings of

the increase to the people. One of these criers came daily to our door, announcing the happy prospect of a good Nile, and an abundant harvest. Any thing below twelve coudèes, and above twenty, indicates a famine; fifteen coudèes are considered a good Nile, and bring abundance: fifteen coudèes are about five and twenty feet; but, in the Delta, this height is not requisite; for when the waters had risen here, a few days ago, to four and twenty feet, the increase at Damietta was only four, and it there seldom ever exceeds that height. The reason of this phenomenon is, at Cairo the river has only one channel, but at the Delta, it branches into two, and empties itself at Damietta and Rosetta, without interruption.

About the middle of July, the waters had risen to the proper height in the basin of the Nilometer. Orders were immediately sent to the sub-governor, to open the *Kalidge* with all the customary pomp which, from time immemorial, has ushered in this festival. The Pacha had bad news from the Morea, and did not attend, but all his court was there; the *Defterdar* flinging paras among the multitude, bands of music playing all night on the banks of the canal, and some pieces of artillery

firing at intervals. I went there at ten o'clock at night, for the festival commences the preceding evening; the Nile was covered with decorated boats, splendidly illuminated; and all the beauty of Cairo was collected, either on the banks of the river or in the gaudy boats; it was altogether different from a Turkish festival, there was no gravity, every body laughed and talked; the ladies enjoyed their liberty, and I fear, that night, but too many of them abused it.

It was impossible, however, to observe so much gaiety and good humour, "in a country which may better be called the grave, than the mother of her children, without feeling pleasure. I was in high spirits, when suddenly I perceived something biting my leg; I put down my hand and discovered a scorpion, the first I had seen in Egypt. The pain was hardly perceptible; but I felt rather uncomfortable about the consequences, and expressed my alarm to an old Arab who sat near me; he very good naturedly led me to a coffee-house, and, without asking my consent to doctor me, he proceeded to boil a small quantity of olive oil, then took a bit of his own old turban, dipped it in the oil, and applied it, hotter than I could

well bear, to the bite. I let him have his way; for, in such cases, I think the people of the country are better judges of remedies than a college of doctors. I was right in thinking so, for I suffered no inconvenience whatever from the accident. I offered my old physician, who turned out to be a schoolmaster, a fee of a few piastres, but he would not accept of a paras.

I remained till morning to see the opening of the canal, which was to supply Cairo, and all the country round with water. The canal, which runs from the Nile to the Kalidge, was either constructed or restored by the Emperor Trajan; at the mouth of it there is a dam of earth, which impedes the stream of the Nile, till the period arrives when the order is given to break it down, and suffer the waters to enter the canal. Luckily it was accomplished this year with the loss of only one life, but generally, the number of persons drowned is more considerable.

The promenade of Cairo, where people were walking in the morning, was a broad lake at noon, on which hundreds of boats were sailing up and down.

In the cutting of the dyke there are many

vestiges of the ancient adoration of the Nile. Among the rest, that of sacrificing a virgin in effigy. In the time of Sesostris, we are informed, a child was sacrificed to the Creative Power, of which the Nile was a type. Afterwards a virgin was offered up; and, so late as the reign of the *Caliph Omar*, the Arabs continued the practice. Amrou, however, the lieutenant of the Caliph, put a stop to the custom by order of *Omar;* and, instead of the virgin, threw a paper into the dyke, with these words addressed to the river, "In the name of the merciful God! may the Lord shower down his benedictions on Mahomet and on his family! *Abdallah Omar*, son of Rhetta, Prince of the Faithful, to the Nile:—If it be thine own virtue which hath made thee overflow Egypt, until our days, suspend thy course; but, if it be the will of the Almighty God, that the land be bedewed with thy waters, we supplicate Him to order thee to diffuse them over it.—Peace be with the Prophet, health and benediction repose upon his family."

The custom now is, to raise a column of earth in the dyke, called the virgin, and on this they

throw chaplets of flowers, which, along with the virgin, are soon carried off by the waters.

The Nile, opposite Fouah, when confined within its natural bed, appeared to me to be about one half as broad again as the Thames, a little below London Bridge. Niebuhr says, he found its breadth, by a geometrical operation, to be two thousand nine hundred and forty-six feet, the Rosetta branch, six hundred and fifty feet, and the Damietta one, not above one hundred.

The history of the increase of the Nile, in a very few words, is this:—the Etesian winds, which blow more than half the year up the Nile, are constantly driving before them thick clouds, which, as they meet with no impediment from mountains or forests, in Egypt, are directed on to Ethiopia, where they burst over the high mountains of Abyssinia, and increase the river. Without these rains, the Nile would be an inconsiderable stream. The opinions of Herodotus, on this point, were as ill founded and ridiculous as those of the "Father of History," on many other subjects. Of late years travellers have sought to prop up the reputation of Herodotus, by praising the accuracy of

his own observations, and only questioning the veracity of those from whom he acquired information. Be that as it may, I have found him a bad guide.

I was well pleased to hear Bruce's veracity vindicated by Mr. Salt, who trod in his footsteps in Abyssinia, so far as the neighbourhood of *Gondar*. Mr. Salt has no partiality for Bruce; but he is obliged to acknowledge that all the leading points of his narrative are correct. The inaccuracies of his work are chiefly in those minutiæ which were likely to escape the memory of a traveller who wrote after a lapse of ten or fifteen years, and without many notes.

Mr. Salt tells me he knew several people, near Gondar, who were well acquainted with Bruce; and one old man in particular, who was the interpreter of *Hakkim Yacaub* (for such was Bruce's title): he described him as a handsome portly man, skilful in diseases, dexterous in the use of arms, and much admired for his horsemanship. He was present at one or two engagements, between the Galla and the people of the Ras; but he had never any command over the troops, nor did he ever hear of his being appointed to the govern-

ment of any province. When he went to visit the sources of the Nile, *he was accompanied by his artist, a young Italian*; and this young man returned with him, from the sources, to Gondar, and shortly after died.*

This is important: Bruce says the young man died a short time before he set out to discover the head of the Nile; yet he was seen returning from thence with Bruce: and Mr. Salt, subsequently, saw a letter of this young Italian, dated some months after the period of his death, as described by Bruce. The fact is, Bruce's foible was vanity, and he was little desirous of sharing the triumph of his discovery with one whom he considered as unknown to the world; he therefore dated the decease of his artist some months previous to his leaving Gondar, for the paltry ambition of being thought the first and only European who visited the sources of the Nile. Indeed, this disposition is amply shown in his own description of his first sensations, on arriving at the spot.

" It is easier," he says, " to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment.

* This young man, Mr. Salt informs me, made the greater number of Bruce's designs.

Standing on that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the space of near three thousand years. Kings have attempted this discovery, at the head of armies; and each expedition was distinguished from the last, only by the difference of the numbers which had perished; and they agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, attended them all. Fame, riches, and honours had been held out, for a series of ages, to every individual of those myriads commanded by their princes, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprize and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies; and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my short lived triumph."

But, whatever might have been the petty jealousies and egotism of Bruce, he was an enterprising and intelligent traveller; and his general

descriptions are better entitled to credit, than those of the travellers who have reviled him. Mr. Coffin has just arrived here, after a residence of eighteen years in Abyssinia; this gentleman assures me, that those points in his travels which are most disputed in England are the descriptions which are most correct: he showed me how the flesh was taken from the glutæi muscles of the living bullock, dissected out without wounding the blood vessels. Mr. Coffin performed this operation here on the living animal, in the presence of Lord Prudhoe, and Mr. Burton, one of our most intelligent travellers. I think, therefore, Bruce's account of the sources of the Nile may be taken in preference to those of his predecessors, either of Peter Paez, cited by Kircher, who visited the head of the Nile, in 1618, or of Jerome Lobo, who visited it in 1660. When one considers the trifling distance which separates the Red Sea from the sources of the Nile, it is deemed an easy journey. There are only two hundred and sixty-five miles from *Masuah*, on the Red Sea, to *Gondar*, the capital of Abyssinia; and from thence to the head of the Nile is about half that distance. From Masuah to Dixan is twenty-five hours; from

Dixan to Adowa twenty-four hours; and from Adowa to Gondar eighty hours: and from Gondar to Geesh, where the fountains of the Nile arise, it takes nine days. But the difficulties and perils of the route make this short journey require from thirty to eight and forty days, and sometimes much more.

It would perhaps have been impertinent in me to enter into this subject, however briefly, as it has not been my fortune to visit Abyssinia, did I not consider my opportunities of getting information from such good sources as that of Mr. Salt and Mr. Coffin (the last just returned from that country), were not every day to be met with.

Mr. Coffin is now going to England, in the quality of Envoy from the head Ras of Abyssinia to our Government, bearing presents and letters to the King, beseeching England to take possession of the Island of Massuah, which is the only seaport of Abyssinia, and which is now occupied by a few soldiers of Mohammed Ali.

The object for wishing the English to take Massuah, is to put a stop to the slave trade, which is carried on by the Turks at that Island, and who live by stealing the Abyssinians out of their

country. The *Ras* dwells in his letters on the necessity of succouring a Christian nation (for such Abyssinia is,) against the ravages of Mahometan plunderers. He wishes to have a medical man, some carpenters and gunners, sent out to Gondar.

In the few observations I made on the Nile, I omitted to notice that the present channel, in Lower Egypt, is not the ancient one. To render the inundation more universal, King Menes turned the Nile from the Libyan Desert to the course it now runs. In the time of Herodotus, the original bed was left dry; but the Persians still preserved the dyke at a great expense, which shut the ancient channel. Many modern travellers have seen the old bed.

There is no doubt of a canal* having existed between the Nile, in the vicinity of the Delta,

* I visited the Red Sea the latter part of 1826, *via* Damietta; after the second day's journey in the Desert, our route lay along a defile to our left, extending for two days' journey to Suez, and there forming a saline marsh for fifteen or sixteen miles, in a narrow bed. This I believe to have been the channel of the ancient canal: and from the nature of the Desert soil from Suez to Salahie, which is a hard gravel, on which one might roll a coach two-thirds of the journey, I think there would be no material impediment to the construction of a new canal.

and the Red Sea. Sesostris commenced this great undertaking, but it was only rendered available to commerce in the time of the Ptolemies: its extreme length was one hundred and fifty miles; its breadth, twenty-five fathoms; and according to Franklin, as the Red Sea was higher than the Mediterranean, this canal was furnished with sluices, to prevent an inundation of Egypt.

Napoleon intended to have constructed a canal from Suez to Cairo; but his *savans*, who examined the level of both waters, found the Red Sea higher than the Mediterranean; he, however, considered it practicable.

Last year, young Mr. Galloway was deputed by an English company to apply to the Pacha, for his permission to make a canal between Cairo and the Red Sea. An officer was actually sent out at the expense of the company, to ascertain the practicability of the undertaking. Steam boats were to ply from Marseilles to Alexandria; from thence to Cairo; and then from the canal to Suez. It was calculated the voyage might be made from England to Bombay, by this route, in sixty-four days: fifteen days to Marseilles, seventeen to Alexandria, three to Cairo; four to

Suez, and twenty-five to Bombay. The Pacha was at first delighted with the project; but our Government was considered hostile to it; the Consul did not sanction it; and eventually Mohammed Ali withdrew his assent.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XXI.

TO DR. RICHARDSON.

MY DEAR SIR, Cairo, June 10, 1826.

It is not with the expectation of being able to add to your Eastern information that I now address you; but rather to freshen the recollection of your travels, by adverting to some of the scenes and subjects you have so well described. I lately accompanied Mr. Salt to this metropolis; and, in a few days after my arrival, was introduced to Mohammed Ali, "the royal merchant." Mr. Salt had a quantity of splendid presents to present to the Viceroy, from the executors of an Indian Nabob, who left these valuables to Mohammed Ali, in order to gain his sanction for the building and endowment of a mosque in Mecca. The value of the presents was about eight thousand

pounds. We found the Viceroy in the citadel, sitting in the corner of his divan, surrounded by fifty or sixty fierce looking Albanians, with their feet bare, and variously accoutred; a crowd of slaves stood before him, their hands crossed over their breasts, and their eyes riveted on the earth.

Near the divan, a host of Christian Parasites were meanly cringing; some of the favourite ones were sitting on the edge of the seat in a most painful posture of respect, extolling the wisdom of every observation that fell from "His Highness," and fawning on Mr. Boghass, the drogueman and dispenser of beans, whenever the Pacha turned his head. One Greek merchant, who stands high at court, was predicting the conquest of the Morea at the moment of our arrival: another Italian knave was making excuses to the Pacha for not paying a large debt; and shortly after I heard him inviting the second interpreter to a grand ball, to which I had the good fortune to be subsequently invited. Mr. Salt entered with his hat on; he complained of cold, and wore it during the audience. The Pacha returned his salute with much apparent kindness, inquired after his health,

and said, "Do not let us talk any thing about business to-day; we must talk about your English gardens and your new house."

Mr. Salt now introduced me as his medical man; he gave me a flattering reception: we seated ourselves by his side, and the presents were brought in. Heaps of Indian shawls were thrown at his feet, embroidered muslins of the finest tissue, silks worked in gold, clocks and watches of curious workmanship, and a fowling-piece which discharged seventeen shots in succession, without loading after each discharge; there were numerous other articles of great value; snuff boxes set in diamonds: but nothing caught the fancy of the Pacha so much as the fowling-piece. I marked his penetrating eye sparkling with pleasure as he cocked it to his shoulder.

There is nothing dignified in the appearance of Mohammed Ali, but neither is there any thing ferocious; his face is full of goodness, and his eye is quick and penetrating. His flowing white beard, and his benignant smile, give something patriarchal to his looks: and the stranger marvels at the malice which could charge such a man

with the murder of his three hundred guests. But notwithstanding the meekness and the mildness the stranger so much admires, he is forced at last to believe the fact; and then, judging of it only as a European would do, he takes nothing into consideration but the horror of the deed, and forms an erroneous opinion of the humanity of the man.

It is an error, I fear, that I have often myself fallen into, namely, forming an estimate of Turkish character by the English standard of morality: but it ought to be recollected, what is morality in England is not morality in Turkey; what would constitute a modest woman in London, would render her infamous in Constantinople; what would render a Mussulman a hero, would make a monster of a Briton; and what would confer the title of a saint on a Moslem, would take away "the benefit of clergy" from an Englishman. Therefore the character of Mohammed Ali deserves to be examined *à la Turque*, before a measure of state policy, I had almost said expediency, be set down as an act of wanton barbarity.

After the presents were extolled by all the court,

I showed his Highness the manner of winding the musical clocks, which he seemed much pleased with, and repeatedly exclaimed "*Mashallah*," God is great. "You hakkims," he said, "can do every thing; you can mend people's bodies and wind clocks, Mashallah!" This was intended for a witticism, and all the Christian parasites accordingly laughed at the good thing "his Highness" said. We got coffee, but no pipes. Sir Hudson Lowe was one of the last persons who had a pipe at the Pacha's. The Cancellière, who sat by me, repeatedly told me not to sit at my ease, but to rest on the very edge of the divan, as the other Franks did; "for," said he, "when Sir Hudson visited his Highness, he sat in such a respectful manner, that he hardly touched the seat; and his Highness remarked it when he was gone, and said, there never was an Englishman of so much talent in his presence before." It was the first time I had heard of the seat of knowledge being situated on the os sacrum; and as I was not ambitious of supplanting the ex-governor of St. Helena in the good opinion of a Mussulman, I continued to sit as any English gentleman might have done in the presence of a Turkish soldier.

The first theme of conversation was the siege of *Bhurtpore*. The Pacha asked if it was true that the English had taken the city and massacred the garrison? Mr. Salt replied, there was no doubt of the place being taken; and as the garrison had refused quarter, that many had lost their lives. The Pacha burst out laughing; "Oh," said he, "you are clever people in England; you go to war in India; you massacre garrisons; you do as you like with your prisoners, and no one talks against you; no one points at your red swords; but my people kill a few giaours in Missolunghi, and all *Franguestan* cries out 'Murder;' every Christian calls my son Ibrahim a bloodhound." Mr. Salt had the politeness to declare he never heard any one say so; he appealed to me; of course I could not hear any thing which my Consul heard not; but the Pacha believed neither of us, and he continued to talk about *Bhurtpore* and *Missolunghi*, and to ring the changes on *Missolunghi* and *Bhurtpore* for half an hour. I observed that he had a French newspaper by his side, which, no doubt, one of his interpreters had been translating to him, for he knows no language but Turkish, not even Arabic; and has only lately learned to

write his name. He must have been informed of something in the newspaper about the Pope, for on our leaving the room, when Mr. Salt demanded a private conference with him; instead of the business Mr. Salt wished to discuss, he began talking of his Holiness. "And so the people kiss his toe," he said. "How extraordinary to kiss a Mufti's toe. If I went to Rome, would they compel me to kiss his toe?" Mr. Salt assured him he might go to Rome whenever he pleased, without kissing any part of his Holiness; and that the English had a Mufti of their own, or at least a head of their church, but his toes were never kissed.

"Oh, I know it," cried Mohammed Ali; "you do not belong to the Mufti of Rome; but then have you not one half of your people belonging to him somewhere outside of London?" "Certainly not," replied Mr. Salt; "I fear the Franks here deceive your Highness in the accounts they give of England."

"But," said the Pacha, "are not some of your Rayahs of a different religion to yours? are they not treated like slaves? did they not rebel, and did you not chastise them with the sword? and yet the Sultan never interfered; they were your Rayahs:

you used the Giaours as you thought fit, and we never asked you, why do you trample on these dogs? and now, tell me what right have you to send money and arms to our Rayahs, to rebel against their masters? and why do you ask the Sultan to set them free?"

These were very awkward questions, and Mr. Salt confessed to me, he found it difficult to answer them. But it is a bad case which admits of no defence; so Mr. Salt explained the disinterestedness of our policy, and the toleration of our laws, in a long discourse to the Pacha; which his Highness listened to with great gravity and good humour, as if he believed every syllable of it; for Turks are extremely polite in argument, they had rather appear to be convinced, than have the trouble to repeat their dissent. The Pacha appears to be in his sixty-third or sixty-fourth year; a hale, good looking old man, with nothing but his piercing eyes to redeem his countenance from an expression of vulgarity.

While I was in the antichamber, waiting for Mr. Salt, I had all the officers of the court gathered round me; half a dozen, at a time, telling me their disorders; one begging *madjoun;* ano-

ther, an aperient; I never was in such request, and never so confounded; I could only get away, at last, by promising to physic the whole court, gratis, next morning. Leaving the old palace, we proceeded to see the new one, which is also within the citadel; and this, I have no hesitation in saying, is the most magnificent palace in the Mahometan empire. The marbles are all from Italy, the looking-glasses from France, and the carpets from England; so that, while we get our carpets from Turkey, the Pacha gets his from our country. The sculptures of the grand bath are by some of the best modern Italian masters.

Mr. Galloway has already sent out the apparatus for lighting the interior with gas; the ceilings are painted in fresco, by Constantinople Greeks; and it is really surprising what effect their vivid colours give to Turkish landscape. One of the workmen informed me, the *harem* is calculated to receive eight hundred women.

His Highness, considering his age and the cares of government, is excessively gallant. His favourite wife, an old woman, died a few years ago; during her illness, he dispatched a courier, for Dr. Marpurgo, to Alexandria. The doctor was

tardy; and before his arrival, the old lady died: Marpurgo was ordered to quit the country forthwith.

Mohammed Ali has a great many good qualities; and what is bad in his character, arises rather from weakness than depravity. He is, unfortunately, surrounded by a vile set of Frank advisers, the very scum of Genoa and Marseilles. His commercial turn, though it has suppressed many of his Turkish prejudices, has also rendered him a monopolizer of every article of commerce. And his ambition to be a military hero, has entailed such ruin on his treasury, as to force him to become a most rapacious governor.

Your acquaintance, however, with Egypt and Mohammed Ali is such, that I offer you my opinions on the condition and character of each, with diffidence.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

R. R. M.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

MY LORD, Cairo, June 17, 1826.

THE Arab *conversazioni* here are the very fairy refections of "the Arabian Nights." I am in the habit of going to their parties every evening, sometimes with Mr. Burton, who is half an Arab, and sometimes with Osman Effendi, a Caledonian Mussulman. Poor Osman was taken prisoner in Rosetta, in our last hopeful expedition against Egypt; he was a private soldier, and fell into the hands of a Turkish officer; he was sold, for a few dollars, to a new master, and from him he ran away; he was however retaken, and had the pleasing alternative offered him of losing his head, or renouncing his faith. Osman was a very brave soldier, he was a Scotchman into the bargain, but

had neither the courage nor inclination to become a martyr, so he turned Turk. Mr. Salt, some years ago, procured him his freedom; and he is now an *effendi*, "a man of learning," a practitioner of physic, an interpreter to the consulate, and a *cicerone* to travellers. He was Burckhardt's* servant in his Arabian travels, and his attendant at his death. Burckhardt bequeathed him his wife; and this lady now forms part of Mr. Osman's harem.

* Mr. Salt was with Burckhardt, as well as Osman, when he died in Cairo: they gave me the following particulars of his disease and death. The malady, which is so fatal to our eastern travellers, seized poor Burckhardt a few days before his intended journey into Africa. He did nothing for his dysentery for several days; and when he did take medicine, Osman discovered it was opium, the very worst thing he could possibly take. Had he taken calomel largely, he would, in all human probability, have been preserved. When the Turks heard that he was dying, and that Franks were coming to his house, a multitude assembled at his door to prevent his corpse being interred in a Christian burial ground. Burckhardt had always conformed to the Mahometan religion, for his security in the barbarous countries he travelled through. When he was actually dying, he heard the uproar the Turks were making for his body, and he had just strength enough to say to Mr. Salt; "The place where these bones are deposited is not worth making a disturbance about; let them have my remains." The Turks accordingly took possession of the corpse, and interred it in their cemetery.

The most singular part of Osman's history is that he believes in the truth, both of his former religion and his new one; whether this proceed from the extent of his piety, or his policy, I know not; but Mr. Salt thinks, from both.

The Arabs of good condition assemble every evening in one another's houses; each brings his pipe and tobacco, and the gentleman of the house provides coffee and sherbet. I was at one of these parties a few nights ago, in company with Mr. Thomas Galloway, and never was more entertained. The company was select; and the conversation was on the sciences and literature of Egypt. I picked up a string of proverbs which would have done honour to the mouth of Sancho Pancha, and I think your lordship will find many of them excellent.

ARAB PROVERBS.

I.

The *tyrant* is a dead carcass in the abodes of the living; but the benefactor has a living soul in the mansions of the dead.

II.

A prince without justice is like a river without water.

III.

As the sick body is not profited by food, so the vain mind is not benefited by admonition.

IV.

Listen, if you would learn; be silent, if you would be safe.

V.

Inquire about your neighbour before you build, and your companion before you travel.

VI.

The first of wisdom is the fear of God.

VII.

The world is carrion, and its followers dogs.

VIII.

The false appearances of a proud man make his ill wishers envious; but could his friend behold his heart, he would have cause to weep.

IX.

He who has health should hope; and he who hopes must be happy.

X.

Poverty without debt is independence.

XI.

The fool is a foe to himself, how can he benefit others?

XII.

Long experience makes large wit.

XIII.

A man who can neither serve his friends nor injure his enemies, is an unprofitable acquaintance.

XIV.

The sluggard becomes a stranger to God, and an acquaintance with indigence.

XV.

By six qualities may a fool be known: anger without cause, speech without profit, change

without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

Their anecdotes are no less pointed than their proverbs; but, unfortunately, they bear not repetition. In the party I made mention of, there were several professed story tellers. In the East, these persons occupy the same place in public estimation that poets do with us. A jester of one of the Caliphs, called *Ebn Oaz*, is the Joe Miller of the East, and a most facetious personage he must have been: the wit of Joe, the indelicacy of Pirou, and the merry vein of Falstaff, are all combined in this merry-andrew's history; it is not only witty in itself, but it is the cause of wit in others. Every good thing is fathered on this Sam Rogers of the East; and if a Bedouin robber perpetrate a pun, it it sure to be ascribed to *Ebn Oaz*. One of the least objectionable anecdotes of *Ebn Oaz* is the following:

"When the Caliph Haroun el Raschid (who was the friend of the great Charlemagne,) entertained *Ebn Oaz* at his court in the quality of

jester, he desired him one day, in the presence of the Sultana and all her followers, to make an excuse worse than the crime it was intended to extenuate: the Caliph walked about, waiting for a reply. After a long pause, *Ebn Oaz* skulked behind the throne, and pinched his highness in the rear. The rage of the Caliph was unbounded. "I beg a thousand pardons of your Majesty," said *Ebn Oaz*, "but I thought it was her Highness the Sultana." This was the excuse worse than the crime; and of course the jester was pardoned.

Such are the anecdotes which while away the evening hours in Cairo; but they must be heard from Arab humourists, and in their happy mode of telling stories, to understand their pith.

I have the honour to be

Your Lordship's humble Servant,

R. R. M.

LETTER XXIII.

TO MISS. T———Y.

DEAR MADAM, Cairo, June 28, 1826.

THE fashions of Egyptian ladies vary so little, that from the days of the Patriarchs to those of the Pachas, I doubt if a single flounce has been added to their blue garment, or taken away from it; so that the "dernière mode" has probably existed for the last three thousand years, and may continue in vogue for three thousand years to come, for aught I know to the contrary. I must, therefore, address you on some other topic; for, independent of the monotony of modes in this country, the artificial charms of Arab belles are so *outre*, that a lady in London would faint at the bare mention of an Egyptian toilette. Only fancy how appalling it would be to exhibit a belle of Cairo, smearing her raven locks with mutton suet

instead of "Macassar's incomparable oil;" dying her chin of a skyblue tint, instead of laying a coat of rouge on her cheek; imbuing her soft fingers with the yellow juice of the henna, instead of bleaching the natural vermilion with Kalydor's lotion; tinging her eyebrows with black antimony, instead of giving her fair forehead a more snowy splendour with whitelead, or pearl powder. It would be too bad to shock any lady in a Christian country, and, above all, in the vicinity of Almack's, with a description of one of these Egyptian "creatures:" and, above all, it would be "abominably ungenteel" to praise the beauty of such "frights:" and *malgré* the suet, and the skyblue chin, and the yellow fingers, and the black eyebrows, to presume to assert, that very many of them are deemed irresistible beauties. "Forbid it, ye chaste stars," that I should say so; though, peradventure, my taste stands accountable in thought, for as much depravity.

In this age of science, when the march of intellect has reached our drawingrooms, what remains for a poor Egyptian traveller to speak of to a lady, unless he make a theme of phonetic

hieroglyphics, or talk like "a learned Theban," of the scattered members of Osiris.

Perhaps there may be an intermediate subject; and at a period when every thing that is monstrous in architecture is to be seen in London, and is discussed in the *boudoir*, I think I cannot do better than make a topic of the Pyramids; so that when the bonnets *à la giraffe* are out of fashion, perhaps those *à la pyramide* may come in. You are, of course, aware, that these monuments, whose antiquity was of an ancient date, even in days of yore, are still remaining; that their age, use, and origin are to this day the same problems which they were in the time of Herodotus, two thousand three hundred years ago. I set out to visit them with a single Arab, preferring rather to encounter the Bedouins, than to be pestered with Janissaries and attendants, whose annoyance is always greater than their protection. A ride of ten miles brought us to the foot of the Pyramids: the principal ones are three, at no great distance from one another. The largest bears the name of Cheops, the second of Cephrenes, and the last, and smallest, of Cheops's daughter, a lady, accord-

ing to the father of history, who, in order to build a tomb, made a "painted sepulchre" of her person. Volney's etymology of the word Pyramid, is perhaps the best, it is, at least, the most plausible: *pooramis*, in the Egyptian tongue, signifies a cave. Larcher's Chronology makes Cheops reign 1178 years before our era, and Cephrenes 1128. The perpendicular height of the great Pyramid is five hundred feet*. Two hundred and eight steps are counted from top to bottom. The base of each side of the triangle is seven hundred and twenty-eight feet; and it is this immense size of the bottom of the building, which takes away from the height, and disappoints the expectation of the traveller. The base occupies eleven acres of ground, or rather of solid rock, and the galleries and lower passages of that opened by Belzoni, are cut out of the solid rock; the very excavations, within the Pyramids and adjoining them, furnished the materials for their construction.

Belzoni, the most enterprising of all modern travellers, opened the second Pyramid in 1817,

* Denon allows but four hundred and forty-eight feet, and Niebuhr four hundred and forty.

after thirty days' excavation, at the small expense of one hundred and fifty pounds.

The perpendicular height is four hundred and fifty-six feet, the oblique height five hundred and sixty-eight feet, and the base six hundred and eighty-four feet. Belzoni was not aware, till he entered the interior, that any one had been in it for the last two thousand years; but an Arab inscription on the walls attested the visit of two Arab chiefs one thousand years ago; and I have seen an Arab history, where the fact is mentioned, of the Pyramid having been opened nine hundred years ago by a Caliph.

In the time of Aaron Hill (upwards of one hundred and twenty years ago) there was no entrance into the interior; and when Herodotus was in Egypt it was closed.

Aaron Hill asserts that he found a mummy in the sepulchral chamber of the large Pyramid, covered over with hieroglyphics; and that from one of the galleries he made his way under ground to the interior of the great sphynx. This indeed savours of the marvellous; yet in his details there is so much accurate observation, blended with

surprising adventures, that I confess I do not altogether disbelieve his account of a communication under ground between the Pyramids and the sphynx.

One great source of error and delusion in all that regards the Pyramids, is the trust which every traveller puts in the description of Herodotus. Even Gibbon borrowed from him the idea, that "the doctrine of the resurrection was first entertained by the Egyptians, that the mummies were therefore embalmed, and their Pyramids were constructed to preserve the ancient mansion of the soul, during a period of three thousand years." Now in the most ancient times the purpose of the Pyramids was unknown; neither Homer nor the Scriptures make any mention of them*: and Herodotus derived all his information from the Egyptian priests; the more marvellous their accounts, the greater credit he afforded them, in short, he acted like a man now going to Jerusalem to learn the topography of the holy places from the incarcerated monks of the Sepulchre.

* Josephus speaks of the Israelites being employed in building Pyramids; but these must have been the small brick Pyramids.

On the faith of the priests, he makes the height of the Pyramid and length of its base equal, although there is nearly a difference of one half: he makes the perpendicular height three hundred feet more than it really is: he says the stones used in the construction, were conveyed from the other side of the Nile, although the calcareous rock which is behind them and beneath them furnished the materials. The granite coating of the walls, he says, was brought from Ethiopia; and this granite coating turns out to be a red cement: with a chisel and hammer I detached flakes of it from the interior.

Of all ancient writers Josephus best appreciated the character of Herodotus: in his second book he says that all the Greek historians looked on Herodotus as a fabulous author; that the accurate Manetho, the Egyptian historian, "found great fault with Herodotus for his ignorance and false relation of Egyptian affairs." That Strabo complained of his mendacity; that Zenophon, speaking of Herodotus, considered his history of Cyrus, as "almost entirely romantic:" and in later times, Rollin has affixed the word marvellous to his history. Yet on such evidence, contradicted as

his statements are, by those of Pliny and Diodorus, we imagine we are viewing the tombs of Cheops and Cephrenes, when we are traversing a couple of small chambers in either Pyramid, the base of one of which occupies an area of eleven acres. The first chamber of the large Pyramid is approached, first by a descending gallery of one hundred and twelve feet in length, and three feet and a half in breadth, then by an ascending gallery of one hundred and fifteen feet in length, and then by another gallery of equal length, leading to two passages, one to the well which Caviglia has discovered leads to the entrance of the Pyramid; and the other, of considerable length, to the chamber, which is twenty feet long, seventeen broad, and sixteen high; in it is what Niebuhr very properly calls a stone coffer without a cover. The second chamber is approached by an ascending gallery extremely steep, above the former passage of about one hundred and thirty feet in length. This chamber is thirty-four feet long, seventeen broad, and nineteen high, and Denon ascertained it did not attain the middle height of the Pyramid.

Has such an immense pile of building as the

Pyramid called Cheops's, which occupied according to Diodorus, three hundred and sixty thousand men, and took twenty years to erect; the area of whose base measures four hundred and eighty thousand feet; has this immense pile been constructed for the purpose of making two small rooms, without a single hieroglyphic or sculptured ornament of any sort? I think the Pyramids have not been erected solely for the construction of these two little chambers; and I think there is great reason to disbelieve that they were erected for the purpose of sepulchres.

I must pray you to pardon me, for adding another to the million of conjectures on the use and origin of these structures; but as I believe that the Pyramids have as yet been scarcely opened, and that no one can yet say he has penetrated into their precincts; I consider our knowledge of them to be wholly superficial, and probably that all real knowledge of the religion of the Egyptians is shut up within their stony bosoms.

I do trust the day is not distant when the historical romance of Herodotus shall cease to damp the ardour for discovery; and that travellers, not content with hearing the Pyramids called tombs,

shall investigate their structure, and judge for themselves.

I have long considered their use, and I have come to the conclusion, that *the use of the Pyramids was connected with the celebration of the mysteries of the Egyptian religion.* The more I study the monuments of Egypt, the more I know of the mysterious character of the ancient priests; the more I reflect on the total absence of hieroglyphics, either within or without the Pyramids, the more I examine their peculiar structure, the ruins of the surrounding temples, the proximity of the hollow-headed sphynx, the narrow oval apertures in the chambers of the pyramids, into which Caviglia thrust joined reeds eighty feet and upwards without finding any impediment, leading God knows where: the more I reflect on these things, the more I am inclined to believe that the secrets of the Egyptian worship are only to be sought in the interior of the Pyramids. I fear it is vain to look for them in the papyri found either in Thebes or Memphis. Hitherto all the papyri which have been found, (and I have seen for the last two years every one which has been excavated in Egypt, and had the advantage of Mr. Salt's

interpretation of them), have contained, I still say, nothing of the religion or sciences of the Egyptians. Law processes, accounts, narrations of funerals, and titledeeds, are generally the subjects of the papyri: and, I again repeat, in all probability it is only in the Pyramids that the religion of ancient Egypt is to be sought. Mr. Caviglia, with whom I lived for some months at Mr. Salt's, was strongly of this opinion: his valuable discoveries in the great Pyramid, of the passage of the well, and of the ruins of temples close to the Pyramids were published in the Quarterly Review. How much is it to be regretted that commerce alone monopolizes all the enterprise of the affluent, and that no company of scientific men is to be found to invest a capital of five or six thousand pounds in the advancement of science. With such a sum, I believe the real knowledge of the Pyramids might be attained; and so far as regards the religion and learning of the Egyptians, that the destruction of the Alexandrian library might be almost compensated.

I would carry on the excavation of the Pyramids both from the upper chamber and the body of the sphynx, in the direction of the base of the

pyramid, at about the same monthly expense as Belzoni was at in 1817. In the course of six years, I am much deceived if nothing should be discovered to redeem the wisdom of the Egyptians from the libel of having constructed a mountain of informous architecture, like that of the great Pyramid, containing only two insignificant chambers for the accommodation of the corpse of a tyrant.

While I was in the first narrow passage of the great Pyramid, I had a very disagreeable visit from three or four *Bedouins* of the Desert, who demanded a *backsheesh*, or present, which was only a civil way of committing a robbery. I resisted their unjust demand, and two of the banditti proceeded very quietly to roll some large stones against the hole through which one had to creep on all fours to reach the outlet: they were on the outside; and, in spite of all my threats, they went on barricading the narrow passage, and telling me I should sleep that night with *Pharoon* in the stone coffin, if I did not give a present. My guide, who I verily believe was leagued with the *Bedouins*, pretended to be very much frightened, and advised me by all means

to give half a dollar and get free: I vowed I would not give a paras. My guide got enraged, and let the torch fall, I believe, expressly to frighten me into compliance. I was in utter darkness, and the prospect of remaining in it for ever was any thing but agreeable: I had no ambition to sleep in "*Pharoon's* coffin," much less to have my skeleton, perhaps, in a year or two mistaken for *Cheops's*.

I consented to give the *backsheesh* of half a dollar, offered another for a light, and got into the open air, with as much delight as if I had risen from the grave. The *Bedouins* swore by the Prophet and his beard, and even his camel, that it was all a joke! and the fellows were now so perplexingly courteous, that it was impossible to be as much in choler as I wished to appear; they insisted on accompanying me to the top, and they were not to be refused; but before we ascended, I thought it would be well to have security against any further tricks in the perilous ascent: I accordingly took out of my pocket some bread, meat, and salt, made the Arabs eat with me, and then had little fear of treachery. I found it dreadfully fatiguing to get to the sum-

mit; the stones were burning, and griping them was so painful, that without the assistance of the Arabs, I could not have reached the summit. I attained it, however, at last; and there I stood "like a little statue on a lofty pedestal, diminished by elevation."

All the fatigue I had undergone was soon forgotten; and I thought, like Napoleon, that the genius of forty centuries was an observer of my exploit. My exultation was unbounded; I stood on the summit of the most ancient monument in the world; and thousands of people in England would have given more than I was worth, to have been in my place. I had the site of Memphis on one hand, extending from the base to the tombs of Saccara; the valley of the Nile was on my other; fertility every where following its course. Before me was the chain of the Mokattam, and at its foot, the mosques and minarets of Cairo, and the paltry towns which mark the sites of Babylon and Heliopolis. Behind me was the Libyan Desert, dreary and desolate, an ocean of sand, agitated only by burning winds, and only traversed by the descendants of him whose "hand

was lifted against all men, and every man's hand against him."

Foolish as it may appear, the triumph of looking down from the Pyramids on the ancient seats of science and of learning, was more gratifying to my ambition, than would be the glory of the most sanguinary victory which ever shed its "*purpurea lumen*" on the head of a warrior.

But when I turned to the West, and reflected on the many perils and fatigues I had yet to encounter in my journeys to Nubia, the shores of the Red Sea, and from thence to Palestine, before my return to Europe;—I felt, like Bruce at the sources of the Nile, "depressed to my real insignificancy, as a puny solitary mortal; my triumphs vanished, and my laurels withered on my head."

I had leisure to examine the strange appearance of a Frank, who had just mounted; and about half way up the Pyramid, to observe the figure of a fat lady, in Christian attire, whose efforts to ascend were so ridiculous, that it was impossible to refrain from laughter.

The Frank gentleman turned out to be an

English engineer; and he very good humouredly told me, he feared his female companion would never be able to get up, or even down. She was a Maltese lady, who came with him from Malta; and albeit, her size was not at all adapted for locomotion, nothing would do but she must see the Pyramids; "And there she sticks," he said, "like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth; the lever of Archimedes might raise the globe, but I doubt if it would elevate Madame Serafina."

I begged of him, however, to go to her assistance, but he was not to be persuaded: the Arabs, he said, were using superhuman exertions, and he would quietly await the result; his guide now produced a small basket of provisions, which was tied across his shoulder; a cloth was spread, and, to my utter astonishment, I saw a small pie, a piece of Cheshire cheese, and a bottle of English porter laid on it. English cheese and bottled porter on the Pyramid of Cheops! this, thought I, is the march of intellect indeed; a few years more, and steam-boats will "bridge" the Mediterranean; and our little Misses will pass the holidays at Memphis, and eat sugar-

plums on the top of the Pyramids. I joined the engineer at his repast, and soon ascertained he had more joy in a beef steak pie than in all the monuments of antiquity.

With every mouthful of cheese he mumbled some ridiculous remark on the folly of mounting Pyramids, and the inconvenience of lunching in the sun. He pledged "the ghost of old Cheops" in a goblet of porter; and when I talked to him about the height of the Pyramid, he insisted it was not half that of St Paul's: and that Mr. Nash, of London, could erect, in a twelvemonth, a larger and an uglier pile.

The good humour of this true John Bull was only surpassed by his contempt for every thing that was not English: he had not one classical association in his composition; and yet he was a very good sort of fellow, notwithstanding his having abandoned the fat lady.

At last, however, Madame Serafina made her appearance; the first glimpse I had of her florid face, emerging from the steps beneath, might have been converted, by a poetical imagination, into the full moon, rising in flaming splendour. The poor lady had scarcely a breath left; I saw her casting

a wishful eye towards the porter bottle; there was, luckily, a goblet left, and what with the cordial influence of the beverage, and the flapping of a sheet of brown paper, which had enveloped the pie, and which I now converted into a fan, she came to herself; and the pious ejaculation of "Santa Virgine!" announced her recovery.

By degrees every saint in the calendar was invoked; and one who only paid attention to the tone might have supposed—reviled.

During all this time the Arabs were incessant in their attention; they behaved as they always do to Frank women, with extreme kindness. The more I see of the Arabs, the more I am convinced they are naturally the kindest hearted people in the world. Travellers, generally, who pass hastily through the country, have reason, I grant, to complain of their rapacity; but travellers, I believe, in every country, not excepting England, are destined to be the victims of extortion. The misery of the Arabs, too, often obliges them to be knaves; but their dishonesty is on so small a scale, that I never knew an Arab servant extend a larceny beyond the theft of a few piastres, or the appropriation of his master's

tobacco to his own use. The freedom they take with a traveller's provisions they account not theft, for they are liberal of their own; and it is only the abuse of hospitality which renders an Arab "profusus sui, appetens alieni."

A few minutes' repose restored Madame Serafina's strength; her volubility appeared to have suffered little damage; she ejaculated in Italian, but she talked in English; she asked me a thousand questions about the age of the Pyramids? the number of Jews who were employed by Pharaoh to build them? where the bricks were to be seen which were made without straw? and what sort of things the mummies of the kings were in the interior?

The merry engineer undertook to answer her questions; he rallied her a good deal for not having courage to enter the Pyramid; assured her it was all a hoax about the Israelites building the tombs; that *Chops* built one, and *Franey* the other; and that Belzoni made a *bull*, in mistaking the bones of an ox, for those of a king. The poor lady listened with great attention to this history of the Pyramids; and I have no doubt, thought herself amply repaid for all her fatigue

by the acquisition of so much knowledge. The only thing that surprised me was, that a Maltese should take any interest at all in such a subject: but I ascertained that Madame Serafina had been married to an English serjeant; and no doubt derived her classical enthusiasm from that source.

Before I left her and her hopeful companion, one of the Arabs showed me a lizard, which her friend had persuaded her was a young crocodile; and the Arab, with an oath, "*Wallah magnoun*," assured me they were both mad; and had given him the lizard at the bottom of the Pyramids, to preserve for them. I made my escape before their descent; anticipating enough of difficulty and danger, without enhancing either by the care of Madame Serafina: how she got up it was almost impossible to conceive; and how she got down was no less wonderful. I had a confirmation of the accuracy of Hasselquist's observations of the lion ant, the *hemarabius formicaleo*, at the bottom of the Pyramid. Thousands of these curious insects were running backwards and forwards in the sand. In their republic there is more order observed than even in that of the

bees. They raise a pile of coarse sand, about the bigness of an orange around their dwellings. I stopped up the entrances of several with small pebbles; when one failed to remove this impediment, another came; if they failed, one of them retired, and brought a third, and so on, till I sometimes counted as many as twenty, bearing away the pebble beyond their intrenchments. I have examined these insects a good deal in the Desert; I have traced their lines a distance of half a mile, one after the other, bearing the seeds and leaves of the succory plant, which is common enough in the Desert, to their habitations.

I have been astonished to observe the division of labour practised in their community, in the same dwelling; one set of them were solely occupied in hording provisions; another, in drying the damp ones in the sun; another, in carrying out the sand to a convenient distance; and no one interfered with the other, though many hundreds were busy at work in the same dwelling. Mr. Casey pointed out to me a singular peculiarity in this insect. In the morning, when two sets of them crossed each other, coming from contiguous holes, they approached one another, placed

their feelers in contact, and then separated, each going his particular route; this Mr. Casey called embracing, and certainly it had that appearance.

At Ghiza, I hardly knew which to admire most, the architecture and industry of the ants, or the immensity and grandeur of the Pyramids. The former inspired a feeling of astonishment mingled with delight; the latter, a sensation of wonder blended with regret.

I have to apologize for fatiguing you with so long, and (I fear) so uninteresting a letter; but travellers are habituated to wearisome journeys, and their journals, I fear, too often partake of their fatigue.

I have the honour to be,

Dear Madam,

Your obedient Servant,

R. R. M.

LETTER XXIV.

TO J. DAVIDSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, Thebes, July 16, 1826.

The fatal influence of an eastern climate on European constitutions, on those of English travellers more especially, it is melancholy to observe; and few weeks pass over without swelling the history of ill starred enterprise with some new deaths to supersede the less recent obituary in which are found the names of Bowden, Burckhardt, and Belzoni; and seeing, as I have done for some years past, many Europeans falling victims to their own imprudence, rather than to the unavoidable malignity of any particular disease, I am induced to say a few words on the preservation of health in these countries, and to lay down some rules for the African traveller, suggested by the mortality around me,

and confirmed by sad acquaintance with many of the "ills the flesh is heir to" in the Eastern world.

The countries you are about to visit have been the graves of many of our countrymen; I have inquired into the last histories of several, and been assured that the fatal event might be attributed in many instances to their own want of precaution in guarding against disease, no less than to their maltreatment of it. This perhaps is not so much to be wondered at. In Lower Egypt I have seen three medical men during the last two years, carried off by their own injudicious medication.

The prevalent maladies of Egypt and Arabia can be ill studied out of these countries; the modes of cure we bring from Europe are seldom applicable to diseases which are thoroughly modified by climate; that malady for which mercury is with us held to be a specific is here cured without it by the natives.

The dysentery of Egypt is very different in its malignity from that of England; and the intermittent of Alexandria or Cyprus, from the Lancashire ague; and were we to trust here to the same quantity of calomel in the one, and quinine

in the other, which suffice to cure either of these maladies at home, we should be woefully mistaken. The consideration of this subject, in however summary a manner, is of general, even more than medical interest; inasmuch as its object is to warn the traveller of those dangers which have overtaken his predecessors, and caused the failure of so many African expeditions.

In Dr. Johnson's inestimable treatise on the diseases of hot climates, it is said, that the constitution of man is better adapted to bear those changes of climate experienced in migrating, from a northern to a tropical climate, than that of any other animal; but that it is to the ingenuity of his mind, rather than to the pliability of his body that he is indebted for that privilege. By accommodating his apparel to every temperature, he can defend himself from the excess of heat and cold, and by conforming his regimen to every alteration in his temperament, he can obviate the influence of climate, however great may be the transition. The inhabitants of hot countries migrate to cold climates with less impunity than we do to tropical ones: in Candia, I have seen hundreds of poor Arabs sink from the severity of a winter, which

to me appeared milder than our Spring; in Alexandria I have likewise seen whole troops of negro soldiers carried off with a few days' sickness from the effects of cold. In this mortality, however, moral depressing causes had much to do; the Arab had no resource within himself to resist a hardship of which he had no previous knowledge, the negro had no moral courage to invigorate or revive him when the change of climate made him sick, or the seabreeze made him shiver; and nothing but the strong exertion of mental energy can counteract the ill effects of a vicissitude of climate on the feeble frame of man.

I lay particular stress on the necessity in hot climates of invigorating the physical powers by means of the moral: or in other words, of resisting the enervating influence of a hot climate, by the excitement of enthusiasm; of counteracting its depressing tendency by the encouragement of cheerfulness; and above all, by encountering its perils with a fearless heart. These will do more to preserve the traveller from disease than all the prophylactics of Currie or of Moseley. In my own practice amongst Europeans, I have had painful experience of the fatal effects of mental

exhaustion, of irritability of temper, and of timidity of spirit. But too often to banish care the bottle and the bowl are had recourse to, as if energy depended on a temporary excitement, and vigour on a stimulus which is succeeded by exhaustion. All the English artisans, who first entered the service of Mohammed Ali, have fallen victims to the climate, or rather to their intemperance; I attended one a few days ago, who died of delirium tremens induced by excess. Travellers may not carry intemperance to this extent; but they generally wish to live as they did at home, to eat the same quantity of food, to drink the same quantity of wine, to have their beef steak as much underdone, their bottled porter as highly up, and their sauces even more than ordinarily "piquant;" but they must learn that, what is moderation in a cold climate, is intemperance in a hot one. They must not look to India for a mode of living worthy of imitation, nor deceive themselves with the idea that currie and sangaree are peculiarly adapted to a debilitated stomach. They must remember that they have exchanged a temperature of 54° or 56° of Fahrenheit for one of 100° in the shade, or even more, and which exceeds that of their blood

in the sun. That the only means of carrying off the excess of heat is by perspiration; and that whatever, through the alimentary canal, tends to stimulate the skin beyond a certain point ends in relaxation; and that whatever external chill paralyses its functions lays the foundation of those maladies which are the scourge of travellers, but from which the natives are generally exempt.

The people of India suffer not from diseased liver. The Egyptians very seldom are attacked with bilious remittent fever; and dysentery is by no means common amongst the Arabs. In fact, the diseases from which we suffer in the East are attributable, in most cases, to our own excesses. In all warm climates the digestion of strangers becomes more or less impaired; the tone of the stomach, as well as of the whole system, is relaxed. It is in vain to seek to invigorate it by stimulants, or to restore strength by the most nutritious diet: the digestion is now unequal to it, and the quantity of animal food should be considerably decreased.

But not only are the functions of digestion disturbed, in hot countries, but the quality of animal food is so indifferent as to add to that disturbance.

Mutton is particularly bad in Egypt, and beef is generally so hard and coarse as to be little suited to an impaired digestion.

Rice forms the best article of diet in hot countries; made into pilaw, it is sufficiently palatable, and seldom or never lies heavy on the stomach. What constitutes the food of all the people of the East is likely to be best adapted to their wants: national usages are seldom preposterous, and our countrymen are but too much in the habit of treating every thing to which they are unaccustomed with contempt. Where a Frenchman makes a point of accommodating himself to circumstances, an Englishman expects circumstances to accommodate themselves to him. National customs are to him prejudices he is ever ready to oppose, and national prejudices are errors he feels constantly called upon to contend with.

Whatever is not English in mien and manner, in creed and climate, and in dress as well as diet, he contemns out of the purest love for that country which gentlemen, after dinner, are wont to designate, "the admiration of the world, and the envy of surrounding nations." With great submission, that sort of patriotism which is devoid of

philosophy is the greatest prejudice of all; even such as induced the Hebrew to demand, "Can any thing good come out of Galilee?"

A traveller may be a most excellent Englishman without vowing hostility to every usage that is foreign to his own; it is even compatible with his dignity to doff his beaver for a turban when the sun is vertical, and I do not know that he compromises his honour by exchanging his European pantaloons for Turkish inexpressibles, when he is squatted in a kangea or exalted on a camel.

The Oriental costume is decidedly best adapted to the climate. The turban and the ceinture are wisely considered by the natives to be essential to health, in keeping those parts warm which Europeans foolishly imagine they can never keep too cool. As a matter of prudence, the adoption of the oriental dress is highly advantageous; it is very true that Europeans can seldom so disguise themselves as, when closely examined, to be taken for natives; but at all events, *en route*, and in the different villages through which they pass, they will avoid many a shower of maledictions, and oftentimes of stones. They will flatter the Arabs by conforming to their customs and cos-

tume; and if they have the good fortune to have flowing beards of a sable hue, they will every where find such appendages considered as the attributes of wisdom, which is ever entitled to respect. In more than one rencontre with the Arabs, I owed my safety to my beard; I have heard many fellows swear by it; and known some of the more religious regret that it should be on the chin of an unbeliever.

Major Denham's advice to Europeans, to travel in Frank attire, I consider a most injudicious one; the Arabs despise us more for our apparel than they even hate us for our creed; our tight clothes appear to them not only ridiculous, but indecent; and it is their general impression, that our garments make us look like monkeys.

In Damascus, they make for shirting a sort of silk crape, which answers for a warm climate better than either cotton or linen. The traveller should be well provided with this material; and he would do well to remember, that clean linen and a clear conscience, have been considered by a celebrated author, as the great essentials of a traveller and a Christian.

In the Desert there is no water to spare for

washing, but the hot sand and the burning sun answer the purpose well enough: every day at noon when the caravan reposes, the traveller should spread the linen he wore the day before on the sand, and leave it there exposed to the sun for a couple of hours, that period will be quite sufficient to destroy a legion of cutaneous tormentors. The lizard is the only creature I know which can resist the burning rays of the sun on the sands of the Desert.

Some travellers immediately after their day's journey are in the habit of washing their feet in cold water; there cannot be a more dangerous practice; perspiration is thereby checked, and the revulsion is frequently attended by fever in a very few hours. The vapour bath, wherever it can be procured the day after a fatiguing journey, is not only refreshing, but allays the excitement which destroys repose for many nights after a weary ride. As a general rule, the traveller will do well to avoid the cold bath altogether in the East; at all events, when the temperature is above 70°, it never should be employed. He may lay it to his account, notwithstanding every precaution, to be sometimes surprised by an attack of feverishness,

during his journey; but there is nothing in it to excite alarm, if he only act with prudence. A throbbing temple, a bloodshot eye, a flushed cheek, a parched mouth, and a squeamish stomach, are sometimes to be expected from fatigue, and a long exposure to the sun; and a rational mode of treatment, in the generality of cases, removes every symptom in a single night; which, when aggravated by injudicious means, commonly terminate in inflammatory fever, dysentery, or biliary obstructions.

On the first seizure, the patient should bathe his feet in hot water, take three or four papers of James's powder, of three grains each, in the course of the night, drink plentifully of tepid rice water; next morning take an aperient of a strong infusion of tamarinds, and that day, at least, abstain from all solid food, and from animal food so long as any feverishness remains. Effective aperients are indispensable, so long as the symptoms are urgent; but saline purgatives I am no advocate for in this climate, where the intestines are so liable to irritation from the slightest causes; I am sure I have seen them do mischief frequently.

One great error of our travellers is the belief that while they are undergoing fatigue, they require more food than at any other time, nothing can be more fatal than this very common mistake; the feverishness which attends fatigue deprives the stomach of its tone, and digestion is then a labour which it is unequal to perform; the individual feels exhausted, and forces himself, "to support his strength," to eat what he loathes to look on. I have seen the bad effects of this vulgar error very frequently, and heard injudicious people press the weary to whet their appetites with rum or *rakee*, when a few hours' repose would have restored the system, and given new tone to the stomach.

When the traveller is actually *en route*, he should be more abstemious than usual; and whatever he eats should be of the plainest kind; when he halts for the night, he should repose a couple of hours before his meal, and it is only after sunset he should indulge in his libations, albeit they consist in spring water. He will observe that the Arabs in the Desert seldom or never drink during the day, and imitate in some sort the economy of their camels, in laying in a stock of water over

night. When exposed to the burning sun of the Desert, the more a man drinks the more frequent his desire to allay his thirst; and the more peril he encounters from obstructing insensible perspiration.

It is almost incredible on what a small quantity of food the Bedouins subsist. I found the ordinary allowance of a Bisharein Arab did not exceed twelve ounces a day of black bread and salt cheese, with a few dried dates; and there was hardly any disease amongst them. I never saw hardier people; their frames were slender, but their activity was surprising, and their fine black eyes sparkled with intelligence and animation. Had they lived in towns, they would have consumed four times as much food, and their infirmities would have been at least fourfold. Abernethy erred not in asserting that we eat and drink twice more than we require: I should say, three times more than does us good.

In the Desert, the traveller will have to put up with many hardships; amongst the greatest of which is bad water, oftentimes putrid, and generally saline. This he will be advised to qualify with date tree brandy, and with a good deal of reason, for without this or some other corrective,

bowel complaints and typhoid fevers are frequently induced. But brandy is not the best means of counteracting the pernicious effects of bad water: when brackish, I have found the addition of sulphuric acid preferable to that of rakee; and when putrid, powdered charcoal renders it comparatively pure and potable.

Whenever I found a well emit that putrescent odour which is peculiar to our sulphureous springs, I consumed all the brambles I could collect, and put the charcoal into our water sacks; next day the water was generally discoloured, but wonderfully improved both in smell and taste.

In its wholesome properties, I believe the water of the Nile exceeds that of any other river in the world. Even when turbid, as at its rise, and depositing a sediment in a tumbler, in thickness an eighth of an inch at least, and alive with animalculæ, visible to the naked eye, even then it loses none of its salubrious qualities; but, on the contrary, by its gentle action as an aperient, it benefits health.

Strangers are generally apprehensive of drinking such water; but they have no ill effects to

fear from any quantity of these animalculæ: the gastric juice destroys them probably in a very few minutes.

There are many phenomena to be observed in these little animals: their great tenacity of life, resisting the action for a considerable time of the strongest poisons; their multiplying their species by a spontaneous separation of part of their own bodies. By putting a single one into a glass of pure water, Saussure had five the day following, the next day sixty, and on the third day their number was so great, it was impossible to count them.

It is idle to suppose that spirituous liquors are necessary to counteract any ill effects from the water of the Nile. I fear these animalculæ are too often made a pretext for intemperance. I once more caution the European, either in the Desert or on the shores of Egypt, to abstain from all spirituous potations. The debilitated stomach is impatient of such stimulants; their frequent use is incompatible with a healthy liver. All Dr. Currie's theoretical arguments are as a feather in the scale, when opposed to the opinions of

those who derive their knowledge from local acquaintance with the clime and personal experience of its maladies.

Generally speaking, the traveller would do well to respect the opinions, nay even the prejudices of the natives, touching what is wholesome and what is not so. Without inquiring on what principle pork produces dyspepsia and diarrhœa, he will do well to avoid it; without analyzing Egyptian eggs, if he respect his bile, he will abstain from them; and without the fatigue of disputing concerning the doctrine of sol-lunar influence, he will be wise to keep his head from the noon-day sun (and his turban can never be too thick); and as he holds ophthalmia and dysentery in abhorrence, he will envelope both head and trunk in his *bernous* in the Desert after dark, for the dew is pregnant with ills which the Arabs and Levantines attribute to the moon.

The heavy dews of the summer nights are to be avoided as much as possible by the traveller; for to them dysentery and ophthalmia are in most instances to be referred. It never can be too much impressed on his mind, that the majority

of the diseases which have proved fatal to his predecessors had their origin in obstructed perspiration.

Between the exterior of the body and the interior of the intestines there is a strong sympathy, and it is impossible to alter the action of the one without deranging the functions of the other. Between the skin and the liver this sympathy is no less marked, and a sudden chill is generally the forerunner of biliary disturbance.

It is not my intention to enter more at large on the subject of the diseases of hot climates. My leisure does not allow me, and Dr. Johnson's excellent work supersedes the necessity for any such attempt. No traveller in the East should be without his book, and no traveller need hesitate in giving his fullest confidence to its counsel.

I would recommend every one who purposes to visit Egypt and Arabia, to acquire a little general knowledge of medicine, and to be acquainted with the use of the lancet; his existence may depend upon it. The diseases are few which he has to fear, but mismanaged, as they generally are, they are fatal. They may be reduced to this small

number, and when properly understood and rationally treated, their terrors are wonderfully diminished:

1 Plague
2 Dysentery
3 Ophthalmia
4 Bilious Remittent Fever
5 Ague
6 Inflammatory Fever.

The traveller, in these countries, has little to fear from any other malady. The first I have spoken of, rather fully, in a former letter; I endeavoured to show that it was the worst form of typhus; that blood-letting and purging were injurious, and that stimulants, such as wine and brandy, in full and frequent doses from the beginning, conjoined with repeated doses of James's powder, were the most successful remedies I had employed or known others employ; and that, with such treatment, the mortality was very small.

Of the second disease, dysentery, having had a great deal of experience, I speak with some confidence: I opened the bodies of seven English sailors who died of dysentery, in Alexandria,

during the last two years, and in almost every case there was disease, either actual or incipient, in the liver: for confirmation of this fact, I appeal to Dr. Schreiber.

There are only two modes of treatment which deserve consideration; one is, early, large, and repeated bleeding; the other, full and frequent doses of calomel till the mouth become affected, and in smaller quantities for some days after.

I have only leisure and limits for plain facts. In a large practice, I had reason to prefer the latter mode of treatment: if any drug deserve the name of specific, calomel, in dysentery, has a title to it. I seldom gave less than twelve grains, thrice a day, and very often twenty. An effect once produced on the salivary glands, the most urgent symptoms cease as if by magic.

The third disease, ophthalmia, is only to be subdued by large abstraction of blood, not by leeches but from the arm, and repeated until every symptom of inflammation subsides. Cold and hot lotions are equally injurious; tepid ones, composed of decoction of marshmallows, with a few grains of sugar of lead, are extremely soothing and applicable to every stage; but, in the chronic cases,

stimulant washes of alum and sulphate of lime may be used with caution. If any inflammatory disease demand an abstemious regimen and the free use of aperients, it is ophthalmia.

The fourth disease, bilious remittent fever, is the most formidable of all, and the most important for the traveller to discriminate, for I have seen several Europeans fall victims to the error of mistaking this fever for ague or common intermittent. Wherever vegetable and animal decomposition are going on, wherever date trees are thickly clustered, wherever there is a saline incrustation on the soil, and a rank verdure in the vicinity, there that miasma is to be apprehended which produces bilious remittent fever. The distinguishing symptoms are, irritability of the stomach, oppression about that region, early delirium, and a lurid yellowness of the eyes; the subsequent symptoms are, vomiting of dark and viscid bile, fulness about the left side, intense headach, small rapid pulse, and often diarrhœa.

The treatment must be active, for it runs its course in from three to seven days, and rarely twenty: the first measure should be blood-letting from fifteen to twenty ounces, repeated if neces-

sary next day, and the following ten grains of calomel and one of opium three times a day, for four or five days, or till salivation is produced: every night six grains of James's powder, no emetics, but daily doses of castor oil or colocynth are necessary. When the fever runs very high and the skin is parched and burning, the body should be sponged with diluted vinegar. This treatment I have seldom seen fail, but where the inflammation of the irritable stomach, and the gorged liver is aggravated by bark, given in ignorance of the disease, death has generally ensued.

The fifth disease, intermittent fever or ague, is a malady which nine travellers out of ten must lay to their account if they only visit Cyprus, Candia, Ephesus, and Alexandria: fortunately, with ordinary care and prudence it is generally to be overcome, when the traveller has the necessary medicines at hand; but I have known, in four cases, the want of the sulphate of quinine, and the impossibility to procure it in the upper countries, attended with fatal results.

The vicinity of marshes, lakes, forests, in flat and uncultivated grounds, rice lands, jungles, and stagnant pools is to be dreaded all over the

East, as favourable to the generation of what is called marsh miasma, and is supposed to be the cause of intermittent fevers. Before sunrise and after sunset, there is most danger of infection. Indeed, in the day there is little to be apprehended, and even at night, an elevation of twelve feet above the soil, and protection from the dew, affords comparative security. The noxious vapour rises but a few feet from the surface: of this fact, I had ample proof in Alexandria; and in those situations where it is known to prevail, I am much deceived if, at the dawn, it be not visible to the eye, sensible to the smell, and evident to the feeling. Where malaria exists in Egypt, before sunrise a mist is to be seen over the soil, attended with an odour which it is impossible to describe, or to confound with any other; the vapour imparting, especially to the joints, a raw damp coldness, which penetrates to the bones.

The form the intermittent commonly assumes in Egypt and Arabia is tertian ague, leaving behind a strong disposition to recur at the same annual season, and in all chronic cases attended with enlargement of the spleen: from much observation both on the living and the dead body,

I look on that organ as intimately connected with the disease. The treatment is totally different from that of bilious remittent fever, and hence the necessity at the commencement of distinguishing between them.

An emetic should be the first measure, a purgative next, for the two following days small doses of calomel, with a little of James's powder, should be given; then when the feverishness is lessened, the sulphate of bark or quinine should be commenced; it should only be given during the intermission of the paroxysms, and never during the hot or cold fits. It may be given in three-grain pills, four times a day, and increased to six or eight-grain doses, three times a day. This must be continued for a month after the fever has subsided, to avoid a return of it. When there is pain in the left side in the region of the spleen, which is common enough in hot countries, leeching or cupping must be had recourse to: the latter operation is very dexterously performed by the Arabs, and is to be preferred to leeches. The sulphate of bark judiciously administered never fails; it is an invaluable medicine in Eastern countries, and the traveller who would

set out without it, in the event of his falling a victim to this disease, might be considered accessary to his own fate.

The sixth disease, or inflammatory fever, is the true synocha of Cullen, and the fatal endemic of hot countries. It very often runs its course in thirty hours; its average duration is from three to nine days. Exposure to the sun in travelling is the most common cause. The patient is suddenly seized with headach, generally referable to the back of the head; he can lay his finger on the precise spot; he complains of having got "a stroke of the sun." Vomiting comes on, pain in the back, inflamed eyes, suffused cheeks, inquietude, and delirium, if left unassisted two days; death ensues probably the fifth or seventh day. From the first moment of the seizure, the most active treatment is necessary: twenty ounces of blood should be taken away at once, and if the headach continue, as much more in six hours, and again repeated if necessary; a full dose of colocynth pill, or jalap, should be next administered; after its action, if there be much nausea, an emetic may be given; at night, five grains of calomel and as much James's powder should be

taken, and the drink should be infusion of tamarinds tepid. The body should frequently be spunged with vinegar and water, and where the skin remains hot and parched, instead of spunging, I have had the vinegar and water applied with a cloth glove, such as they use in the vapour baths, with a good deal of friction, till the pores have been opened, and a gentle perspiration followed. It is astonishing what benefit this affords, where the common spunging is totally inefficient. The effects produced by the coarse cloth glove, in the Turkish bath, in exciting perspiration, first suggested to me the application of the vinegar in the same way. Its soothing and refreshing effect is no less sudden than surprising. The calomel and James's powder should be repeated next day, and again at night, if the symptoms abate not; purgatives must also be continued, but in this fever the lancet is the sheet-anchor. In ordinary cases, and in strong constitutions, I have seldom considered the patient safe before he lost fifty ounces of blood.

This brief outline of the six diseases which the European traveller has most to apprehend in

Greece, Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia, I am aware, is a very imperfect and incomplete account. Each disease, I well know, would require a volume to describe, but it is very probable the traveller would never undertake the perusal; and summary as this notice of the treatment of each disorder is, the few hints I have thrown out, a little while ago might have preserved the lives of many of our enterprising countrymen. I have before repeated that both Burckhardt and Belzoni fell victims to the gross mismanagement of their disorders; for dysentery, the former was drenching himself with laudanum, up to the very day of his decease; of this his servant Osman assured me. The celebrated Prussian naturalist, who lately died of bilious remittent fever, on the coast of the Red Sea, also perished from his own ill treatment of his disease. One of his attendants, an intelligent Arab, told me, his only medicine was bark and rakee. I could name many other fatal instances, but these may suffice to show the importance of giving the traveller some information, in however cursory a form, on maladies which nothing short of actual experience can qualify a man to speak of. I have only further to say a

few words about the furnishing of his medicine chest, and to recommend him to take few drugs, and only such as he should not be without. He will find it difficult, if not impossible, to carry about in the Wilderness a large chest of drugs, and equally so to understand their properties. The few I subjoin are sufficient for himself, and the many he will have to supply; for of all presents in the East, he will generally find physic most gratefully received.

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R. R. M.

END OF VOL. I.

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